



Daniel Jeremy Silver Collection Digitization Project

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

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

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

Reel
39

Box
12

Folder
544

Eulogies, men, T-Z and unidentified, 1958-1989.

LLOYD THORMAN

April 10, 1959

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

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

WE ARE MET TO PAY OUR LAST RESPECTS TO LLOYD THORMAN, A KIND-HEARTED, ^{dear} ~~GENIAL~~ MAN, A ~~DEVOTED HUSBAND AND LOVING SON AND BROTHER~~. IT WAS NOT MY PRIVILEGE TO BE INTIMATE WITH MR. THORMAN, YET ALL WHO WERE CLOSEST TO HIM TESTIFY TO THE FRIENDLINESS OF HIS PERSON, TO THE AGILITY AND QUICKNESS OF HIS INTELLECT, TO THE HONESTY OF HIS FRIENDSHIP, AND TO THE BREADTH OF HIS SENSE OF FELLOW-FEELING.

MR. THORMAN WAS DESCENDED FROM OUR OLDEST CLEVELAND JEWISH FAMILY. HE WAS INTENSELY PROUD OF THIS CITY AND OF HIS COUNTRY. HIS WAS A DEEP AND ABIDING

FAITH IN THE DEMOCRATIC WAY OF LIFE AND IN THE OPPORTUNITIES AND FREEDOMS WHICH AMERICA EMBRACES. MR. THORMAN WAS A GOOD CITIZEN AND A GOOD NEIGHBOR. EASY TO MEET AND QUICK TO BE HELPFUL, THE CIRCLE OF HIS ACQUAINTANCES WAS LARGE AND HE WAS ALWAYS ASSURED OF A READY WELCOME. BLESSED BY GOD WITH A FULL MEASURE OF NATURAL CHARM, A LIVELY CONVERSATIONALIST, MR. THORMAN SPENT HIS LIFE WITH PEOPLE, BRIGHTENING THEIR LIVES IN A THOUSAND LITTLE WAYS AND NEVER IMPOSING HIS PROBLEMS ON OTHERS. IN BUSINESS AND IN PRIVATE LIFE HIS FRIENDS WERE LEGION, AND HE NEVER ABUSED THE TRUST PEOPLE PLACED IN HIM. A MAN OF INTEGRITY, MR. THORMAN NEVER TRADED ON HIS CHARM NOR IMPOSED UPON HIS FRIENDS -- A RARE QUALITY INDEED.

MR. THORMAN LOVED HIS CITY, HIS COUNTRY, HIS FRIENDS -- IN SHORT, HE LOVED LIFE. HE SAW LIFE IN ITS FULL-COLORED RICHNESS. HE WAS EAGER ALWAYS TO EXPERIENCE EACH DAY AS FULLY AS HE MIGHT. HE FOUND THE ADVENTURE OF LIFE EXCITING AND HE WAS ABLE TO TRANSMIT THIS EXCITEMENT TO OTHERS. PERHAPS THAT IS THE SECRET OF THE REFRESHING NATURE OF HIS COMPANY. MR. THORMAN LOVED LIFE, AND ABOVE ALL HE LOVED HIS FAMILY AND HIS WIFE. HE CAME TO MARRIAGE IN MIDDLE AGE, BUT HE BROUGHT TO HIS MARRIAGE A DEPTH OF DEVOTION AND ^{as a youthful man} OVERFLOWING LOVE WHICH MADE HIS YEARS WITH HIS BELOVED MARY YEARS OF HAPPINESS FOR BOTH.

NO ONE CAN KNOW WHAT MR. THORMAN WOULD WISH TO BE SAID AT THIS HOUR. I SUSPECT, HOWEVER, THAT - - - - -

From childhood to his death this family home was a part of the careful routine which provided for the balance and sense of order which were so important to him.

Samuel B. Tilles

It will seem strange this Sunday not to see Sam at his appointed place. For nearly 75 years The Temple family has taken it for granted that Sam will be there to greet them with his usual smile and courtesy. I am sure that Sam's record of service has never been and, I suspect, will never be, surpassed.

I do know how, as a young confirmant, Sam came to take up the responsibility of an usher. I do know that he served faithfully and with good grace. Our Cleveland weather is at best unpredictable, and Sam did not always have ready transport, but he was always there.

A gift of self of this kind is not undertaken or sustained lightly. Sam, as you know, was a most private person and though I often tried to learn something of his motivation and satisfaction, he was not one to engage in reminiscences or to reveal his private feelings. Yet, I believe that The Temple represented to him those values which were most deeply implanted in his soul: continuity, family, faith in the orderliness of God's world, citizenship, learning and self-reliance. Sam valued the deed over the word. Sam accepted fully responsibility for his own decisions and his weekly return to The Temple seemed to confirm his way and encourage him to stay with it.

From childhood to his death this weekly visit became a part of the careful routine which provided Sam the balance and sense of order which were so important to him.

All this is, of course, conjecture. All who knew Sam know that he was not one to talk of the past or to reveal his deepest feelings. I have rarely met anyone more self-possessed or self-contained - yet for all that Sam was not one of the self-proud breed who make you feel that they are always looking down at you - that they alone know what is right and proper. Sam was simply a child of a generation which was trained to keep its feelings to itself and to go its own way. Today many believe that there is some real virtue in revealing themselves to others as fully as possible. Sam was of another mind entirely. He kept his own counsel. To let others in was to complicate life and give them some control over you. Sam knew his mind and had strong convictions about politics, economics and the future of this country, but he never tried to impose his convictions on others. He worked conscientiously, but with a smile. He went his way gently.

I have a feeling that Sam believed that rationality and the mind could ultimately control the passions and confusions of life. Certainly he used his fine intellect to carefully shape his way. He lived a simple, spare, almost Spartan existence. He was not one to indulge himself in expensive or conspicuous pleasures. His recreation was an occasional game of cards with his familiars or an evening at the theater. He was not one to clutter up his life with possessions. Unlike

so many, Sam did not feel that business successes had to be translated into visible proofs of affluence.

Trained in the law, Sam possessed a well-honed mind which he applied with skill and success to the family business and to his own undertakings. He asked help from no one. He knew his mind. He kept abreast of the events of the day. I was always impressed with his strength of will. Many simply stop grappling with life at some stage or other. I find it remarkable that a man who had been born considerably before the turn of the century never faltered in his understanding of a rapidly and radically changing market place.

Sam, of course, never married, but he showed no signs of loneliness. He had a few good and trusted friends with whom he enjoyed an occasional evening. He had his own active and well furnished mind which kept him good company. Then too he had his family; his sister, whose home was always open to him, and his nephew, who was as close to him as a son. Danny's family, in every sense, became his own.

When I heard of Sam's death, I was grateful that God took Sam at his work without any loss of dignity or capacity. There he was in his office a man of 90, full of years and yet fully able to manage his own affairs, living the life he had always led - a reminder to all of us not to let up until we absolutely have to.

June 23, 1978 The Temple

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Let me close this simple service - simple in respect of a man who abhorred excess or show - with a thought spoken by one of the great leaders of our time; Winston Churchill:

The only guide to a man is his conscience;
the only shield to his memory is the rectitude and
sincerity of his actions. It is very imprudent to
walk through life without this shield, because
we are often mocked by the failure of our hopes
and the upsetting of our calculations; but with
this shield, however the fates may play, we march
always in the ranks of honour.

Sam's shield shown brightly - all his life his actions were
sincere, well conceived and well ordered.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

Joseph Tomarkin
MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO DR. ~~AUSTIN WEISBERGER~~

June 23, 1970 - The Temple

My dear friends:

Sudden tragedy has brought us together for this moment of tribute to one with whom it is incredibly difficult to associate the thought of death.

Dr. ^{Joseph Tomarkin}~~Austin Weisberger~~ died in the fullness of his strength, busy with the ^{surgery}~~medicine~~ and the ^{medicine}~~health~~ causes which were dear and significant to him. ^{Joseph}~~Austin~~ was such a

vital person, such an ardent spirit, so quick-minded, so responsive, so alive to the changing ^{possibilities of his science}~~dimensions of our history~~, so busy with healing and his patients, so determined to build a better and more

^{Robert that he had passed the three score years mark,}~~just~~ community that many of us came to think of him as elemental and failed to

associate with him the inevitable limitations of mortality. Somehow he was always at hand when he was needed, encouraging, advising, ^{binding up and} supportive. But all men die; and so we are here in the silence of our grief, nursing our hurt, seeking some understanding with which to come to grips with our tragedy.

What consolation can be ours? In our Jewish tradition when a life is taken from us we light a candle of remembrance. At first glance this symbol might seem inappropriate. A life has been snuffed out. Should we not extinguish the candle? Not so! The ritual of kindling reminds us that decency and wisdom and love and wise counsel and noble example are not snuffed out by death - these qualities live on creatively in other lives. The vital presence of a man who lived for others, who sacrificed his leisure and the opportunity for personal wealth to serve his fellow man, who brought us closer to the control and cure of a deadly disease; such a life is not erased by death any more than a beautiful song is obliterated when the last note is sung. No song is stilled whose echo remains in the hearts of men.

~~When I first heard of Austin's death a line of medieval Jewish poetry~~
surfaced in my mind. "Grace was in his soul; generosity in his heart and his lips were ever faithful."

^{Joseph}
~~Austin~~ was a straight-forward, straight-backed, upright man. Guile and deceit were foreign to his nature. His lips were sealed to pettiness or self-pity.

His innate, inner grace made it always a pleasant experience to be in his company.

^{Joseph}
Austin did what he felt needed to be done and never asked ^{'what will it demand of me'} ~~'what is in it for me?'~~
~~He had~~ ^{he had} ~~known~~ ^{known} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~family,~~ ^{family,} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~selected,~~ ^{selected,} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~know~~ ^{know} ~~what~~ ^{what} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~next~~ ^{next} ~~and~~ ^{and}
He practiced his medicine, medicine of the highest order, because that was ^{needed} ~~the~~ ^{only} ~~the~~ ^{only} ~~medicine~~ ^{medicine} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~could~~ ^{could} ~~practice.~~ ^{practice.} His primary thought was for his patient, ^{low to} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~person~~ ^{person} ~~whom~~ ^{whom} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~t~~ ^t ~~reating,~~ ^{reating,} and he always treated the whole person - body ^{no more} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~spirit.~~ ^{spirit.}

^{Joseph}
Austin was raised during ~~the~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{an} ~~hard~~ ^{immigrant} ~~days~~ ^{home} ~~of~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~Depression,~~ ^{eldest of nine} yet he was ^{struggle and} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~hardened~~ ^{hardened} by these early years of deprivation. His soul had no room for selfish-

ness. His was always an instinctive response to another's urgency and he looked

^{not as a livelihood but} ~~on~~ ^{as} ~~medicine~~ ^{a devotion. He was a healer - never} ~~always~~ ^{as} ~~as~~ ^a ~~a~~ ^{responsibility} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~entire~~ ^{entire} ~~community.~~ ^{community.} I do not know whether

^{Satisfied with what was within himself for so long - the last}
^{Joseph}
Austin knew the quotation which reads: "Keep your fears to yourself and share your

courage with others." I do not know that its wisdom was instinctive to him. He

never showed fear. His step never faltered. He looked upon medicine not as a

personal opportunity but as a profession, not as a body of received knowledge but

as the obligation to extend the physician's reach. He labored and studied long hours

without complaint, with love, excited always in his work. He had no time but he

made time. No question was dismissed out of hand, no call on his services was

ruled out as inconvenient. ^{he would want those closest to him, whom he encouraged}

^{Joseph}
Austin was more than a physician. He knew that medicine needed to

be taught - patiently taught, so he was mentor, counselor, advisor to many -

willingly. He understood that medicine required both men and institutions. When

^{he felt the need for a new service facility - he}
~~his hospital asked that he sacrifice research for leadership and administration he~~

undertook ~~these~~ ^{his vision was affirmative} really unwanted tasks for he was determined that ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~hospital~~ ^{hospital}

^{and the need real.}
should operate for the good of the entire community and with the support of the community,

~~not simply for its own convenience. Austin was a medical statesman. He was concerned with rising health costs and with better and more community-oriented forms of medical education. He was determined that his hospital should dispense not only the best of medicine but that such medicine was available without catastrophic financial consequence to families.~~

As much as ^{Joseph} ~~Austin~~ was admired as a physician so he was respected and admired as a person. For all of his accomplishments he was a humble and unpretentious man. Though his mind was occupied with medicine it was never preoccupied to the point of distraction. Others with similar burdens might have been wrapped up in themselves. He was well read, alert to the problems of the day, genuinely interested in the thoughts and activities of others, sensitive to the feelings of others. A good listener, warm and receptive, ^{Joseph} ~~Austin~~ had the unique ability of grasping a situation in its totality and responding to it effectively. There was always a comfortable happiness playing around his eyes.

Above all else ^{Joseph} ~~Austin~~ was a human being, a man who knew something of the meaning of life, a husband and father, a son and brother who knew how to share love and how to accept love; a good, steady, full-bodied person, a tender, loyal affectionate helpmate. It would not be fitting to intrude on the intimacy of family memories, but surely the ties of family were to ^{Joseph} ~~Austin~~ the most precious of human ties, and surely he would want those closest to him, whom he encouraged always, to draw now upon the strength he encouraged in them so that they might find the will to turn from death to life, from this darkness towards the sunshine and warmth which he sought for them in life. Their happiness was his.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

William T. DeWitt
~~Sylvester H. Heshelm~~

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

The Psalmist 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 considered with those who go down into the pit. I am become as one that has no help, set apart from men like the slain that lie in the grave." Yet, we find another, and more dominant, note in the Psalms; indeed, in the whole Bible, an eagerness for life and a simple pleasure in being alive. Our way may be brief, but the view is often breathtaking. "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 apprecia-~~

~~tion 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.

^{Religion's}
~~Indians~~'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 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 we have honorably discharged, the books we have written, the counsel we have given, the opportunity we have lent. 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.

~~William Thuermer~~
~~Sylvester Flesheim, around whose coffin we have come to offer our eulogy of respect and admiration, knew these truths.~~ He built his life around them. ^{B. Y.} ~~Sylvester~~ lived a long and useful life - he had passed the fabled four score years by ^{Nearly} ten - and throughout those years he fulfilled honorably and energetically the responsibilities of business and family, and devoted strength and substance, his fine capacities of mind and spirit, to the support of ^{all the} ~~our community's~~ institutions of ^{OF OUR COMMUNITY, WHICH} ~~support and care~~ particularly those where ^{enhance the quality of life and as fitting his friends are} ~~healing and surgery were offered to bodies suffering from disease,~~ ^{co-workers and have} ~~accident-prone.~~ ^{to speak of no man they have known and admired}

I knew Mr. Flesheim in the years of his prominence when his name was honored throughout our city and his industry as a man of commerce admired equally for his vigor, vision and his honor and as a citizen whose name was synonymous with meaningful and significant service. From his youth Sylvester Flesheim had walked a strong and sturdy way. Possessed of a first-rate mind and indefatigable vitality, willing to trust his own judgment and to accept the responsibility for decision, Sylvester became one of that small group of men whose vision and determination helped to build the solid financial foundation of our city.

When I first learned of Sylvester's death I thanked God for having given this man of dignity the dignity of a sweet death - a quick death - in the fullness of years - in full possession of his mind - close in the love of his family. A verse from the book of Psalms came to mind: "Mark the man of integrity. Behold the upright man for there is posterity to the man of peace." The pattern of Sylvester's life was clear, unmistakable,

Julius Vidor

I don't know who said it, but the phrase has particular meaning to me and to this moment: "God sometimes puts us on our back so that we may look upward."

Ours has been a frightening and convulsed century and Julius Vidor lived through its starkest and ugliest moments and triumphed over them. Julius came to us at The Temple in his last years and we found his warm smile and obvious pleasure in our faith's encouragement - his calm and decency - a stinging reminder of the remarkable capacity which people possess but do not always use to overcome adversity with grace - to retain their humanity and sensitivity despite the buffetings of life. I sensed always that Julius found in our faith and in our synagogue a reflex of the image of life's possibilities which Julius carried in his soul - an image the outside world sometimes belied, but which he never abandoned.

Julius was born in central Europe just before the turn of the century. It was a time of rising nationalism and growing industrialization, a time of change. The sense of being rooted in one place or one tradition was no longer natural. Julius's family came to America, but found that they were not fully at home here and they returned to a world whose language and cultural values were understood, but whose passions of prejudice and national anger they did not fully appreciate. Julius's pictures as a young man show him to have been tall and handsome and even then he had about him that quiet strength which so many of us found so appealing. There were good years in which Julius and Rose began their marriage and difficult years as the Nazi power grew closer and finally overwhelmed their world. There were the long years of separation, of Julius's incarceration. No one can guess the thoughts that went through his mind during those frightening times. One can only marvel that his spirit was not hardened or coarsened by them. What is it the poet said?

Out of the earth, the rose,
Out of the night, the dawn;
Out of my heart, with all its woes,
High courage to press on.

War left Julius weakened and threw him up in our land where new adjustments were demanded and new challenges placed. He met these challenges with courage, good will, generosity of spirit and calmness - all the virtues which were instinctive to him. He and Rose built a new life, a life remarkably unruffled by what had been before. It is not for us to intrude upon the quality of their relationship except to say how much their presence and closeness meant to us. Their closeness was an inspiration.

What more can we say? We have lost one who provided us an encouraging example of the indomitability of the human spirit. What can we say except to offer to Rose our love and respect. She is a wise woman and strong and she will not lose that strength now.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

March 1, 1978

Death of: Julius Vidor
1223 Drury Ct. #2 435 (24)

Husband of: Rose (same as above)

2/28/78

Services will be held at The Mayfield Mausoleum, Wed.
March 1 at 2 p.m. Interment Mayfield Cemetery. Family
at the residence. Berkovits-Kusin arrangements.

Marie

work, dear

world. His customers were people

profit items. Sanford was blessed with a sense of line, proportion and color and

because of his instinctive awareness of what was fit and his humanness those who

came, came again and again. They trusted his eye and his word.

Sanford was the first to offer and the first to do. No request went unanswered.

No gift was ever broadcast. In his soul concern for others ran deep. He read wide-

ly and sought in his reading and in experience to discover solutions to the problems

of injustice and violence which disturb our world. I am not sure that our society

or any society will ever become what Sanford hoped, but I am sure that Sanford

longed for a time when every man could sit under his vine and under his fig tree

and that in his political and private life he devoted his energies to those causes

which sought to remove injustice and add hope for all men.

With friends and family the deed always replaced the word. Sanford was

there to help. No promise was ever empty of intent, no demand ever unanswered.

Within the circle of his family his was the way of love and quiet example. He

witnessed to his convictions and never sought to impose his will by sheer force.

He and Rose established a home which was secure in love and in which their

affection and respect to San-

at heart and broad sympathies.

do.

each of these demands charac-

without self-pity. Through hard

e he made his way in the business

known and not simply potential

Sanford Weinberg

We are met to pay our last public tribute of affection and respect to Sanford Weinberg, a quiet and loving man, a man of great heart and broad sympathies. Sanford was always the first to offer and the first to do.

Life imposes many demands. Sanford met each of these demands characteristically, with a good will, energy, ability and without self-pity. Through hard work, dedication, sacrifice of self and competence he made his way in the business world. His customers were people to be met and known and not simply potential profit items. Sanford was blessed with a sense of line, proportion and color and because of his instinctive awareness of what was fit and his humanness those who came, came again and again. They trusted his eye and his word.

Sanford was the first to offer and the first to do. No request went unanswered. No gift was ever broadcast. In his soul concern for others ran deep. He read widely and sought in his reading and in experience to discover solutions to the problems of injustice and violence which disturb our world. I am not sure that our society or any society will ever become what Sanford hoped, but I am sure that Sanford longed for a time when every man could sit under his vine and under his fig tree and that in his political and private life he devoted his energies to those causes which sought to remove injustice and add hope for all men.

With friends and family the deed always replaced the word. Sanford was there to help. No promise was ever empty of intent, no demand ever unanswered. Within the circle of his family his was the way of love and quiet example. He witnessed to his convictions and never sought to impose his will by sheer force. He and Rose established a home which was secure in love and in which their

daughters and sons grew to a competent and free adulthood. To his sister, his wife and children and his precious grandchild Sanford was security and love; everything good in life.

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



Adolph Weinberger

"Success will come to the individual who seeks it and is willing to do more than is necessary." I do not know who said it, but this statement is appropriate to this hour of public tribute to a man of incredible energy and vitality who, by dint of hard work and exceptional ability, established one of the enterprises whose economic strength has allowed our community to prosper. Adolph Weinberger's life was one with the Horatio Alger myth. An immigrant boy of humble beginnings, armed only with unflagging energy and a keen and able mind, Adolph built a corporate enterprise of size, and he did so with honor and integrity.

From first to last, Adolph's values never varied. Some who pull themselves up by their boot straps end up disdaining those who are just beginning this climb. Adolph was never pretentious. He displayed neither snobbery nor sham. He judged others by standards of quality and achievement - the standards by which he asked others to judge him - and not by the trivia of race or social status. Adolph worked until his body gave out. His life was one with the Biblical admonition, "Eat not the bread of idleness." But work by itself was not enough. Work had to be honest. Adolph never cut corners. Work had to be purposeful. He was fiercely proud of his company's tradition of honest service and of its tradition of innovation and change. He was proud of its success and fiercely proud of its good name.

Adolph keenly valued the opportunity and freedom which this country uniquely provides. His citizenship was predicated on his awareness of America's openness, its justice, the development here of a sense of a true community of peoples. When he was honored by his industry for his many acts of corporate statesmanship, Adolph ended his remarks with a simple, heartfelt comment: "I'm glad I didn't miss the boat." Adolph's home was sweet to him. He is now with the God whom he loved.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

December 18, 1977

Adolph was a good and loyal employer who respected those who worked with him. He knew them as people. His door was open to their needs. Generally, he was out on the floor with them. Those who were welcomed into his circle of friends knew him to be an agreeable and optimistic man who was full of life, who saw the possibility of each day, who enjoyed a good tale, who was joyous without ever being coarse. They knew him also as a man of strong convictions who would argue strongly, but who never allowed his opinions to shadow a friendship.

Adolph was a good and loyal Jew. He was supportive of all the institutions and causes which thrive in our community. He understood the importance of Israel for the security of Jewish life. Perhaps his last major accomplishment was the development of a School of Pharmacy at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. Adolph was a loyal member of The Temple. During each of the last four decades he served as a valued member of our Board. Adolph came often to our services, not only to join with his people in the worship of God, but to learn. His youth had not given him the leisure for systematic schooling, but he possessed an eager mind and always provided himself with the opportunity of learning.

Some achieve great success at the expense of their family. They are so wedded to their work that they have little energy or time for home, marriage and children. Adolph was a man with a great capacity for love. He was a family man. His large family pleased him. He was twice blessed in marriage and most blessed with the achievements of his children and grandchildren. Nothing delighted him more than to be surrounded by the hustle and bustle of a family gathering which he had helped to provide.

Cervantes someplace commented: "Whom God loves his house is sweet to him." Adolph's home was sweet to him. He is now with the God whom he loved.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

December 18, 1977

LOUIS WEITZ

The meaning of death is beyond our grasp. A moment such as this is a time for a simple expression of Job's faith: "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." This is a time to put philosophy behind us and to accept as patiently as we can the mysteries of God's plan.

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

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

To grieve is to experience the thrust of conflicting emotions. On the one hand we are grateful that the agony of progressive disability is over. Death is not pain but the cessation of pain. At the same time we begrudge the loss of those who are precious to us. Actually, any number of conflicting feelings move in our souls. No relationship is without stress. We lie to ourselves if we picture any friendship and family relationships as always satisfying. Inevitably, there are moments of silence and distance. Each of us has his or her ^{special} own set of

emotional capacities and sensitivities. We go at life differently. We see life differently. We judge everything and everyone from our private biases. Everyone seeks fulfillment and satisfaction but not all of us can express our feelings consistently or successfully or weave ^{the} meaning into our life which ^{we would like to} ~~is generally~~ ^{express the feelings openly} approved. Some love easily and steadily. Others keep their feelings bottled up ^{as bottled up} and find it difficult to disentangle themselves from private concerns. ^{all of us can be "rooted" like a tree but all of us can't}

Louis Weitz was a gentle person for he is truly gentle who does the gentle deed. Lou was a caring and sensitive man who ^{took every step} ~~was careful never~~ to impose himself on another in work or in deed. ~~Indeed~~ Those who were closest sometimes had difficulty understanding his silences, yet I suspect it was only that he felt that any expression of need might be seen as an imposition.

Louis had a quick mind and a good mind. He was well read. He loved language and ideas. He loved this country and its system of justice. He cared about this community and its institutions. He served his clients sensitively and thoughtfully.

Life is rarely a smooth ride. Lou's way was a bumpy one. He was not destined to enjoy many of the satisfactions which come easily to some in our society. I always found it remarkable that whenever we met there was a smile on his face and words of genuine concern about my family on his lips. ^{self pity of any kind was foreign to his nature} The courtesies were instinctive.

How shall we measure life? Many who are deemed successful have ^{been} ~~trampled~~ ^{by} on the feelings and lives of others. Louis could look anyone straight on and ^{honestly} say he had never ~~tried to~~ ^{elbow} anyone aside, that he had lived quietly, helped his friends, played with their children and been close with his own. He bound his daughter and son to him by ^{his} gentleness and ^{open manner and his instinctive respect for each person} ~~offer of respect~~ and ~~took pride~~ ^{lay so uncomplicated} in their maturity and achievements. ^{attack}

Louis did not take any pleasure in public display, so perhaps this poem, which is a favorite of mine, he would have felt appropriate:

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

Eulogy for Sidney Weitz - March 21, 1972

It is a sad duty to speak this eulogy in memory of ~~Sidney Weitz~~. Paten Klein

~~Sidney was not only a life-long friend of my family, but one~~ whom I was proud to call guide and mentor. Born into a generation which prized determination, hard work and the humane values of citizenship and service Sidney made the best of these virtues central to his being and wove these traditions into a life-long dedication to God and man.

At age 18 he was already a volunteer at the Council Education Alliance and hard at work at his chosen profession of the law. Sidney was a good lawyer, a fine technician and advocate, much honored by the bar - his professional colleagues. He never looked upon the law as a means of personal advancement. Rather it offered him an effective chance to serve his fellow man in the larger urgent cause of justice.

Small of stature, Sidney was great of heart; a great fighter for the values and the people he held dear. He did not say so, but I suspect that part of the attraction of the law was its intellectual challenge. Sidney had little interest in small talk or small thoughts. The law, politics, the institutions of the world and its affairs, books, ideas, the infinite variety of human commitments commanded his alert attention. He was informed. His mind ranged eagerly and was never vague or careless, nor was Sidney merely an observer. Whether it was the ~~movement~~^{MOVEMENT} at the end of the Second World War for the rights of minorities in central Europe or the need to take firm action against the rising menace of Hitler in the 30's, or the economic challenge of the depression, Sidney was informed and an activist who acted

on his beliefs. Today we often measure people by their offices in existing institutions. Sidney was President of the Jewish Childrens Bureau, an officer of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, Jewish Community Federation and the Community Chest. But I find it hard to think of Sidney as an institutional man. He was too much of a realist to accept the proposition that the proper management of institutions was all that our society requires. Whether it was the organization of an anti-Nazi boycott or forcing the reluctant to understand the urgency of Israel Sidney was a doer, a fighter.

Sidney was President of The Temple during the ten most dangerous years of Jewish history, the years of the Second World War and the fight and struggle to create Israel. It must have required inordinate energy to pull the institution through those difficult times. Sidney and Dad made a good team. Though they must often have been preoccupied with the immense political issues, The Temple was not allowed to cut back on needed services. Nor did they allow the institution's concerns to detract them from their larger goals; and The Temple emerged from that decade stronger than ever before. I remember Sidney presiding proudly at the ^{Temple's Centennial} ~~100th~~ celebration. The mortgage ~~had~~ ^{been} burned, plans ^{were made} ~~had been~~ set for post war future.

Sidney was a believing Jew. He once wrote that "My commitment to The Temple from the very beginning was based on my belief in the doctrine that all that existed ^{is} ~~was~~ spiritual. I looked upon The Temple as the center of Jewish community life." His way into Temple life was that of a

believer. He was a regular at services, a pattern he never broke. First, he was a teacher in the school, then a member and chairman of the Religious School Committee. How he prized these moments in the classroom and the school and the success of those who had been his pupils.

Sidney was a good friend and had many friends. His mind was rich and fascinating, his interests broad, his friendships loyal. He was blessed by a large and close family. He was especially blessed in his marriage. He and Sylvia built a home, steady in love, full of the good things in which they raised their son and daughter and enjoyed their grandchildren. God blessed their marriage over the many years. It was only with Sylvia's death two years ago that Sidney's step began to falter. God blessed this vigorous man nearly to the ~~very~~ end. His life had turned full cycle and each season had been great and full.

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

had little interest in the small talk or small thoughts. The law, politics, the activities of the world and its people, the infinite variety of human endeavor, the human mind ranged widely and was never tired of exploring new horizons. He was interested in the rights of minorities in general and the rights of Jewish children in particular. He was a fighter against the rising menace of Hitler in the 30's, of the economic challenge of the depression. Sidney was informed and an activist. He was a man who acted on his beliefs. He often made people by their office in existing institutions. Sidney was President of the Jewish Children's Bureau.

Eulogy - Sidney Weitz - 3/21/72

It is a sad duty to speak this eulogy in memory of Sidney Weitz. Sidney was not only a lifelong friend of my family, but one ~~of~~ whom I was proud to call guide and mentor. Born into a generation which prized determination, hard work and the humane values of citizenship and service, Sidney ^{made} ~~took~~ the best of these virtues central to his being and wove these traditions into a life-long dedication to God and man. ~~He was of quality and for quality.~~

At age 18 he was already a volunteer at the Council Education Alliance and hard at work at his chosen profession of the law. Sidney was a good lawyer, a fine technician and advocate, much honored by the bar - his professional colleagues. He never looked upon the law as a means of personal advancement. Rather it offered him an effective chance to serve his fellow man in the larger urgent cause of justice.

Small of stature, Sidney was great of heart; a great fighter for the values and the people he held dear. He did not say so, but I suspect that part of the attraction of the law was its intellectual challenge. Sidney had little interest in ~~the~~ small talk or small thoughts. The law, politics, ^{the} institutions of the world and its affairs, books, ideas, the infinite variety of human commitments commanded his alert attention. He was informed. His mind ranged eagerly and was never vague or careless, nor was Sidney ^{merely} an observer. Whether it was the moment at the end of the Second World War for the rights of minorities in central Europe or the need to take firm action against the rising menace of Hitler in the 30's, of the economic challenge of the depression, Sidney was informed and an activist. ~~He was a political activist~~ who acted on his beliefs. ^{Today} We often ~~today~~ measure people by their offices in existing institutions. Sidney was President of the Jewish Childrens Bureau,

an officer of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, Jewish Community Federation and the Community Chest. But I find it hard to think of Sidney as an institutional man. He was too much of a realist to accept the proposition that the proper management of institutions was all that our society requires. Whether it was the organization of an anti-Nazi boycott or forcing the reluctant to understand the urgency of Israel Sidney was a doer, a fighter.

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

The lives who have left this world
Legacy of peace
Legacy and a blessing
Our lives are
We are commanded to live for others, to be just, to seek out
justice and love - to reach beyond our small limitations to a unity and
goodly way of life. At death these lives which partook of selflessness
and love and service, these lives dedicated to the imperishable values
of life, enter upon a spiritual existence where they continue with those
who love them and loved them. They have become a great benediction. It
is as our teachers taught, "there is no death for the righteous".

We have come to pay a last tribute of respect to a vigorous and
able man whom we hold in high esteem. Ben Rask's memory will long be
cherished for he wrote through his deeds a glowing biography of
achievement and service.



Memorial Tribute to

Ben Raab

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, such 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".

We have come to pay a last tribute of respect to a vigorous and able man whom we hold in high esteem. Ben Raab's memory will long be cherished for he wrote through his deeds a pleasing biography of achievement and service.

Fred Wildau

The sudden death of a dear friend has shaken us all. Death came to Fred "as an arrow which flies by day and as destruction which wastes at noonday." Fred was so full of the zest and color and eagerness of life - he was such an ardent spirit - that most of us had failed to recognize that he had passed the "three score years and ten" limit which the psalmist suggests as the "days of our years."

Fred walked straight. He stood tall. His spirit was a questing which reached out for new experiences and fresh contacts. Despite his years he had not cut back on his activities, his sports or his many community interests, so the blow of his death is as stunning as it was swift and none of us has yet sufficiently come alive from the unexpected blow so as to be able to speak words of comfort to those to whom this loss is the closest. Only God can comfort them. Only their own inner strength can sustain them. Only the knowledge that in death, as in life, he whom they now mourn is completely worthy of their sorrow as he was of their great love and devotion.

At this bitter hour I am reminded of the ancient counsel: "Seek not to explain God's ways to man for they are beyond your understanding." Life is a gift not of our choosing; death is a fact not of our willing. We do not schedule our birth. We cannot delay death. All that we have is but lent to us. It is not ours to explain the far mystery but to affirm, as Fred did, the possibility which is life and make the most of this blessing so that it can be said of us as we now say of Fred, this life yielded an abundant harvest.

This, too, I affirm. Death is not pain but the absence of pain. Death is not oblivion but the translation of love into a new intimacy of memory. We cry today for ourselves. The loss and the pain are ours. Fred is at peace. He died as he wished, in the fullness of his strength, without any loss of capacity or protracted pain. He is with God. His peace is timeless. It is our loneliness that is a daily burden.

We have come here to this sanctuary because we share and need to express a deep sense of loss at the death of a fine citizen and a good friend who lived by a code of service which was remarkably forthcoming, selfless and humane. Fred's death has jolted us and forced us to recognize how frail our hold on life really is, but our being together helps a bit to soften the bitterness of this hour.

There is no point in denying the bitterness and hurt which are now so much a part of our grief. A precious life has been snatched from us, but we know that Fred lived with a rare grace, so much so that even at this moment we recognize that his spirit will remain alive to us.

Memory tends to present us a series of snapshots of moments shared. One of my earliest recollections of Fred comes from a Temple affair nearly thirty years ago. He and Hans entertained at the piano. I remember sensing the lightness and joy of their sharing. Their music was obviously a sustaining satisfaction and it was music which had about it a thoughtfulness and an understanding which suggested the cultivated spirit. Music was essential to Fred's life. Music allowed Fred to share the sense of the beauty of life which filled his soul. Some people fear the world outside and look on outsiders with anxiety. Fred rejoiced in the world. He delighted to make new friends. He loved to travel. His life, like a well-wrought symphony, was a constant unfolding.

Given the unsettling experiences of his youth, Fred might well have become a suspicious dark-souled person. The Germany of his youth was a place of a proud, but deeply ~~disrupted~~ culture, plunging into the violence of national Socialism. Fred experienced at first hand the viciousness and the hate of which human beings are capable. He and his family were forced to flee their home and their city, but somehow he managed to hold on to the sense of life's possibilities and he never lost respect for the culture which had surrounded him in his youth, though it had not been able to restrain the satanic forces which brought so much misery to the human race. Judicious always, Fred never forgot the sensitivity and kindness of which human beings are capable. Despite it all, the sunshine never left his soul.

Fred never ceased to rejoice in the freedom, justice and open-mindedness of this country. He served it gladly in the war and he continued to serve community and country in peace. I have often wondered about the source of Fred's remarkable grace of spirit. In some ways it must have been innate. He seems always to have been the same within as without, of a piece. But this upward thrusting of the spirit was also, I believe, a product of Fred's deep and abiding faith in God and of his lifelong commitment to the values of our religious tradition. Ours is not a particularly pious age, but Fred was faithful in worship. Long before he joined our choir he adopted the discipline of regular worship. He was always ready to speak to God his gratitude for life and for the blessing which surrounded his days.

Fred respected the values of many faiths. His spirit was broad. He welcomed into his home young people from many lands and many races, and was eager to appreciate their attitudes and their traditions; but he knew a special and deep commitment to our people and our tradition. In 1967 when many in this community were rather complacent about the dangers the State of Israel faced, some of us began to meet to do what needed to be done in the face of another crisis. Fred was at that first meeting, and to the end of his life he remained an active and valued member of the Israel Task Force.

Our sages wrote, "Happy indeed is the man who departs this world with a good name." Fred's name is respected in our community, not only for business acumen but for integrity and honor. He worked hard to succeed, but in the pursuit of his ambition he never sacrificed principles, never exploited, never trampled on the rights of others. His word was his bond. He was generous of heart and his generosity was not limited to any class or creed.

As a friend, Fred was dependable and ever ready to help. Some ask, what can I do. Fred simply did. No service was ever a bother or took him out of his way. There was always a welcoming smile in his eyes and a kind and thoughtful word on his lips. Quiet, good-humored, hospitable, courteous, well-informed, it was a

privilege to be called a friend.

Fortunately, this man of good character and deep compassion was blessed with family love. He was close to his parents, to his brother and sister, and he was blessed with a wonderful family of his own. In so many ways his life was fulfilled by the happy and sustaining intimacy of a good marriage. He and Ruth shared not only a steady and unbroken love but a rare capacity to keep ever fresh the deepest stirrings of love. Theirs was a constant courtship as well as a sharing of interests and goals. Together they built the happy and love-filled home in which their daughter grew to maturity and together they rejoiced in her achievements and in the new family which she brought into their lives. Fred and Ruth reached out in love to many and drew them close - and knew their lives to be enriched in the giving.

This man of wise and loving wisdom would want me, I am sure, to add a word about his hopes for those who were most precious to him. He lived to give you more of the life he loved - life abundant. He would, I am sure, want you somehow to find the strength ultimately to transcend grief and to reach out again for love, joy, experience and the intimacies of friendship. The whole purpose of his life had been, to use a phrase beloved to our tradition - to leave life to the living - and he would not want his death to negate his efforts.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

March 4, 1984

Robert M. Schwartz
~~Robert M. Schwartz~~
Eulogy - ~~Harold B. Schwartz~~

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?

3 June 1964 - but
~~He was a man of~~
~~much of the same~~
~~kind of soul~~
Review Rev. Benjamin Lasker has died - He is a man of a different kind - but he was still
Harold Schwartz has been taken from us at far too early an age - there
is a strong sense of what he could have accomplished with the graciousness of his
There spirit, the openness of his heart and the decency of his mind, but Harold had
 written such a sweet biography of accomplishment that even now gratitude is
 mingled with ~~our~~ *our* grief. Our memories are full as we recognize how full his life
 was of love, family, friendship. There is a line in the Psalms to the effect that
 "gladness of heart is the life of a man" and this insight goes to the root of Harold's
 quality. *George's* ~~George's~~ life was whole and open. There was always a smile on his face
 and a gracious and kind word on his lips. You warmed to his warmth and his ob-
 vious interest in your person. *WRHS*

filed
 Harold was a happy man. Wherever he went, he brought a light, a lift,
 an abundance of good spirits - all this without a touch of coarseness or banality.

There was much
 There was neither grossness nor exaggeration in his being. Many have friends.

filed
 Harold deserved friends. ~~It was not only that~~ He was loyal and considerate, ~~with~~
~~Harold~~ the decencies were second nature, ~~what was~~ *AND HAROLD BOON A SPECIAL AND* refreshing
 pleasure in being with and among. *as a man* Harold found gladness in life, gladness in his
 friends and gladness in his work. *as a man* Harold worked hard to succeed, but in the pur-
 suit of his ambition he never sacrificed principle, nor did he ever exploit or

trample on the rights of other men. He was generous of heart *AND* generous of self. *was the way of doing - no promises just the kindly act. not way of pledges but done.*
11 Work too to end

I like to believe that Harold's decency grew out of his devotion to God *too great - too*

never - to himself - *themselves - real sense - used even.*

in my mind I think

Given in
Wm. May
Twenty

and faith. He was close to the life of ^{our} ~~a~~ congregation, a good Jew. He never flaunted these loyalties, yet they were of the deep convictions of his life. An instinctively pious man ~~he~~ ^{he} took onto himself the range and reach of the moral teachings of our faith and he ~~made~~ ^{wove} them ^{into} of the very stuff of his being. Such a man could not help to be loyal in love, tender in marriage, devoted to his family, and wholly dedicated to their welfare. ~~Harold~~ ^{Bernice} was first and last a man of family, close to ~~the~~ ^{his} He found his greatest pleasure in his home, surrounded by the love of his wife ~~and~~ ^{his} children and grandchildren. There was a ~~devotion~~ ^{closeness} in his ~~marriage and a closeness in his family~~ which delighted all who knew. He and ~~Bernice~~ ^{Mildred} shared happy years of responsibility. They raised their children in love ~~and~~ ^{understanding}, understanding and in dignity. They gave them love. They gave them their freedom and they kept close the ties of family. ^{Poem} What more can be said? What more need be said? We have lost a cherished and admired companion. Yet, how much the poorer our lives would have been had God not vouchsafed ~~Harold~~ ^{Celia} to us.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

Bernice was the

was a great encouragement -
a source of fine example
led by example

raising his voice

William Miller
Dr. Leonard Steuer

We are met to pay a public tribute of respect to Dr. ^{with my friends} ~~Leonard Steuer~~, a lifelong neighbor and friend, one of the truly beloved physicians in our community.

^S ~~Leonard~~ was born into a family ~~devoted to service~~ and throughout his long and useful life ^{he} maintained ~~those fine~~ standards of profession and humane concern ^{of his home}. Healing was a privilege and not simply a livelihood. ^{Childhood his love ran his years} Medicine was an ultimate fulfillment - a sacred ministry, not simply a way of making a living. ^{William} Leonard's medicine was skillful and responsible. No demand on his time was begrudged. His concern was personal and from the heart. ^{English} Leonard never ceased to read and learn about his demanding art. He was always on top of the best research, but he knew that medicine was more than an intellectual challenge and a mental discipline. ^{Early} Leonard never saw patients as numbers or a chart. At any time of the day or night he would put aside rest or leisure to answer someone's call for help. I know of few men in our community who were so adored and respected. His patients knew that they were his friends, not as interesting clinical problems or diseases.

More than two thousand years ago our sacred literature paid this tribute to the physician:

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

^{Sandil} Leonard was a man of utmost rectitude. The pattern of his life was clear and unbroken. His word was his bond. No promise was made idly. To some medicine is a commercial undertaking. ^{But} Leonard's medicine was of the heart. Financial questions were never uppermost. —

Howard — good spirit — with some up
heaven —

^{But} Leonard was a quiet man, but he had a large circle of good and loyal friends who rejoiced in knowing him, who respected the quality of his mind, who enjoyed his special sense of humor, who knew he could be trusted in all things. ^{able to see} ^{find it} ^{new}

Such are the demands of medicine that sometimes a physician sacrifices friendship and family to his service. ^{But} Leonard had time for friends, family and his ^{new} self.

He and ^{Ann} built together a good and solid home and a happy and fulfilling marriage which sustained both. For half a century their ^{home} apartment was warm and comfortable and full of good thoughts and good values. ^{then they married their daughter} They were not privileged to have children, but they were privileged to have each other and a wide circle of intimate friends. ^{and had a son, Robert, a son}

^{for many of the years} These last years were not easy for this man of dignity. It is never easy to pull back from a world in which one has been totally involved and eminently successful. ^{but a time of very trying}

In many ways it was a measure of the man when he could not keep on. As always, he was truly professional. ^{long life - full of work - good dignity} ^{very much - about 60 years old}

^{But} Leonard's tastes were simple. He disliked ostentation. He would not have us embroider the moment, but, surely this must be said - we have lost a good and cherished friend. Our community has lost a devoted and competent physician. We are grateful to God for having allowed us to share our lives with the man of quality. We are grateful to God also that Leonard will not suffer further incapacity and indignity.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

December 22, 1977

Family - friends - loyal -
love - respect - peace
and

Juliet Coleman
~~DR. MAX MORRIS~~

November 5, 1963

We are met again in the presence of death. It is told that a student once asked his teacher, "I venture to ask about death," and the master replied, "While you do not know life, how can you know about death?" Life is a mystery and death is an even greater one. Who can fathom the processes of growth and decay? Who can rationalize the twin mysteries of birth and death? Birth and death confront us not only with the inevitable but also with the irrevocable. There is a remorseless power against which we have no recourse, no power and no wisdom, against which we stand in humble awe. When the hand of death is laid upon one who is part of our world, there is ~~very~~ little that we can do but sit alone and puzzle ^{the} ~~the~~ awesome mystery of ~~life and death~~ and all the strange bafflements of our human destiny. As we sit alone there stirs within us deep and somber thoughts. Death makes us aware of the fugitive character of our lives. We are made to realize the hard, unbending facts of our human condition, the things which we cannot mold to our will nor master nor circumvent. Death compels us unwillingly to admit the limits of our power. "All flesh shall perish together and man shall return again to the dust."

As we sit alone in the presence of death we recognize that there is never time enough. No man passes out of this world with half his ~~life's~~ ambitions realized. Our sages, therefore, instructed us to number our days and to acquire a heart of wisdom. Death should not fill us with despair, rather it should teach us wisdom. No one can defeat death, but in dying one can leave behind memories and influences which insure a measure of immortality among the living. We are gathered here, my friends, to pay a tribute of loving respect to a friend ^{- a gentle kindly} ~~and fellow citizen~~, whose life established a lasting and noble memorial. ~~Dr. Max Morris was a good man and a gentle man.~~

Henry M. [unclear]

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

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

I suspect that ~~Kate Toffler~~ ^{she} had ~~so~~ ^{so} ordered ~~her~~ ^{her} thoughts, would have fully agreed. ~~She~~ ^{He} had seen the grass, the blossom, the fruit, and the natural withering. Each season had run its course. In each ~~she~~ ^{he} had found achievement and brought happiness. ~~Her~~ ^{His} life had turned full cycle and hers had been a rich reward indeed -- a family closely knit by the ties of love which ~~she~~ ^{he} had encouraged; children and grandchildren, enabled by her example, ~~evidencing~~ ^{evidencing} ~~by their~~ ^{by their} ~~lives~~ ^{lives} the quality of her ~~devotion~~ ^{devotion} to their communities; a name which will linger long as symbol of ~~integrity~~ ^{integrity} ~~of peace and fineness of character~~ ^{of peace and fineness of character} and gentleness of spirit. A wise ~~woman~~ ^{man}, always, ~~Kate Toffler~~ ^{he} had so ordered her days that their harvest was one of real accomplishment. Of ~~her~~ ^{him} it could be said, as it was said of Job:

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

~~As the ripe grass nourishes the lives of men long after it has been harvested, so the life of Kate Toffler will continue to bring blessing and happiness though her physical person is no longer with us. It is not a matter of chance that all in her family have carved for themselves areas of service to their communities, to their faith, to their country, and to mankind. A stone drops quickly to the floor of a pond. Long after, its ripples continue to enlarge their circle.~~

DR. STANLEY SUIT

We have met to pay our community's tribute of respect and admiration to Dr. Stanley Suit, a man of learning and high intellect, a skilled professional, a brilliant teacher and a lifelong citizen who brought great credit to our community.

Dr. Suit was completely devoted to his chosen field. He looked on dentistry as a true professional should, not primarily as a way of earning a livelihood but as a challenging commitment, the responsibility to serve as capably as one's science permitted. He served his patients not only with a skill which gained wide respect but with a warmth, interest and patience which told his patients that he thought of them as friends, that they were never simply a chart or an X-ray but people, individuals, whose feelings were as important to him as their medical needs. He won their undying respect for his meticulous attention to detail and for the quality of the services which he rendered.

For nearly forty years Dr. Suit taught those who were preparing themselves at Case Western Reserve University's Dental School. The best teachers are those who never stop learning. From the beginning of his career to the end he was constantly researching new techniques or learning from the research of others. In a class situation he always had the time to answer a student's questions and he spoke directly and clearly, transmitting not only his skill but his fine sense of the professional ministry in which they would share. He won the respect of his colleagues and there was hardly an honor that his profession did not deservedly accord him.

A man with his gifts and commitment was not a man who would retire. Long beyond the stipulated time of retirement, his skills commended his being retained and he continued to teach and to practice despite age and physical disabilities which would ~~have~~ have

encouraged another to be more indulgent with themselves and their time.

I knew Dr. Suit as a loyal Jew, a quiet, disciplined man who accepted the inevitable and varied responsibilities of family and marriage willingly and loyally. His friends and family speak of his strength of will and unshakable sense of honor. They describe him as a realist who was determined to invest himself to his utmost in all that was worth the doing, a responsible family man who accepted those burdens without thought to their cost, a dependable and loving person whose feelings could be depended on but were not easily spoken. Dr. Suit expected much more of himself than he demanded of others, but in the office he was the bott not out of a need to impose his will but out of a sense of obligation to his patients that they receive the best possible treatment.

His sons remember the security he brought to their lives and the high standards that he imposed. They speak of a principled man who had a mischievous sense of humor and took great delight in those happy moments which are a release from the cares of the world. A loyal son and nephew, a devoted husband, a careful and caring father and grandfather, Dr. Suit was pleased that his sons had settled nearby and that one chose to work with him.

Dr. Suit came to death, busy with the affairs of his profession, determined to press on, coming home from a seminar. I am sure that this realistic man had no illusions about his immortality and that he would not have tolerated the half life of prolonged illness and infirmity. I believe he would say to those who survive, 'press on,' 'be of good courage.' 'life must have a beginning and an end.' 'Remember that I lived as I wished to live and by appropriate standards, mine. Remember me for what I was.'

Dr. Suit has left behind a good name.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

May 27, 1986



LOUIS RUTH
MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO ~~MILTON ECKSTEIN~~

Tuesday, June 30, 1970

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

Blessed, indeed, is the man whose life does not end in the dust, but continues creatively in other lives and abides in the grateful remembrance of those who were strengthened and ennobled by his influence and example. In this world we establish our own immortality. There are those who die and their passing is scarcely noted. They have made hardly any impression on the roll of life. Others, in their death leave behind an imperishable legacy and a sorry void which is long and deeply felt. In the death of ^{LOUIS RUTH} ~~Milton Eckstein~~, his family and those nearest to him have sustained a deep personal loss. Our Temple has lost a close and honored member and all of us will long miss a loyal and cherished friend.

When I first learned of ^{LOUIS RUTH} ~~Milton's~~ death, I thanked God for having given this man of dignity the dignity of a sweet death. From his youth ^{he} ~~Milton~~ had walked a strong and steady way. He had assumed, without complaint, the responsibilities of family, of ^{business} ~~the law~~, of service to his fellow man. Others depended on him. He asked only to help. 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." This phrase describes ^{LOUIS RUTH} ~~Milton~~, he was a wholesome human being, a man of integrity, possessed of an unfailing sense of duty. The pattern of his life was clear, unmistakable and unbroken. His life was firmly set in the moral certainties. He never abused or used another human being. He was a wise and peaceful man, warmhearted, courteous, friendly, and eager for another's happiness; loyal in friendship, steadfast in responsibility.

For such a man there is posterity. His life does not end with death for his influence and example are treasured by all who moved within his sphere, his memory abides as a sweet benediction.

Our tradition has recognized the inadequacy of words in such a moment. The familiar prayer of memorial is the Kaddish. Strangely this prayer contains not a word of comfort nor any attempt to justify God's way. Indeed, it makes no mention of death. It simply affirms our abiding trust in God and accepts the justice of his decisions as they effect our lives. It is not that we try to deny the fact of death but rather that we recognize that the only answer to death is life, to see to it that days are well spent in meaningful pursuit. We need a strong faith when we stand in the presence of death. We need faith that we may accept life's impermanence and its limitations and still not lose our awareness of its potential and its opportunity. To face death wisely is to face life courageously.

^{Louis}
~~Dittton~~ knew a great deal about the faith which one must have in God, in life, in man. His faith gave him the strength of his convictions, his sensitive awareness of the needs of others, his concern with justice and human rights, his willingness to sacrifice time and self for those in need, to face ^{his ready responsiveness} squarely the challenge which life presented. He worked tirelessly to meet his responsibilities, self indulgence was entirely foreign to him, as was greed. He lived for others. ~~He lived for the law, for society and to enlarge the amenities of our community.~~ ~~Milton's determination was born of faith.~~ From his earliest youth Judaism's ~~ideals were sacred to him.~~ Honesty, intellect, sympathy, justice, freedom, concern for the wellbeing of others were the basic laws of his life. He strove to live up to that standard of unselfishness and kindness mixed with moral determination and moral courage which was taught by our prophets and by our sages. ~~He was a valued and cherished member of The Temple,~~ a participant member, a great and good friend. I am sure

Full of love

The

ved wife and children and their children. For, above all, Miller was a good

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[illegible]

11. *Notes*

h kurodo
dono

A R T H U R (Jacob)

~~Norman Sugarman~~
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."

Each
~~Norman Sugarman~~ *was a man of value, a highly intelligent,*
~~The world knew Norman Sugarman as a highly successful man,~~
~~Thoroughly respectable, intelligent, and a~~ *man of value, a highly intelligent,*
~~but I am here today, we are here today, because we knew him as a~~

ALL M.T. moments *decent and goodness, a man who*

23 rd
Prison first

WHEN I PASS OUT AND MY TIME IS SPENT,
I HOPE FOR NO LOFTY MONUMENT.
NO SPLENDID PROCESSION MARCHING SLOW,
ALONG THE LAST LONG ROAD I GO;
NO POMP AND GLORY I CARE FOR THEN,
WHEN I DEPART FROM THE WORLD OF MEN.
BUT I'D LIKE TO THINK WHEN MY RACE IS THROUGH
THAT THERE WILL BE IN THE WORLD A FEW
WHO'LL SAY, 'WELL, THERE IS A GOOD MAN GONE.'

A MAN IS AS GREAT AS THE DREAMS HE DREAMS,
AS GREAT AS THE LOVE HE BEARS
AS GREAT AS THE VALUES HE REDEEMS,
AND THE HAPPINESS HE SHARES.
A MAN IS AS GREAT AS THE THOUGHTS HE THINKS,
AS THE WORTH HE HAS ATTAINED,
AS THE FOUNTAINS AT WHICE HIS SPIRIT DRINKS,
AND THE INSIGHT HE HAS GAINED.
A MAN IS AS GREAT AS THE TRUTH HE SPEAKS,
AS GREAT AS THE HELP HE GIVES,
AS GREAT AS THE DESTINY HE SEEKS,
AS GREAT AS THE LIFE HE LIVES.