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

Series 3: The Temple Tifereth-Israel, 1946-1993, undated.

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

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Eulogies, women, A-K, 1958-1989.

Esther Adler

We have come to pay a memorial tribute of respect to a strong-minded and high-minded woman, Esther Adler. In her death her family and those nearest to her have sustained a deep loss, but they are encouraged by many warm and wonderful memories. Esther's roots run deep into our country. She was born before the turn of the century in Kansas City and there is something about the open spaces and the pioneer spirit which was very much a part of her being. Her family speaks of her as strong-willed and indefatigable, a woman who judged others by their quality and not by their name or race, a woman of great energy and of healthy and down-to-earth good humor. She took great pride in the freedom and the spirit of this land. She walked straight and she accepted each and every burden of life with the same spirit of determination and basic principles, virtues which we think of as the hallmark of an early America. She was content to walk her way. There was no need for public display. Her standards were set from within and not by others.

I regret that I did not have the privilege, really, of knowing Esther. Her roots were in some ways not unlike my own. She was the daughter of a rabbi. She breathed in her house the strength and wisdom of our tradition and these values and the values of the synagogue were always close to her. Esther was blessed along the way with a useful life and many friends, but as age will, these have been left behind. She was fortunate to know a great love and to build with her husband a fine home and took great pride in the growth and accomplishment of their daughter and son and their grandchildren and families. The ties of family were close and this brought her great joy. Esther brought strength to her marriage and strength to her widowhood. She kept alive to life, doing and being part of the energy which gives meaning to the day. She was not a woman to give in to self-pity until these last months when age finally wore her down. Her life was full and good.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

November 11, 1977

Cele Auerbach

We have come to pay a public tribute of love and admiration to a vital lady, an exceptional human being, Cele Auerbach. Cele always brought to mind the Biblical matriarchs for like each of them she was a woman of fine spirit and unflagging energy, a fellow being whose first thought was for the other, a woman of valor who was close to God, full of love, warm-hearted and ever ready to serve. "Strength and beauty were her clothing and her hand was ever stretched out to give," to give and not to take.

Cele was born into love, but not unto wealth. She learned in her home the essential virtues, the human virtues; and throughout her life she remained devoted to God, the good, the Jewish people, the goals of healing and help. She was the same within as without.

I always found her to be without pretense or side, open, empathetic, kind, full of plans for some good cause. How can I draw Cele's picture? She was eager to volunteer and to accomplish a task. She took great pleasure in others and was always sensitive to their feelings. Cele dressed with care, but without any trace of vanity. Her home was a place of beauty but without any suggestion of ostentation. Friendship was a lifelong commitment, a sharing of serious responsibility rather than small talk. Life was too full of significant challenge to spend time on the petty. In Cele generosity of heart was wedded to an energetic spirit. When she accepted responsibility she did so with willing grace and seriously. She did not idly undertake any commitment. What she undertook she completed. There were no loose strings. There were no unplaced phone calls. She never let up. You often found yourself saying 'yes' when you had meant to beg off. Her spirit was contagious.

There is hardly an institution of our Jewish community which has not been strengthened by her energy and drive. I know that there is hardly any activity of our Temple Women's Association which was not strengthened by her involvement and leadership. Cele served the Jewish people well. She was a willing soldier in all the activities designed to save the survivors of the Holocaust and for all programs designed to strengthen Israel.

Cele often seemed to be going many ways at the same time, but she knew where she was going, what had to be done, and she did it. It was accomplished and in good spirits. She kept everyone buoyed up and she was always encouraging.

Her spirit, her warmth, her good humor, her willingness to do, her genuine commitment to the concerns we share, won for her a host of friends. Your presence here in such numbers offers silent testimony to her reach. When Cele was with you it was apparent that she cared for your feelings. She was a charming hostess and in her home there was beauty and good, significant talk. Cele had read much. She had listened carefully. She was abreast of the issues of the day. Her interests were many and her perceptions generally sound.

There are some who work energetically in the larger community, but who neglect the intimate one on one relationship. Cele was mother to many, but quintessentially she was mother to her own, she looked well to the ways of her household.

I love you,
Not only for what you are,
But for what I am
When I am with you.

I love you,
Not only for what
You have made of yourself,
But for what
You are making of me.

I love you
 For the part of me
 That you bring out;
 I love you
 For putting your hand
 Into my heaped-up heart
 And passing over
 All the foolish, weak things
 That you can't help
 Dimly seeing there,
 And for drawing out
 Into the light
 All the beautiful belongings
 That no one else had looked
 Quite far enough to find.

I love you because you
 Are helping me to make
 Of the lumber of my life
 Not a tavern
 But a temple;
 Out of the works
 Of my every day
 Not a reproach
 But a song.

I love you
 Because you have done
 More than any creed
 Could have done.

Fortunately, this woman who had such a great capacity for love, found a great love. She and Charles shared intimacy, many challenges, responsibility and many joys. Through the long years she made their home a place of rest and encouragement, a happy place for both of them, a place of spiritual renewal from which Charles could go out to meet the challenges of his profession and to serve largely our people. Together they built a home which was solid, stable and secure, where they raised their son to a strong manhood, to prize the mind and learning and to value his heritage. Cele took great pride in David's accomplishments and his marriage, but perhaps

her greatest joy was provided by her grandchildren. Each was a special joy and there was a special closeness between them.

Cele had a good life. She had earned the respect of her community. She rejoiced in the achievements of her family. She had known love and the joy of children and grandchildren. Cele had a good life and a hard death. These last months of weakness and illness were difficult for her and all who loved her; yet, she bore her pain and her anxieties with the same good spirit she had shown in healthier days. In illness and in health she remained herself. Cele will be missed.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

March 27, 1977

April 18, 1958

at the same spirit of an end
WE THANK THEE ESPECIALLY, O LORD, FOR THE SOUL OF CLARICE AUERBACH, A GENTLE LADY, A WOMAN OF HIGH SPIRIT AND PROFOUND INTEGRITY. IT WAS NOT MY PRIVILEGE TO KNOW MISS AUERBACH, YET HER FAMILY AND FRIENDS ALL TESTIFY TO THE BEAUTY OF HER CHARACTER AND TO THE SWEETNESS OF HER PERSON. SHE WAS A WOMAN OF MANY INTERESTS, SHE SAW LIFE IN ALL OF ITS INSPIRING BEAUTY AND SHE WAS DETERMINED TO EXAMINE AND EXPLORE THAT BEAUTY TO THE FULL. THOUGH SHE WALKED MUCH OF LIFE'S WAY ALONE, SHE SAW TO IT THAT SHE WAS NEVER LONELY. HER PARENTS WERE DEAR AND PRECIOUS TO HER AND SHE LOVINGLY CARED FOR THEM. HER BROTHER AND HIS FAMILY WERE DEAR AND PRECIOUS AND SHE REJOICED IN THEIR COMPANIONSHIP. MANY CULTIVATED HER FRIENDSHIP BECAUSE IT WAS WORTH THE CULTIVATION. SHE WAS NOT ONLY A GOOD NEIGHBOR BUT AN INTERESTING, AFFABLE FRIEND. EVEN IN HER LAST YEAR OF ILLNESS SHE NEVER IMPOSED HER NEEDS OR HER FEARS UPON OTHERS. SHE BROUGHT BEAUTY TO IN HER TRAIN. HER SPIRIT HELPED HER TO SEE LIFE'S ADVENTURE, HER STRENGTH HELPED HER TO FACE LIFE WITHOUT FEAR. HER COURAGE MADE HER DAYS MEANINGFUL. HER PLEASING PERSONALITY MADE HER DAYS FULL WITH LOVED ONES AND FRIENDS, SO THAT WHERE THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN LONELINESS THERE WAS INSTEAD HAPPINESS AND CONTENTMENT AND A SENSE OF COMPLETENESS.

MISS AUERBACH PASSED AWAY QUIETLY, GATHERED EASILY BY GOD UNTO HIS BOSOM. EVEN IN OUR GRIEF WE THANK HIM FOR HIS GRACIOUS GIFT OF HER PERSON WHICH ENRICHED THE LIVES OF ALL WHO KNEW HER.

Bess Barnett

We are met to pay our public tribute of respect and affection for a gracious lady, Bess Barnett. Bess was born in a small town in Texas and she about her an aura of openness and of independent spirit, a down-to-earth honesty and proud self-reliance which one associates with an earlier America. She was a woman of spirit and courage, who met each obligation in life head high and proudly. Bess possessed an alert and well-stocked mind. She was interested in all that made for culture. She read broadly. Music, theater, poetry, ideas, interested her. She had an eye for beauty which was reflected both in the quality of her dress and the pride with which she decorated and maintained her home. Bess had no need for conspicuous display and a great need for order and harmony of color and line. Bess kept her own counsel and was never one to impose her emotional needs on others. Yet, she enjoyed lifelong friendships with a circle of men and women who respected her for her quality, her grace and her willingness to help out. She graced the occasion.

Bess had the good fortune to be raised as a young woman in the home of one of the truly powerful spirits in the rabbinate at the turn of the century. Leon Harrison was a man of deep personal faith and of great commitment to the values of a free society and citizenship. Bess kept about her always the love of God and the convictions which she so exemplified in this home of faith which must be lived, of a faith which is proved by the quality of one's life - in action.

When she was still a young student she met Charles and set out with him to make a life and a home. They came to Cleveland and they built here a good marriage and sound and solid home. Together they enjoyed the good times and faced the bad. Theirs was a love which could surmount the tragic death of a son. Their home was a place of welcome and of gracious hospitality. Together they shouldered each and every responsibility

and built for themselves a fine name in our community. Theirs was a great love with a very special courtesy and sensitivity. Family was central to her. These last years were not easy. Widowhood is never easy nor is age, but she remained a great lady and she took pride in her son and her grandchildren.

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

September 28, 1977

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¹³⁵Great peace have they that love
Thy law;
And there is no stumbling for them.
¹³⁶I have hoped for Thy salvation,
O LORD,
And have done Thy command-
ments.
¹³⁷My soul hath observed Thy tes-
timonies;
And I love them exceedingly.
¹³⁸I have observed Thy precepts
and Thy testimonies;
For all my ways are before Thee.

□ TAU.

¹³⁹Let my cry come near before Thee,
O LORD;
Give me understanding according
to Thy word.
¹⁴⁰Let my supplication come before
Thee;
Deliver me according to Thy word.
¹⁴¹Let my lips utter praise:
Because Thou teachest me Thy
statutes.
¹⁴²Let my tongue sing of Thy word;
For all Thy commandments are
righteousness.
¹⁴³Let Thy hand be ready to help me;
For I have chosen Thy precepts.
¹⁴⁴I have longed for Thy salvation,
O LORD;
And Thy law is my delight.
¹⁴⁵Let my soul live, and it shall praise
Thee;
And let Thine ordinances help me.
¹⁴⁶I have gone astray like a lost sheep;
seek Thy servant;
For I have not forgotten Thy com-
mandments.

120 A Song of Ascents.

In my distress I called unto the
LORD,
And He answered me.

²⁰O LORD, deliver my soul from lying
lips,
From a deceitful tongue.
²¹What shall be given unto thee, and
what shall be done more unto thee,
Thou deceitful tongue?
²²Sharp arrows of the mighty,
With coals of broom.

²³Woe is me, that I sojourn with
Meshech,
That I dwell beside the tents of
Kedar!
²⁴My soul hath full long had her
dwelling
With him that hateth peace.
²⁵I am all peace;
But when I speak, they are for war.

121 A Song of Ascents.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the
mountains:
From whence shall my help come?
²My help cometh from the LORD,
Who made heaven and earth.

³He will not suffer thy foot to be
moved;
He that keepeth thee will not slum-
ber.
⁴Behold, He that keepeth Israel
Doth neither slumber nor sleep.

⁵The LORD is thy keeper;
The LORD is thy shade upon thy
right hand.
⁶The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.

⁷The LORD shall keep thee from all
evil;
He shall keep thy soul.
⁸The LORD shall guard thy going out
and thy coming in,
From this time forth and for ever.

122 A Song of Ascents; of David.

I rejoiced when they said unto me:
'Let us go unto the house of the
LORD.'

²Our feet are standing
Within thy gates, O Jerusalem;
³Jerusalem, that art builded
As a city that is compact together;
⁴Whither the tribes went up, even
the tribes of the LORD,
As a testimony unto Israel,
To give thanks unto the name of the
LORD.
⁵For there were set thrones for
judgment,
The thrones of the house of David.

⁶Pray for the peace of Jerusalem;
May they prosper that love thee.
⁷Peace be within thy walls,
And prosperity within thy palaces.
⁸For my brethren and companions'
sakes,
I will now say: 'Peace be within
thee.'
⁹For the sake of the house of the
LORD our God
I will seek thy good.

123 A Song of Ascents.

Unto Thee I lift up mine eyes,
O Thou that art enthroned in the
heavens.
²Behold, as the eyes of servants
unto the hand of their master,
As the eyes of a maiden unto the
hand of her mistress;
So our eyes look unto the LORD our
God,
Until He be gracious unto us.

³Be gracious unto us, O LORD, be
gracious unto us;
For we are full sated with contempt.
⁴Our soul is full sated

Sunny Baron

Winter is settling on the land and the cold is within as well as without. This is a leaden and difficult hour ~~for~~ we have lost a good friend. A lovely human being has been taken from our midst. Even as we review and praise Sunny's grace and quality ~~we~~ protest the intrusion of death.

What understanding can be ours? I have no superior wisdom to share with you. I cannot solve for you the equations of God's mathematics nor justify to you God's decisions, though I affirm their justice. "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." This is the substance of faith. "Seek not to explain God's ways to man for they are beyond your understanding." This is the ~~wisdom~~ ^{WISDOM} of ancestral ~~wisdom~~ ^{TRADITION - AND IT SHOULD BE LEFT ALONE TO}. Life is a gift not of our choosing. Death is a fact not of our willing. We do not schedule our ~~arrival~~ ^{birth}. We cannot schedule our ~~departure~~ ^{death}. All that we can do is affirm, as Sunny did, the opportunity which is life and ~~to~~ make the most of its blessing. An hour can be rich in achievement or hollow and ~~without~~ ^{devoid of} purpose. ~~Years may be usefully spent on unfulfilled~~ ^{Years may be usefully spent on unfulfilled} ~~Years may be usefully spent on unfulfilled~~ ^{Years may be usefully spent on unfulfilled} ~~The greatest of poetry and art can be created in a few hours.~~ There are some who live so sweetly that their every action brings blessing and happiness. These, though they die young, die fulfilled. They have ~~already passed~~ ^{CHANGED INTO} ~~their years may be usefully spent on unfulfilled~~ ^{THEIR YEARS MAY BE USEFULLY SPENT ON UNFULFILLED} ~~along an overflowing measure of kindness and love.~~

I affirm this also, that death is not pain but the absence of pain.

Death is not oblivion but a translation of the soul into a new dimension of memory.

We cry now not for those ~~who have passed on~~ ^{SUNNY'S - SHE IS AT PEACE - FOR (IN THE END) - WE CRY} but for those who have been left behind.

The loss and loneliness is ours. Her pain is over. She is at peace. We are bereft.

She is with God. We are alone. Her peace is timeless - our loneliness a daily burden.

Sunny struggled for a decade against cancer and the disease ultimately ~~proved~~ ^{AS IT} beyond control. But it seems to me that it is Sunny who was ultimately victorious. She faced each day with courage and ~~and~~ ^{IN MANY WAYS} ~~will~~ ^{DETERMINED}. In all these years of pain and anxiety I never heard complaint or self-pity cross her lips. I don't know where she found the strength to pull herself together each day but she did, ~~and~~ ^{AND} when she was among us it was as if there was ~~no disease or pain~~ ^{WAS NO CANCER AND NO PAIN}. The familiar smile was on

her face. ^{Tranquil} ~~Kind~~ words were on her tongue. She walked with that dignity and grace ^{which} ~~with~~ ^{had always been instinctive to her} ~~which we were so familiar~~. A phrase which I can no longer properly ascribe came to mind these past hours: "What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us." What lay within Sunny's soul was an incredible ^{known} ~~reserve~~ of courage, ^{indefatigable} ~~a determined~~ will and an unquenchable zest for life. She would never be other than her best self. She would not be pitied. She would not waste the day. She would spare others anxiety and worry.

Sunny's strength, I believe, derived in a large measure from her strong sense of self. I speak of dignity, not of arrogance. I speak of ~~a~~ becoming pride, not of any need to command or impose her will. ~~Sunny's concerns were always for those who were nearest and closest. Sunny was not afraid. She knew that she could bear the pain. If she had any fear it was of disfigurement, not of death. Death, she knew, meant an end of pain.~~ God had made her beautiful and she had carefully tended that gift.

Strength conjures up an image of prickly independence and physical size. I do not mean to suggest these qualities at all. Sunny was a warm and open friend, friend to many, a lovely, intelligent, ^{open hearted} ~~generous~~ ^{vivacious, spirit} companion. When she and Ben moved to Cleveland she bound to herself by innumerable loving acts a wide circle of those who delighted in her company. ^{Sunny guided all} ~~She governed her relations~~ ^{with} ~~with others~~ by a law of tender concern. Her soul was responsive to every human need. ~~She guided her relationships with~~ ^{sensitive tact and instinctive sympathy}. Her deeds were always generous. Her heart was ever open. ~~She returned to her family a deep and abiding love and a warm and abiding devotion.~~ Moses ibn Ezra, the medieval poet, described a woman like Sunny with these words: "Grace was in her soul, generosity in her heart, her lips were ever faithful." ~~Friendship was precious to her.~~ Among her favorite lines were these:

"Once in a while a friend is found
 Who's a friend right from the start
 And once in a while a friendship's made
 that really warms the heart.
 And once in a while a friend is found
 who's a friend your whole life through
 It really does happen once in a while
 It happened to me and you."

Sunny was blessed with a green thumb and a ~~fine~~ ^{and a sense of} sense of beauty and her friends took delight in the gracious hospitality of her home, the beauty of its garden, the warmth of her welcome. Their care was her first care. Sunny took pride in her home and in her person. She dressed with care and with flair but not ostentatiously. She was not interested in display or appearances but in reflecting in her person and her surroundings that sense of dignity and quiet pride which was in her soul.

Sunny made time for her friends and for her community. Any number of organizations benefited from her interest, skill and energy. She had been trained in her home to be sensitive of the needs of others and she never failed in that duty.

There is a well-known midrash which plays on the letters of the Hebrew word for a man, ish, and for a woman, isha. In Hebrew man and woman share two letters, alph and shin which together form the word aish - fire. In a good marriage a man and woman are drawn together by the fire of love. Ben and Sunny were drawn together by the fire of love, but love ^{was} only the beginning. For a marriage to be good and lasting there must be wisdom and shared purpose. The word man and woman include other letters, yod and he, which taken together form the name of God. When holiness consecrates a marriage, then it is truly binding and joyous. There was love in this home and a shared commitment to the basic values of life and family, ~~to~~ ^{to} decency, ~~to~~ ^{to} service.

Sunny was raised in a family which made up ~~by~~ the tightness of its bonds for the paucity of numbers. Sunny was a loving and dutiful daughter. With her sister she enjoyed a long intimacy. The home she and Ben established was ~~good and~~ full of love and good feeling. Here they raised their son and daughter and gave them opportunity and space in which to grow. Their happiness was hers. These last years

she returned to her parents' home and lived with them until her death.

she lived for each success, high moment.

Sunny and I often talked of life and death. She valued life but I know that she did not fear her death. She feared dying because of the loss of dignity, and I thank God that death came when it was needed. If she had any regret it was the fact that she would not see the birth of a grandchild, but she knew that no one can have all their wishes fulfilled, and she was the first to say, I have had so much blessing. Sunny brought courage and determination to bear on her life. She brought happiness and joy to the widest circle of friends and set an example of courage and good sense which moved us all. She bore her illness with a courage we somehow instinctively expected of her. I suspect that she would begrudge her death only if it shadowed the lives of those whom she loved, whose happiness was more precious to her than life itself.

"And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let One, most loving of you all,
Say "Not a tear must o'er her fall!
He giveth his beloved sleep."

Daniel Jeremy Silver

December 4, 1980

1898. SHED NOT TOO MANY TEARS

Shed not too many tears when I shall leave;
 Be brave enough to smile.
 It will not shorten, howsoe'er you grieve,
 Your loneliness the while.
 I would not have you sorrowful and sad,
 But joyfully recall
 The glorious companionship we've had,
 And thank God for it all.
 Don't let your face grow tear-streaked, pale
 and wan:
 Have heart for mirth and song—
 Rejoice, though for a little while I've gone,
 That I was here so long.
 For if I thought your faith would fail you so,
 And leave you so distressed,
 That sobbing to my body's grave you'd go,
 My spirit could not rest.

Author unknown

✓ 1899. TURN AGAIN TO LIFE

If I should die and leave you here a while,
 Be not like others, sore undone, who keep
 Long vigil by the silent dust and weep.
 For my sake turn again to life and smile,
 Nerving thy heart and trembling hand to do
 That which will comfort other souls than
 thine;
 Complete these dear unfinished tasks of mine,
 And I, perchance, may therein comfort you.

Mary Lee Hall

1900. NO FUNERAL GLOOM

No funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone,
 Corpse-gazings, tears, black raiment, grave-
 yard grimness.
 Think of me as withdrawn into the dimness,
 Yours still, you mine.
 Remember all the best of our past moments
 and forget the rest,
 And so to where I wait come gently on.

Ellen Terry, 1847-1928

1901. REMEMBER

Remember me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the silent land;
 When you can no more hold me by the
 hand,

Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
 Remember me when no more day by day
 You tell me of our future that you plann'd:
 Only remember me; you understand
 It will be late to counsel then or pray.
 Yet if you should forget me for a while
 And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
 For if the darkness and corruption leave
 A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
 Better by far you should forget and smile
 Than that you should remember and be
 sad.

Christina G. Rossetti, 1830-1894

1902. RESIGNATION

There is no death! What seems so is
 transition.

This life of mortal breath
 Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
 Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,
 But gone unto that school
 Where she no longer needs our poor
 protection,
 And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
 By guardian angels led,
 Safe from temptation, safe from sin's
 pollution,
 She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
 In those bright realms of air;
 Year after year her tender steps pursuing,
 Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her; and keep unbroken
 The bond which nature gives,
 Thinking that our remembrance, though
 unspoken,
 May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
 For when with raptures wild
 In our embraces we again enfold her,
 She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
 Clothed with celestial grace;
 And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
 Shall we behold her face.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807-1882

Fanny Behal

We have come to pay a public tribute of respect and affection to a gracious and vital lady, a woman of fine quality and spirit, Fanny Behal. I did not have the privilege of knowing Mrs. Behal well. Her family has deep roots in light of The Temple. They have always been close. Mrs. Behal moved west many years ago and our paths crossed only when some family occasion brought her back to Cleveland. Her friends and family speak with one voice, a woman of outgoing personality, great warmth, incredibly generous of herself and her time, sympathetic and empathetic to the needs of others, one who never had bad thoughts or spoke the putdown word. God granted to Fanny not only the three score years and ten but four score years and until these last months of illness and disability she walked out happily into the society of her neighbors and friends, and because of the quality of her mind was a most welcome companion.

Fanny knew and discharged the basic responsibilities of a human being. She was a good and considered friend, always ready to help. She brought lightness and energy wherever she went. She was a loving and dutiful daughter. She and Sol established a solid marriage and a home in which they raised their son and their daughter with encouragement and understanding. She remained close throughout her life to her brothers and sisters and shared in their joys and their sorrows.

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

April 7, 1978

~~HERNOLD~~ ^{HERNOLD} ~~BERNARD~~ ^{BERNARD}

Yesterday ^{Riv} ~~Lillian~~ and I spoke about her mother, and as we did a vignette from Jewish literature came to mind. The birds, it seems, noticed that when the wind blew the branches of ordinary trees sighed in the wind, but those of fruit-bearing trees were silent. Curiosity led them to ask the fruit trees why they did not make any noise, and the trees replied, 'our fruits are sufficient advertisement for us.'

^{HERNOLD} ~~Galia~~ lived a long and useful life, quietly, graciously, with great dignity ^{AND LOVELY} and without the least need to advertise herself. Her life, her marriage, her home, the accomplishments of her daughter ^{SUNAM} and ^{HERNOLD} ~~grandson~~ ^{HERNOLD} - these spoke for her and of her. I believe that ~~Galia~~ ^{HERNOLD} would have understood and appreciated a little poem which is a favorite of mine.

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.

Yet, true friends of a lifetime and her family need to have the fine qualities of her person at least alluded to at this service. Facing our dead, we want to remember their lives, not their dying - that's the virtue of a eulogy. And it is easy to speak of this woman of valor who ^{SPENT HER YOUTH} ~~lived~~ within the close circle

She was as graceful in managing her life as (Lena) ^{was}
~~Carol~~ was a courageous and determined woman. She met each of life's

weakness after ~~her~~ ^{stomach} eating

She says

Re present

CPenny 4

6/24/1971 - # 711K BACK TO THE HALL TUESDAY, when the men are with
Those who know her best describe a woman who lives without walls.

mother with love, Her marriage and home was the focus and center of her

- she was not ^{supposed} to be her brother's successor

~~was~~ She met each day confidently. ~~She managed her office with energy and~~

Depend

to her daughter with ~~the same~~ ^{high level of security}. To meet her was to be reminded of the

July 3, 1985

Helen Bing

We are met as a family to pay a public tribute of love and respect to the memory of a great lady, Helen Bing.

Each of us has a private need for a sense of permanence which we tend to satisfy by reminding ourselves of the ongoing presence of certain institutions and people who seem always to be there and always to be the same. I confess that Helen Bing, your mother and grandmother, seemed to me to be such a symbol. She was always there, always the lady, always gracious, always herself. Through all of her more than ninety years, Helen walked in dignity and beauty, calmly and without faltering. She took in stride good fortune and ~~the~~ cruel tragedy. However burdened her heart she was never anything but what she was, a woman of rare inner beauty and of a deep confident faith in God, in man, in herself, in you, in the possibilities of life. Helen reminded me of the Biblical matriarchs for she was not only gentle of spirit, considerate, courteous and sensitive, but a woman of verve, physical energy and high purpose. God had provided her a good quick mind and a strong spirit. Widowed at a frightfully early age she never let her spirits slip into the slough of despond; rather she squared her chin and set out with her children to build a new life, a life which would be as full and as ample as she could make it.

Helen's family has deep roots in our community and she had something of the pioneer about her. She loved the land. She loved this land with its traditions of freedom and justice. She possessed an uncomplicated respect for accomplishment and character and an uncomplicated ability to face a problem, roll up her sleeves, and go to work. Helen was utterly without side and utterly without self-pity.

What she meant to all of you in the privacy of your family you know best. I saw something of the care and attention which you so afforded her these last years, and I can only believe your actions were the willing repayment of a great

love. You seemed to delight to be together.

For over 70 years Helen was a member of The Temple, a loyal, helpful, welcome congregant. In the years of her strength she served in many ways, most notably as President of The Temple Women's Association. I was proud that The Temple merited her loyalty because Helen typified for me the woman of valor of whom the Bible sings, "the woman who looks well to the ways of her household," "who opens her mouth with wisdom and the law of kindness is on her lips. Strength and beauty are her clothing. She stretches out her hand to the poor and the children rise up and call her blessed."

No life can escape the moment of death. Helen learned early to be strong in the face of grief. She did not give in and she would not have you give in. She wanted these services to be simple and for you to leave here and go back to your families and to your lives and to the joys of every day. She took great pride in your accomplishment. The best tribute you can offer to her is to continue living as you have lived, with dignity, good useful lives, lives which bind you close in love.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

September 15, 1976

Eulogy - Pauline Biskind

We are met to pay a tribute of love and respect to a gracious and able lady, a gentle lady, Pauline Biskind. Pauline never mistook words for deeds. A straight and forthright person she would not have us embellish her eulogy but the respect of her neighbors and friends should be spoken.

Pauline was blessed by God with a keen mind, a generous heart, a sensitive eye which could grasp instinctively the beauty of a scene or a person. Her way was gracious. Her spirit was broad. She was loyal, sensitive, helpful as a friend. She was generous, indefatigable, exceptionally capable in her many community activities. She won easily the admiration and respect of her peers and inevitably was chosen a leader of any work she undertook. Pauline was a woman of great energy, an energy which never slackened, and allowed her these last years (when most women would have turned away from responsibility) to return to the classroom and find great joy in the development of ^{her} young people.

Pauline had an artist's eye and hand. Her work was a consecration and a commitment and a blessing to those who loved her. She has left behind a tangible record of her vision of life - a lasting and permanent record of the sweetness and power of ~~her~~ ^{that} vision ~~of life~~. She won praise for her art and she was professional about it as she was about all of her undertakings. There was nothing slipshod or careless in her nature. She undertook to serve and she fulfilled that service in full measure. Her family was one of the oldest in our community - and she returned to this community ^{A GRATEFUL AND FULL} ~~great~~ service for the opportunity it had given to her and hers. ^{Pauline's} ~~Her~~ family had deep roots in our faith. Her mother was a founder of Hadassah. Some of the early years of Pauline's marriage were spent in Palestine and she retained deep interest in the Yishev and its human needs.

Commitment to her people and to her God was a constant one and never so parochial as to blind her to the decency and the quality of other persuasions. Pauline was a woman without side. She judged others by what they were, not by who they were.

Pauline was a woman of many parts, but the most important part was her family. She was a devoted daughter and sister. She and her beloved Leonard established a home which was rich in love, ~~and~~ constant in devotion^{AND} learning and where there was great respect for each other, for hard honest service and for all the truly human values. They raised their son to appreciate the basic values of civilization^{AND THE} work^{AND WELCOMED HIM INTO THE CULTURE} of healing which ~~were~~ theirs and in the self-respect which was theirs. Pauline found great happiness in the bosom of her family. Those closest to her, her son and daughter-in-law, really her daughter, and their children were her pride and happiness.

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

SARAH BLONDIS

October 29, 1959

We have again been in the presence of death. A friend, beloved and precious to us, has been summoned to her eternal rest.

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, the aching emptiness, which death leaves behind. We can never accept that our beloved's warm vitality, so dear to us, will now and forever be missing.

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 half-life of lingering, hopeless disability, it is always difficult to adjust to death.

It would be wonderful were God's plans revealed to us. We would then understand His purpose and find consolation in His protective care, for surely, even in this tragedy, God acted only for our good. Unfortunately, there is no way within the framework of our limited human experience to explain what we have suffered. "God's ways are not our ways and 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 higher than our thoughts." Ultimately the only answer which we can make to the fact of death is to accept it in faith. There is no alternative but to say with Job:

The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away.
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

We are met to pay our last tribute of respect to Mrs. Sarah Blondis. It was not my privilege to be intimate with Mrs. Blondis, but family and friends bespeak of a loving and devoted wife and of a ^{gentle} ~~devoted~~ and ^{gentle} ~~sacrificing~~ ^{lovely} mother. Mrs. Blondis was not a woman who sought public acclaim. Her world was her home, its citizens her family. She and her beloved Harry built their home of sturdy stuff and gave to their sons encouragement, good counsel and security. For over a half-century they

Henrietta Bloomfield

Henrietta had a special talent for friendship and for family. She was utterly without side. ~~No demand of friendship went unanswered.~~ Her home was as open as her heart and all were made welcome and treated with respect and courtesy. She knew that to have a friend you must be a friend. When another was in need she was always present. ~~Henrietta was a woman of real strength. Born into a large family, she knew the struggles that many required to survive and she recognized early the strength that life requires.~~

Handwritten notes:
HENRIETTA WAS INFORMED BY
EDUCATED AT BELLFAIR

Henrietta was committed to the basic and essential virtues of life - to the moral standards of our Jewish tradition. There was a right thing to do and a proper way to live. She spoke of these standards and, more importantly, lived by them each day, along the way imparting to her sons, of whom she was so proud, her sense of life's opportunity and the standards of character and service by which it should be lived. She took life in hand and made the most of it. She had no patience with the petty. I know of few women who are as utterly without side. ~~She was a woman of quality.~~

Handwritten notes:
AND THE LOVE OF LEARNING ENCOURAGED
AND ALWAYS MEANT TO COME

Our families have been close over the years. Henrietta found in The Temple a reflex of the moral vision which was so important to her and a pride in the accomplishments of the Jewish people and for their survival. She and Joe were regulars at worship, ~~active in the support of our community,~~ an essential part of our community.

It's not often that one can ~~find~~ ^{apply to} of a determined and, to a large degree, liberated woman ⁱⁿ terms which the Bible uses to describe the woman of valor. ~~Henrietta was liberated for~~ ^{from}. Her questing mind sought to understand the culture and learning of our times. Her eye and hand were able to capture on canvass much of the beauty of our world. She was actively involved in concern with the freedom and justice in our nation and our world, but she was also the woman of valor,, the heart of her husband does safely trust for she doeth him good and not evil all the days of her life. She was a woman who loved to cook and to bake and used these as opportunities to talk with her children

about the values which were important to her. No wonder her children rise up and call her blessed for truly strength and beauty are her clothing. She opens her mouth with wisdom. The law of kindness is on her tongue. She looks well to the ways of her household and eats not the bread of idleness.

God was good to her. Death has come to a fine woman. Fortunately, it came in a kindly way, without any loss of dignity, safe in the bosom of her family who were so precious to her.

Daniel jeremy Silver

May 9, 1984

A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard,
The ills of life depart;
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet;
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet.

Author Unknown.

Recy
Hattie was a woman of deep, instinctive faith - faith in God and faith in others. She was a good Jew, *P.B. in hand* in her ~~religious~~ *conscious*, conscious of the beauties of our tradition, conscious of her place in that tradition, glad when she could serve, ready to give of herself. —

Recy
Hattie was part of many lives. Her friendships were many, steady and carefully tendered. She was joyous without being flighty. She dressed with care, but without a trace of arrogance. She was the center of her world without ever being demanding. *Recy*
Hattie was loyal, sensitive and empathetic. She was there to help. She was not one to intrude her own needs and anxieties.

Recy
Hattie was born into a large and close family and she remained close and near throughout her days. *Her home was her* Family was at the center of her being, a source of encouragement. *Recy* Hattie was fortunate in marriage and she established for her husband her sons a good home in which they were given love and encouragement. Her sons *Recy* were her pride and their families her joy. No moment was more precious than a family *Recy* ~~simultaneous~~ celebrated in her garden or around her table. *Recy* Blessed with great material wealth Hattie had the wisdom and the discipline not to allow wealth to corrode her basic feelings and decency. Hattie remained throughout life what she had always been - a genuine, unpretentious and open person.

Recy
Death came to Hattie in the fullness of years. I know that she did not begrudge the leaving. Life had been good to her. She had known the sprintime of youth and

Recy
For herself on to be a hunter in the

of expectation, the joys of marriage and children; a long summer of health and friendship in which she was free and able to enjoy and share her good fortune; a long autumn of gentle aging, secure within the bosom of her family, rejoicing in the achievements of her sons and their families. ~~The~~ ^{year} winter came. These last ~~weeks~~ were hard, but against the full measure of her life they represent but an instant. Even then her lips were sealed to self-pity. ~~Until near the end, whenever I visited her in the hospital, there was a smile in her eyes and a quip on her lips.~~ ^{AND TO GRACIOUS OF HANDS THAT SHE HAD} ~~I~~ ^{AND} we shall miss ~~Hattie's~~ ^{her} spirit, but are grateful that her pain is over, that she is at peace.

I am glad that Hattie's service could be held on a brilliant sunlit day. ~~She would have been pleased. Her soul responded to the splendor of nature. Indeed, her soul seemed to be made of sunlight. How else account for the unflagging ebullience, the warmth and joyousness of her person.~~ ^{AND GRACIOUSLY} ~~Hattie~~ ^{joy} occupied a special place in my heart even as she had a special place in the life of my family and of The Temple. My every thought of her is associated with ^{GRACIOUS} ~~generosity~~ of spirit, happy anticipation, a ^{love} ~~simple~~ pleasure in life.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

May 1, 1977

Flann Brothman,
Eulogy - Jeane Schiffman

~~It is a cold winter day, but no day has been more bitter.~~ Even as we review and praise the grace and sweetness of our beloved, we protest the indignity of prolonged illness and the intrusion of premature death. When a loved one dies in the fullness of years the hurt is raw and real; it is doubly so when death comes early, and we seek some explanation not only of life's cycle but of life's justice.

What understanding can be ours? I have no superior wisdom to share with you. I cannot solve for you the equations of God's mathematics nor justify to you God's decisions, though I affirm their justice. "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." This is the substance of our faith. "Seek not to explain God's ways to man for they are beyond your understanding." This is the key insight of our ancestral wisdom. Life is a gift not of our choosing. Death is a fact not of our willing. We do not schedule our arrival. We cannot schedule our departure. All that we can do is affirm the opportunity which is life and to make the most of its blessing. An hour can be rich in achievement or hollow and without purpose. Years may be barren. The greatest of poetry and art can be created in a few hours. There are some who live so sweetly that their every action brings blessing and happiness. These, though they die young, die fulfilled. They have already passed along an overflowing measure of kindness and love.

I affirm this also, that death is not pain but the absence of pain. Death is not oblivion but a translation of the soul into a new intimacy with God. We cry now not for those who have passed on but for those who have been left behind.

The loss and loneliness is ours. She is at peace. We are bereft. She is with God. We are alone. She is with God - the God in whom she had abiding faith and for whom she had reverent love.

What consolation can be ours? All that I or anyone can share, dear friends, is the community of sadness and the consolation of faith. In our tradition the rabbis insist that the righteous are living even though dead. ^{Flora} Jeanne graced her years with a rare sweetness. She governed her relations with others by a law of tender gentleness. She graced her friendships with sensitive tact and instinctive sympathy.

She returned to her family a deep and abiding love and a warm and abiding devotion.

She worked with love & grace - a happy and loving life
These qualities live on. They are indelibly imprinted on our hearts. Goodness, modesty, grace of bearing, compassion, quiet self-control, steady courage, family - such virtues were instinctive to ^{Flora} Jeanne's being. They live on and will live on in the memory of shared occasions.

I would remind you of the custom among our people to light a candle of remembrance at such an hour as this. At first glance this symbol seems passing strange - would it not be more fitting to extinguish a taper? No, it is the way of wisdom to remind ourselves that memory is never darkened. Significance is immortal. View the many close friends of ^{Flora} Jeanne who are here, who will ever recall her grace and her quality, the pleasure we took in her friendship, the understanding she brought to her friendships, the unassuming dignity of her person, the tenderness of her feelings for her family. These memories will echo through the long years. They bind us together across life and death.

The righteous are called living, even when dead. ^{poet} Jeanne was one of those fine human beings who not only had many friends but deserved many friends. She was without pretense or posture. She saw the best in life and the best in others, and she brought out the best in everyone. Some use their friends and abuse friendship. Jeanne was sensitive to the needs of others and perhaps overly sensitive about her own role in life. She did for others far more than for herself. She had a poet's soul and often when her emotions moved her her pen moved across the page pouring out her feelings. Many years ago she wrote:

The age you have doesn't mean too much
 It's life itself and your feelings as such
 To live each day with little adulation
 Leaves you so cold there isn't any elation
 Never to laugh or dance away
 Your heart has lost that which was gay
 Now I am nothing but a dismal waif
 Who lives each day and plays it safe
 Don't cry you creatures who die but have lived
 It's harder to die when your life had so little to give.

~~Jeanne~~ undervalued herself, her importance to her friends, to her family.

~~to leave with her family~~

~~This was her world,~~ the world of people. She recognized that life was brief and

bruising. She sought to ease its difficulties for those she loved. It was in the

circle of her family that she came supremely into her own. The ties of family

were infinitely close to her. The last decades of her life her mother was welcomed

~~into her home and made an integral part of it. She and her beloved Bill established~~
a sound home, stable and secure, because it rested on basic values in which they
raised their sons to respect the good, to understand the imperative of service.
She fulfilled herself in their happiness and accomplishment and the ministries of
service which they have chosen are in so many ways but her immortality. What
more can be said? What more need be said? We have lost a good friend, a fine
human being, a woman of quiet dignity and courage and great, great sensitivity.
We can only be grateful that God granted her to us for this many years.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE

Wednesday, August 16, 1967

Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver

Phyllis

Caldwell

~~It is a bright day but none of us have eyes for its beauty.~~ Our world is gray - a cold and dismal place. ~~The tidal wave of our tragedy has overwhelmed us.~~ Death came to this family swiftly and devastatingly as the destruction which wasteth at the noonday. ~~There are no words.~~ We have ~~not yet come alive from repeated blows so as to be able to voice comfort to those for whom this loss is the closest.~~ Only God can comfort them. Only their strength can sustain them.

There are no explanations and no reasons. ^{my loss is unbearable} We can only offer each other a loving and steady hand. What we can assert is simply a common citizenship in a community of sadness. Grief binds us more closely, and our closeness begins to thaw the cold. As we touch each other we draw warmth against the loneliness and the hurt.

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.

A wise man once said, there are two rules: Accept life for what it is; seek in life all that it can offer you. This is the way of wisdom and the way of faith. Some mistake faith for a jejune optimism. Faith is not simple nor easy but an acceptance of life with all its strange twists - for what it is. Despite sudden death and swift change faith stubbornly insists that life is worth the living; there are deeply moving moments of tenderness and love; there is the innocent pleasure of childhood and the suffusing pleasure of a task well done.

I derive what consolation I can at this hour from an unshakable conviction that ^{Ann}~~our loved ones~~ accepted life for what it is, and sought in life all that it had to offer. ^{He}~~They~~ reached out to share and to care, to love, to learn, to ^{trust for experience - to be concerned for others}~~understand~~, and to achieve. Their lives were never easy for each dared to be open, to expose his feelings, to explore life's meaning. They measured life not in years but in intensity and in growth. They knew that life is not a goblet to be emptied but a measure to be filled. Their lives were graced with that sensitive dignity which marks a human being as a child of God.

I do not know what lies beyond ~~The~~ born of time. I do know ^{our dead} that ~~they~~ are with God - released of all pain. The pain is ours. I do know that the finest memorial we can build to them is a memorial of love - such a love as seeks to understand and to accept the responsibility and the opportunity of our lives. ~~They lived eagerly, searchingly, and gracefully. Can we do less?~~

CASTELL
FREDA COSTELLI

We have again been in the presence of death. A friend, beloved and precious to us, has been summoned to her eternal rest.

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, the aching emptiness, which death leaves behind. We can never accept that our beloved's warm vitality, so dear to us, will now and forever be missing.

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 half-life of lingering, hopeless disability, it is always difficult to adjust to death.

How then shall we accept the death of one taken in the prime of her womanhood? Our grief is compounded, our confusion knows no limits.

It would be wonderful were God's plans revealed to us. We would then understand His purpose and find consolation in His protective care for surely, even in this tragedy, God acted only for our good. Unfortunately, there is no way within the framework of our limited human experience to explain what we have suffered. "God's ways are not our ways and 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 higher than our thoughts." Ultimately the only answer which we can make to the fact of death is to accept it in faith. There is no alternative but to say with Job:

The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away.
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

To her daughters and family and to all of us Mrs. Schulist has left beautiful memories and profound obligations. As she sought happiness for others, so we must labor unselfishly within the circle of our families and in our community. As she found beauty and adventure in life, so we must learn to thrill to life and transmit our zest to others.

J & M Lowin
~~REGINA KERN~~

J & M

THIS IS A LEADEN AND DIFFICULT HOUR. WE HAVE BEEN BROUGHT CLOSE TO DEATH, AND EVEN AS WE REVIEW AND PRAISE REGINA'S GRACE AND QUALITY AND RECOGNIZE THAT HER LIFE HAS TURNED FULL CYCLE, WE PROTEST THE INTRUSION OF HER DEATH.

WHAT UNDERSTANDING CAN BE OURS? I HAVE NO SUPERIOR WISDOM TO SHARE WITH YOU. I CANNOT SOLVE FOR YOU THE EQUATIONS OF GOD'S MATHEMATICS NOR JUSTIFY TO YOU GOD'S DECISIONS, ALTHOUGH I AFFIRM THEIR JUSTICE.

"THE LORD HAS GIVEN, THE LORD HAS TAKEN AWAY. BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD." THIS IS THE SUBSTANCE OF FAITH. "SEEK NOT TO EXPLAIN GOD'S WAYS TO MAN FOR THEY ARE BEYOND YOUR UNDERSTANDING." THIS IS THE KEY INSIGHT OF ANCESTRAL WISDOM.

LIFE IS A GIFT NOT OF OUR CHOOSING. DEATH IS A FACT NOT OF OUR WILLING. WE DO NOT SCHEDULE OUR ARRIVAL. WE CANNOT SCHEDULE OUR DEPARTURE. ALL THAT WE CAN DO IS AFFIRM, AS REGINA DID, THE OPPORTUNITY WHICH IS LIFE AND TO MAKE THE MOST OF ITS BLESSING.

I AFFIRM THIS ALSO, THAT DEATH IS NOT PAIN BUT THE ABSENCE OF PAIN. DEATH IS NOT OBLIVION BUT A TRANSLATION OF THE SOUL INTO A NEW DIMENSION OF MEMORY. WE CRY NOW NOT FOR REGINA WHO HAS PASSED ON BUT FOR THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN LEFT BEHIND. THE LOSS AND LONELINESS IS OURS. HER PAIN IS OVER. SHE IS AT PEACE. WE ARE BEREFT. SHE IS WITH GOD. WE ARE ALONE. HER PEACE IS TIMELESS - OUR LONELINESS WILL BE A DAILY BURDEN.

WHAT CONSOLATION CAN BE OURS? WE CANNOT CONSOLE OURSELVES WITH REASON, BUT WE DO SHARE A COMMUNITY OF SADNESS AND THE CONSOLATION OF FAITH. OUR TRADITION INSISTS THAT THE RIGHTEOUS ARE LIVING, EVEN THOUGH DEAD.

^{Jean}
~~REGINA~~ WAS A WOMAN OF ^{Fine} ~~EXCEPTIONAL~~ QUALITY WHO GRACED HER MANY YEARS WITH A RARE SWEETNESS AND FINENESS. SHE GOVERNED HER RELATIONS WITH OTHERS BY A LAW OF TENDER CONCERN. HER DEEDS WERE ALWAYS GENEROUS. HER HEART WAS EVER OPEN. SHE GRACED HER RELATIONSHIPS WITH SENSITIVE TACT AND INSTINCTIVE SYMPATHY. SHE BORE HERSELF WITH GREAT DIGNITY. SHE DRESSED WITH CARE AND HAD A GREAT APPRECIATION OF BEAUTY. HER HOME ^{was her} ~~BESPOKE~~ THAT APPRECIATION.

¹
 COLOR AND

^{dress}

^{Jean}
 WHEN I HEARD OF ~~REGINA~~'S DEATH, A THOUGHT WHICH GEORGE BERNARD SHAW SPOKE SOME YEARS AGO CAME TO MY MIND: "PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS BLAMING CIRCUMSTANCES FOR WHAT THEY ARE. I DON'T BELIEVE IN CIRCUMSTANCES. THE PEOPLE WHO GET ON IN THIS WORLD ARE THE PEOPLE WHO GET UP AND LOOK FOR THE CIRCUMSTANCES THEY WANT. IF THEY CAN'T FIND THEM, THEY MAKE THEM."

^{Jean}
~~REGINA~~ WAS NOT ONE TO BLAME CIRCUMSTANCES. SHE KEPT HER LIFE UNDER HER CONTROL. SHE WAS A GRACIOUS WOMAN, A LADY, BUT SHE KNEW HER MIND AND WENT HER WAY UNDETERRED BY CHANGING FADS AND FASHIONS OR BY THE ATTITUDES OF OTHERS. ^{Jean} ~~REGINA~~ WAS A FULLY SHAPED INDIVIDUAL WHO DID NOT NEED THE APPROVAL OF OTHERS. SOME ARE MOVED BY ERRATIC IMPULSE. ~~REGINA~~ PLANNED AND THOUGHT OUT AND FOLLOWED THROUGH.

^{Jean}

^{Jean}
~~REGINA~~ WAS BORN INTO A LARGE, CLOSE AND LOVING FAMILY. SHE LEARNED EARLY THAT LIFE MUST BE LED FOR GOALS BEYOND THOSE OF PERSONAL BENEFIT. FROM YOUTH TO AGE, HER LIFE WAS OF A PIECE. ~~REGINA WAS REMARKABLY UNTOUCHED BY THE MATERIALISM OF OUR TIMES.~~ SHE DRESSED CAREFULLY BUT WITHOUT ANY NEED FOR CONSPICUOUS DISPLAY. HER HOME WAS A PLACE OF WELCOME AND COMFORT, WHERE IT WAS CLEAR THAT PRIORITY WAS ON LIVING AND SHARING RATHER THAN HAVING. ^{She made friends and kept them}

^{by acts of kindness and courtesy}

AS YOU WOULD EXPECT, THIS WOMAN ~~OF INTELLIGENCE~~, WHOSE MIND WAS WELL-FURNISHED AND WHOSE HEART WAS SENSITIVE TO HUMAN NEED, WAS A WELCOME COMPANION AND FRIEND. THERE WAS NO LEGITIMATE DEMAND ON HER TIME THAT SHE DID NOT RESPOND TO WILLINGLY. HER ADVICE WAS OFTEN SOUGHT, ALWAYS GIVEN, AND ALWAYS SOUND. HER KINDNESSES WERE LEGION. MANY HAVE COMPANIONS WITH WHOM THEY TEMPORARILY SHARE TIME, SPACE AND INTERESTS. ~~REGINA'S~~ RELATIONSHIPS WERE CLOSER AND BASED ON TRULY SHARED INTERESTS.

JEW
A GOOD AND LOYAL JEW, A LIFELONG MEMBER OF THE TEMPLE, ~~REGINA~~ WALKED HER OWN WAY. A NO-NONSENSE PERSON, SHE COULD ROLL UP HER SLEEVES AND SET TO WORK WHEN WORK WAS REQUIRED. ~~WHEN SHE WAS NO LONGER EMPLOYED SHE SET OUT TO SERVE HER COMMUNITY, GIVING COUNTLESS HOURS OF SERVICE TO THE SIGHT CENTER.~~ *Her volunteer labor was always done willingly and with joy.*

JEW
I WOULD REMIND YOU OF THE CUSTOM AMONG OUR PEOPLE WHICH HAS US LIGHT A CANDLE OF REMEMBRANCE AT SUCH AN HOUR AS THIS. AT FIRST GLANCE, THIS SYMBOL SEEMS STRANGE. WOULD IT NOT BE MORE FITTING TO EXTINGUISH THE TAPER, EVEN AS A LIFE HAS BEEN SNUFFED OUT? BUT IT IS THE WAY OF WISDOM TO REMIND OURSELVES THAT A PRECIOUS LIFE, A GOOD AND SIGNIFICANT LIFE, IS NEVER SNUFFED OUT. SIGNIFICANCE IS IMMORTAL. WE WILL OFTEN RECALL ~~REGINA'S~~ GENEROSITY OF SELF, ~~HER~~ SPIRITUAL VIGOR, HER ENERGY, HER WHOLESOMENESS, THE PLEASURES WE FOUND IN HER FRIENDSHIP, THE UNDERSTANDING SHE BROUGHT TO HER FRIENDSHIPS. SHE OFFERED HERSELF IN EVERY RELATIONSHIP. THESE MEMORIES WILL ECHO THROUGH THE LONG YEARS. THEY BIND US TOGETHER ACROSS LIFE AND DEATH.

JEW
THE RIGHTEOUS ARE CALLED LIVING EVEN WHEN DEAD. ~~REGINA~~ WAS ONE OF THOSE FINE HUMAN BEINGS WHO NOT ONLY HAS MANY FRIENDS BUT DESERVE MANY FRIENDS. SHE WAS LOYAL, OPEN, RESPONSIVE, AND SENSITIVE. THE PSALMIST WROTE THAT "GLADNESS OF HEART IS THE LIFE OF A MAN" - AND OF THIS WOMAN. THERE WAS A WARM, STEADY GLOW DEEP IN HER SOUL WHICH ALLOWED HER TO REJOICE IN EVERY ~~DAY~~ AND EVERY OPPORTUNITY. SHE ~~WALKED WITH A FIRM STEP,~~ FULLY ALIVE.

*With that last year of infancy
sleazy*

DRUGS ON

Children

4

Three

LEWIS

LEWIS

and happy

REGINA AND BEN BUILT A SOLID HOME IN WHICH THEY ENCOURAGED THEIR SON WITH LOVE AND WISDOM TO FULFILL HIS CAPACITIES AND UNDERSTAND THE GOOD AND ESSENTIAL VALUES TO WHICH THEY WERE COMMITTED. NOTHING BROUGHT REGINA GREATER PLEASURE THAN THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF HER SON, EXCEPT PERHAPS THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE GRANDCHILDREN WHOSE SPECIAL TALENTS SHE CHERISHED AND IN WHOSE GROWTH, CAPACITY, AND MATURITY SHE TOOK PRIDE ~~THOUGH~~ ^{SUCH} SHE DID NOT SHOW HER FEELINGS READILY.

I DO NOT KNOW WHAT REGINA WOULD WANT US TO SAY AT THIS TIME. A PRIVATE PERSON, SHE KEPT HER DEEPEST FEELINGS TO HERSELF, BUT HER ACTIONS REVEAL SOMETHING OF HER FEELINGS. A PROUD WOMAN ALWAYS, SHE DID NOT, I AM CONFIDENT, BEGRUDGE DEATH, CERTAINLY NOT A DEATH WHICH LIBERATED HER FROM THE THREAT OF INCAPACITY. A WISE WOMAN ALWAYS, SHE WOULD, AGAIN I AM CONFIDENT, ASK THOSE CLOSEST AND DEAREST THAT THEY HONOR HER MEMORY THROUGH THE QUALITY OF THEIR LIVES BY KEEPING CLOSE THE TIES OF FAMILY AND BY OFFERING THEMSELVES IN SERVICE.

WHEN OUR TRADITION WISHES TO HONOR ONE WHO IS TRULY WORTHY OF HONOR, IT SPEAKS OF THAT PERSON AS HAVING LEFT LIFE TO THE LIVING. THOSE OF QUALITY LEAD LIVES WHICH ENABLE OTHERS TO LIVE WITH A GREATER AMPLITUDE. REGINA LEFT LIFE TO THE LIVING AND, IN DOING SO, SHE NOT ONLY ESTABLISHED HER OWN IMMORTALITY BUT SERVED AS AN EXAMPLE TO ALL OF US OF THE POSSIBILITIES WITH WHICH A GRACIOUS GOD ENDOWED US.

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

APRIL 22, 1988

JEAN COWAN

This is a leaden and difficult hour. We have been brought close to death, and even as we review and praise Jean's grace and quality and recognize that her life has turned full cycle, we protest the intrusion of ~~her~~ death.

What understanding can be ours?

I have no superior wisdom to share with you. I cannot solve for you the equations of God's mathematics nor justify to you God's decisions, although I affirm their justice.

"The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." This is the substance of faith. "Seek not to explain God's ways to man for they are beyond your understanding." This is the key insight of ancestral wisdom.

Life is a gift not of our choosing. Death is a fact not of our willing. We do not schedule our arrival. We cannot schedule our departure. All that we can do is affirm, as Jean did, the opportunity which is life and to make the most of its blessing.

Our tradition insists that the righteous are living, even though dead.

I affirm this also, that death is not pain but the absence of pain. Death is not oblivion but a translation of the soul into a new dimension of memory. We cry now not for Jean who has passed on but for those who have been left behind. The loss and loneliness is ours. Her pain is over. She is at peace. We are bereft. She is with God. We are alone. Her peace is timeless - our loneliness will be a daily burden.

What consolation can be ours? We cannot console ourselves with reason, but we do share a community of sadness and the consolation of faith. Our tradition insists that the righteous are living, even though dead.

Jean was a woman of fine quality who graced her many years with a rare sweetness and fineness. She governed her relations with others by a law of tender concern. Her deeds were always generous. Her heart was ever open. She graced her relationships with sensitive tact and instinctive sympathy. She bore herself with great dignity. She dressed with care and had a great appreciation of color and beauty. Her home and her dress bespoke that appreciation.

When I heard of Jean's death, a thought with George Bernard Shaw spoke some years ago came to my mind:

Jean planned and thought out and followed through.

"People are always blaming circumstances for what they are. I don't believe in circumstances. The people who get on in this world are the people who get up and look for the circumstances they want. If they can't find them they make them."

Jean was not one to blame circumstances. She kept her life under her control. She was a gracious woman, a lady, but she knew her mind and went her way undeterred by changing fads and fashions or by the attitudes of others. Jean was a fully shaped individual who did not need the approval of others. Some are moved by erratic impulse. Jean planned and thought out and followed through.

Jean was born into a large, close and loving family. She learned early that life must be led for goals beyond those of personal benefit. From youth to age, her life was of a piece. She dressed carefully but without any need for conspicuous display. Her home was a place of welcome and comfort, where it was clear that priority was on living and sharing rather than having. She made friends and kept them by ^{constant} acts of kindness and courtesy.

A good and loyal Jew, a lifelong member of The Temple, Jean walked her own way. A no-nonsense person, she could roll up her sleeves and set to work when work was required. Her volunteer labors were always done willingly and without any ulterior purpose.

As you would expect, this woman whose heart was sensitive to human need, was a welcome companion and friend. There was no legitimate demand on her time that she did not respond to willingly. Her advice was often sought, always given, and always sound. Her kindnesses were legion. Many have companions with whom they temporarily share time, space and interests. Jean's relationships were closer and based on truly shared interests.

A good and loyal Jew, a lifelong member of The Temple, Jean walked ~~her~~^{her} ~~own~~^{own} way. A no-nonsense person, she could roll up her sleeves and set to work when work was required. Her volunteer labors were always done willingly and without any ulterior purpose.

I would remind you of the custom among our people which has us light a candle of remembrance at such an hour as this. At first glance, this symbol seems strange. Would it not be more fitting to extinguish the taper, even as a life has been snuffed out? But it is the way of wisdom to remind ourselves that a precious life, a good and significant life, is never snuffed out. Significance is immortal. We will often recall Jean's generosity of self, her spiritual vigor, ~~her~~ ~~energy~~, her wholesomeness, the pleasures we found in her friendship, the understanding she brought to her friendships. She offered herself in every relationship. These memories will echo through the long years. They bind us together across life and death.

The righteous are called living even when dead. Jean was one of those fine human beings who not only has many friends but deserves many friends. She was loyal, open, responsive, and sensitive. The Psalmist wrote that "gladness of heart is the life of a man" - and of this woman. There ^{seemed to} ~~was~~ a warm, steady glow deep in her soul which allowed her to rejoice in every day and every opportunity. Until these last years of infirmity, she was fully alive.

Jean and Lewis built a solid and happy home in which they encouraged their daughter and son with love and wisdom to fulfill their capacities and understand the good and essential values to which they were committed. Nothing brought Jean greater pleasure than the accomplishments of her children, except perhaps the accomplishments of ^{her} 5 grandchildren whose special talents she cherished and in whose growth, capacity, and maturity she took such pride.

When our tradition wishes to honor one who is truly worthy of honor, it speaks of that person as having left life to the living. Those of quality lead lives which enable others to live with a greater amplitude. Jean left life to the living and, in doing so, she not only established her own immortality but served as an example to all of us of the possibilities with which a gracious God endowed us.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

August 1, 1988

I do not know what Jean would want us to say at this time. A private person, she kept her deepest feelings to herself, but her actions reveal something of her feelings. A proud woman always, she did not, I am confident, begrudge death, certainly not a death which liberated her from incapacity. A wise woman always, she would, again I am confident, ask those closest and dearest that they honor her memory through the quality of their lives by keeping close the ties of family and by offering themselves in service.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

August 1, 1988

יְתוּדָל וַיִּתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעֶלְמָא דִּי בְרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ.
וַיִּמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ. בְּחַיִּיכוּן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוּן וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל-בֵּית
יִשְׂרָאֵל. בְּעֶנְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלַם וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא:

יְתְבָרַךְ וַיִּשְׁתַּבַּח וַיִּתְפָּאֵר וַיִּתְרוֹמֵם וַיִּתְנַשֵּׂא וַיִּתְהַדָּר
וַיִּתְעַלֶּה וַיִּתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְקוֹדֶשָׁא. בְּרִיךְ הוּא. לְעָלָא מִן
כָּל-בִּרְכָתָא וְשִׁירָתָא. תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנַחֲמָתָא. דְאָמִירָן בְּעֶלְמָא.
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

עַל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְעַל צְדִיקָיָא. וְעַל-כָּל-מִן
דְאִתְפָּטֵר מִן עָלְמָא הָדִין כְּרַעוּתָהּ דְאִלְהָא.
יְהֵא לְהוֹן שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא וְחַנּוּא וְחֶסֶדָא מְרַקְדָּם
מְרָא שְׁמַיָּא וְאַרְעָא. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מְרַשְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים. עָלֵינוּ וְעַל-כָּל-
יִשְׂרָאֵל. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוּמָיו. הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל-
כָּל-יִשְׂרָאֵל. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

Dr. Sarah Marcus Cowen

We have come to pay a public tribute of respect to one of this city's citizens, a competent and courageous physician, one of the hardy breed of women whose energy, skill and perseverance ^{who broke through the} ~~made the initial break in~~ the gender line, a victory which has made it possible for our society to take advantage of the skills of all.

I did not have the privilege of knowing Dr. Marcus, she was of another generation and her world focused almost exclusively on her profession and its demanding concerns, but many ~~who~~ ^{great skills} have spoken to me ~~over the years~~ ^{two} with the greatest respect of her ~~ability~~ ^{as a healer} of her trained sensitivity to the needs of her patients. ^{MS. A. H. J. RECORDS} ~~She had what this generation would call true grit~~

Her son was kind enough to give me to read a ~~long~~ ^{MS. A. H. J. RECORDS} interview, taped as part of an oral history project initiated by Radcliffe College, in which Dr. Marcus reviews her life. As I read I sensed the strong presence of a determined woman who kept her professional skills finely honed even as she fought the obstacles put in her way by those who were prejudiced against her because of her ~~sex~~

~~and~~ religious background. Pioneers are sometimes indifferent to all but their crusade, but Dr. Marcus ^{for} ~~managed~~ ^{refused to be casual and she was determined} to treat each patient as a human being whose emotional needs were as important as their physical ones. A child of immigrant parents, Sarah moved around with her parents as her father ~~sought~~ ^{looked for} to find a place where he could make a living and set down roots. It was not an easy life. There

were the times of want and hunger, but it clearly produced a tough and determined woman. ^{and she never for a moment forgot that all her patients, however} Though the religious disciplines of her background were never central in

^{born on} ~~her life~~ ^{her life}, she clearly internalized ^{the respect for the intellect and study, the} the affirmation that each human being is created in the image of God and ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{insistence on} the possibility of improving the conditions under which human beings

~~live which lies at the heart of the Jewish tradition.~~

We have come a long way from the time when Western Reserve Medical School denied Dr. Mar. a place simply because she was a woman or when fellow medical students turned aside the friendship of a classmate because she was a Jew but

There must be placards, IT
was

these changes did not take place by chance ~~or by divine right~~. ~~They took place~~
 because of the indefatigable spirit of ^{people} ~~those~~ like Dr. Marcus ^{but no barrier} ~~who accepted the~~
^{OF PROUDLY NOT BARRIERS AND THE PROFESSIONAL CLASS WHO COULD}
~~challenges of breaking down the barrier~~ and opening our society and its pro-
~~fessions for those who come behind.~~ A physician among physicians, Dr. Marcus's
 life was sharply focused on the needs of her patients, the interests of her pro-
 fession and the general needs of families, particularly of women. An early
 champion of Planned Parenthood, ^{she} ~~Dr. Marcus~~ for years contributed to the strength
 of the work of Woman's Hospital and was proud of the growing enlightenment of our
 society to women and patient rights.

Many women pioneers did so at the cost of marriage and family. Dr. ^{Dr. Marcus's Teacher is a classic example}
 Marcus did not. A dutiful daughter and a caring sister, she was blessed over
 the years with the love and respect of two fine men and with the love and ad-
 miration of a son and of the two other children who came into her marriage and
 became as her own. Nothing pleased her more than to see her son join the fra-
 ternity of physicians and share with her those interests which were so central
 to her life, except perhaps the pleasure of another generation coming behind ^{in children's families any of yet} ~~and~~
^{not} ~~entering~~ a world made healthier and more open ~~and~~ because of her work.

God graced Dr. Marcus with age and allowed her to spend her last years
 in the warm and welcoming surrounding of her son's home where she found the love
 and respect which she so fully deserved.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

May 14, 1985

SELMA DANACEAU

DEATH IS AN INEVITABLE COMPLEMENT OF LIFE. DEATH IS OF LIFE'S MOST ELEMENTAL NATURE. DUST WE ARE, TO DUST WE RETURN. DEATH IS OUR DESTINY, BUT DEATH DOES NOT CONSIGN US TO OBLIVION. IT DOES NOT SIMPLY RETURN US TO THE EARTH AS IT WAS. THE SPIRIT RETURNS TO GOD WHO GAVE IT. WE DO NOT KNOW WHAT LIES BEYOND THE BOURNE OF TIME, BUT WE CAN BE ASSURED THAT GOD, OUR LOVING FATHER, DOES NOT FORSAKE US. WE ARE RECEIVED UNDER GOD'S SHELTERING PROTECTION & PROTECTED THERE BY HIS LOVE.

MEMORY, TOO, OUTLIVES DEATH.

PHYSICALLY OUR LOVED ONES ARE NO LONGER WITH US, BUT AN ABIDING REMEMBRANCE OF THEIR QUALITY CONTINUES LONG AFTER THEIR DEATH. THE WORDS THEY SPOKE IN LOVE, THE DEEDS THEY ACCOMPLISHED, ARE NOT QUICKLY FORGOTTEN. THEY LIVE ON IN THE GOOD & GENTLE ACTS WHICH WE LEARNED TO RESPECT. THOSE WHO FILL THEIR DAYS HELPFULLY LEAVE BEHIND AN IMPERISHABLE LEGACY.

SUCH IS THE MEMORY OF A VITAL PERSON,
A RESPECTED NEIGHBOR AND A GOOD FRIEND,
SELMA DANACEAU. SELMA WAS AN INTELLIGENT
& DETERMINED WOMAN. SHE KNEW HER MIND
& WAS QUITE READY TO REMIND OTHERS GENTLY
OF ITS RIGHTNESS. SHE LIVED BY
STANDARDS WHICH SHE KNEW TO BE RIGHT.
SHE WALKED HER OWN WAY AND SAW LIFE WITH
THE EYE OF A STORYTELLER.

SHE WAS A FAMILY PERSON WHO KNEW THAT THE
TIES OF FAMILY & FRIENDSHIP WERE THE TRUE
& APPROPRIATE CENTER FOR LIFE. SHE CAME
FROM A LARGE FAMILY & SHE WAS DEVOTED TO
ALL 11 OF HER SIBLINGS & TO THEIR
OFFSPRING. HER HOME WAS OPEN TO FRIENDS
& FAMILY.

SELMA GREW UP IN A LARGE FAMILY & KEPT ABOUT HER ALL HER LONG LIFE, ALL 93 YEARS, THAT CONCERN FOR PERSONS & INVOLVEMENT WITH FAMILY & FRIENDS WHICH IS THE HALLMARK OF OUR CITY. SHE & SAUL, HER BELOVED HUSBAND, WERE A RARE TEAM. SHE WORKED FOR SAUL, KEPT HIM ON THE QUIVIVE, & SAW THAT HE WON FOR HIMSELF HIS RIGHTFUL PLACE IN THE COMMUNITY. SHE WAS A FAMILY PERSON WHO KNEW THAT THE TIES OF FAMILY & FRIENDSHIP WERE THE TRUE & APPROPRIATE CENTER FOR LIFE. SHE CAME FROM A LARGE FAMILY & SHE WAS DEVOTED TO ALL 11 OF HER SIBLINGS & TO THEIR OFFSPRING. HER HOME WAS OPEN TO FRIENDS & FAMILY.

SELMA HAD MANY GOOD FRIENDS WHO VALUED HER PERSON, HER CONVERSATION, & HER WAY WITH WORDS. SHE WAS A POET, & APPARENTLY A GOOD ONE. SHE POURED INTO HER POETRY HER LOVE OF LIFE, HER AMBITIONS, HER VALUES. WELL READ, SHE WAS A FAITHFUL MEMBER OF THE GREAT BOOKS PROGRAM FOR MANY YEARS. IN ANOTHER GENERATION SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A CAREER WOMAN, BUT SHE WAS A CHILD OF HER ENVIRONMENT WHO HAD BEEN TAUGHT THAT THE HOME WAS THE WOMAN'S BAILIWICK. SHE LOOKED WELL TO THE WAYS OF HER HOUSEHOLD.

A METICULOUS PLANNER, SHE HAD THOUGHT OUT WHAT SHE WANTED TODAY TO BE LIKE. HER DAUGHTER REPORTS THAT JUST A FEW ^{DAYS} ~~WEEKS~~ AGO SHE SAID TO HER: "I HAD A GOOD LIFE, I DID EVERYTHING I WANTED TO DO, I HAD A FINE MARRIAGE, & NOW I AM READY TO RETIRE." HER END WAS A FITTING ONE. 93, FULL OF YEARS & GOOD WORKS, CLEAR-HEADED ALMOST TO THE END, SHE WENT TO SLEEP AND THAT WAS IT.

NO LIFE IS WITHOUT ITS DARKER MOMENTS,
BUT THERE WAS A DETERMINATION & STRENGTH
IN SELMA WHICH UNTIL THE LAST FEW WEEKS
CARRIED HER ALONG IN HEALTH & GOOD SPIRITS
DESPITE THE INEVITABLE LOSS OF COMPANIONS
& LOVED ONES AS THE YEARS PASSED ON.
SELMA LOST HER BELOVED HUSBAND & HELPMATE
ALMOST 1/4 CENTURY AGO. SHE LOST HER
ONLY SON 12 YEARS AGO. YET, LIFE COULD
NOT BREAK THIS FINE WOMAN.

NEED BE SAID?

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

SEPTEMBER 11, 1983

TO LIVE LONG IS A GIFT FROM GOD.

SELMA LIVED FOR 93 YEARS, FAR BEYOND THE
FABLED 4 SCORE. SHE & SAUL WORKED TOGETHER
AS A SINGLE PRESENCE & WHEN HE DIED SHE
CONTINUED WITHOUT FALTERING TO LIVE A GOOD
& OPEN LIFE. HER SPIRIT, HER INTELLIGENCE,
& HER UNIQUE CAPACITY FOR FRIENDSHIP &
FAMILY WERE A RARE PERSONAL
ACCOMPLISHMENT.

WHAT MORE CAN BE SAID? WHAT MORE
NEED BE SAID?

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

SEPTEMBER 11, 1989

Renetta Diamond

We have come to pay a memorial tribute of respect and love to a woman of many qualities, a gracious lady, Renetta Diamond. I did not have the privilege of knowing Mrs. Diamond well and I regret this lack, but her family and friends speak of a woman of skill and great energy; of good humor and a happy and hopeful outlook on life, one who never spoke the putdown words or thought the evil thoughts.

Every life is a search, a search for one's self, a search for security, a search for love. No life is easy. The journey separates the lifters and the leaners. There are some who give in to self-pity and complaint and others who take life in hand and meet each challenge as it comes. Mrs. Diamond was the kind of woman who faced reversals by rolling up her sleeves and going to work. When it was necessary she made her own way and made it a good way. She had a good ear and a fine eye and she trained herself to be skillful in the appraisal of beautiful things. Her talent and training was coupled to responsibility by great energy and respect. Renetta established in her native Peoria a fine name for competence in her special business world.

I am told that she had a vine voice and that she was a truly musical person. Certainly, the sense of harmony and melody which was alive in her soul overflowed in her actions.

Renetta was not a pretentious woman and not one to put on airs. She dressed well but without pretension. God had advantaged her with a keen mind and a good eye and she proved herself to be an organized, alert and disciplined business person. The years of labor were followed by years of leisure. She and Leon found each other and drew tight to one another the ties of love and respect. The latter years can be empty and lonely, but because of their special qualities of person and spirit these last decades were happy years and fulfilling years for two fine people. There was friendship and openness. There was companionship and good cheer.

Renetta was a realistic, sensitive woman. She could have had no illusions about her failing strength. She must have been encouraged by the continuing attention of Leon and of love. She died loved and loving.

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

November 30, 1977

Sylvia Dubin
Sophia Dubin

We meet to pay our community's tribute of love, respect and affection to a lifelong neighbor, a gracious and good lady, Sophie Dubin. As you know, the Book of Proverbs closes with a beautiful tribute to the eshet hoyil, the woman of valor. Many of today's women look on these lines as anachronistic since they concentrate on homey and familial virtues, but they accurately describe Sophie's essential nature and virtue.

She looks well to the ways of her household
The heart of her husband does safely trust in her
and he has no lack of gain.
She opens her mouth with wisdom
The law of kindness is on her tongue.
Her children rise up and call her blessed.

Sophie was, first and always, daughter, wife and mother. She lived for those she loved. Her every thought was centered on family. Their happiness was hers.

She seeks wool and flax
and works willingly with her hands.

Sophie had mastered the needle arts. Her hands could produce works of beauty and I am sure she derived satisfaction from her crocheting, but her greatest joy came in knowing that what she produced would be used and enjoyed by those she loved. Sophie loved beautiful things, but her home was not a place of display. The beauty that was there was the beauty of love and intimacy, of good feelings and good thoughts.

She raises up while it is still night
and gives food to her household.

Sophie was a quintessential Jewish mother. She provided and sustained. There was always food on the table. This was a way of showing her care and her culinary skills. Her table was a delight; but, a wise woman always, Sophie knew that the table was for more than food. It was a place of meeting and talk, a regular meeting of the family, a sharing of experience and ideas. Every holiday meal, every Seder, was prepared with loving care and with a sense of the joy of the festival and of its sacredness.

Sophie was a good Jew, a lifelong member of The Temple. We were pleased

that our pulpit and teaching spoke to her of the high values which she shared and that she chose to have her daughters and those of her grandchildren who remained in town educated in our school. Sophie felt close to The Temple and to my parents and family, and we to her.

She stretcheth out her hand to the poor
She reaches forth her hands to the needy.

A family person, Sophie willingly shared the high moments of her life with others. She was always helpful, giving. Hers was the service of care and attention, a giving of self, an extending of support. She gave to family and friends and she invested time and intelligent concern in many of the caring institutions of our community. No demand on her time or support went unanswered.

She opens her mouth with wisdom
the law of kindness was on her tongue.

Friends delighted in her company. She was an interesting companion. Hers was the instinctive knowledge of the heart rather than the acquired knowledge of books, but it was a wisdom which understood the contradictions and needs of human beings. Hers was a wisdom which was informed by a great and grateful love for this country, pride in her New England place of birth with its tradition of self-reliance, honesty and hard work.

She looks well to the ways of her household
She eats not the bread of idleness
Her children rise up and call her blessed.

Few mothers ever received from their daughters the intense love and respect Sophie did. They looked on her not only as mother but as friend. They grew into their competence in the sustaining, love-filled home which Joe and Sophie established for them. Their parents' marriage remained a compelling example and they watched with pride and joy as Sophie welcomed their husbands as sons. Sophie's love was large, open, and her happiness came in watching the growth of the generations that came behind.

Grace is deceitful, beauty is vain
But a woman who reveres God should be praised
Give her of the fruit of her hand
Let her works praise her in the gates.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

September 4, 1984

Hillel Davis
~~Fannie K...~~
~~...~~

~~...~~

Death is the inevitable complement of life. It is of life's most elemental nature. "Dust we are and to dust we return". Such is our destiny. Death is universal. It does not, however, consign us to oblivion. "The dust returns unto the earth as it was, the spirit returns to God who gave it." Though we know not what lies beyond the bourne of time, we can be assured that God, our loving Father, does not forsake us. In death our life merely takes on another form. Our spirit is received under God's sheltering protection. It abides there in peace and love.

Memory, too, outlives death. Our beloved are no longer with us, but the deep and abiding remembrance of those who gave so much love and inspiration to us continues long after their death. They live on in the inspiration which they set for us. They live on in the good and gentle examples of conduct which we learn to respect and, admiring, emulate. Those who have filled their days with gentleness, with kindness and with helpfulness leave behind an imperishable legacy. They will not soon be forgotten.

Such is the memory of ~~Fannie K...~~ *Hillel Davis*, a gentle and kindly woman, mother and grandmother ~~in Israel~~, possessed of delicate ~~charm~~ *offspring* and quiet strength. Mrs. ~~Grossman~~ *Hillel Davis* was by nature reserved and self-contained. She never imposed her worries upon others. She faced life with courage and with an unshakable good humor. She avoided that boisterous and shallow quality which marks so much of our hail-fellow-well-met society, yet she was not without friends, many friends, and to her friendship she brought sincerity and loyalty and great charm. [There was something substantial about ~~Mrs. Grossman~~ *Hillel Davis*. Her values, her life, outlook, her practical philosophy was straight-forward and honest and humane. She loved people. She loved to be helpful to people. She imposed upon herself the highest standards of rectitude and conduct. In an age so full of moral posing it was a pleasure to live with a fine, honest, unassuming human being.] *...*

~~Mrs. Grossman~~ *Hillel Davis* filled her days with service to her family, to her beloved

~~There is a mystery too deep for words;~~
The silence of the dead comes nearer to it,
Being wisest in the end. What word shall hold
The sorrow sitting at the heart of things,
The majesty and patience of the truth!
Silence will serve; it is an older tongue;
The empty room, the moonlight on the wall,
Speak for the unreturning traveller."

Flora F. L. L. L.
Anna Luxenberg

We have come to pay our last public tribute of love and respect to a vital lady, a woman of fine quality and spirit, ^{F. E.} ~~Anna Luxenberg~~.

I did not have the privilege of knowing Mrs. ^{ENGLEMAN} ~~Luxenberg~~ well, but her family and friends speak with one voice; a woman of ^{ENERGY} ~~drive~~ and of skill, of ^{A WOMAN AND} ~~great~~ good ^{THOUGHTFUL PERIOD} ~~humor and patience~~, ~~incredibly~~ generous of herself and time, one who ~~somehow~~ never thought the bad thoughts or spoke the putdown words. As I ^{LISTENED I WAS} ~~speak~~ reminded of the Biblical woman of valor: She opens her mouth with wisdom. The word of kindness is on her tongue. She looks well to the ways of her household. She eats not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed. Her husband also praises her.

^{QUEST - NOT} ^{SELF REASONING} ^{ENGLEMAN} Mrs. ~~Luxenberg~~ came from good but humble stock. She did not have the so-called advantages of schooling and leisure, ST God had advantaged her with a keen mind and fineness of spirit. She ^{KNOW THE VALUE OF HONEST WORK} ~~trained herself in business as a secretary~~. She was organized, alert, disciplined, a pleasure to work with, unafraid of work, one of those stories that come out of the stuff of the American dream. She and ^{HENRIETTA} ~~husband~~ built together ^{THE CHALLENGES OF THE TOTAL FAMILY, ALL FROM} ~~nearly six decades of good life, a solid home~~. They worked together and planned together and raised together ^{THANK YOU DONA DAUGHTER} ~~four sons~~ to competent maturity.

There are some who are born with little drive for much, ^{AND THE} ^{IT IS} whose spirits are somehow corrupted by that drive, ~~who spend their life wanting and for whom~~ selfishness becomes the dominant characteristic, which was not ^{FLORA} ~~Anna's~~ way. Whether she had little or enough she wanted to share and to give. Her ~~heart was open~~, her ^{IT A WOMAN OF FORTH IN THE 1940s - 1950s IN NEW YORK} ~~purse and her home~~. In the dark days of Hitler she signed the affidavits and brought ^{BRING INTO CLEVELAND FOR HER, I BELIEVE - A TASK OF} ~~over relatives, near and distant, and saw to it that there was a home and schooling~~ ^{LOVED AND} and opportunity. There are times when we impulsively do the generous act and find ourselves regretting the burden. ~~Anna had no regrets. Her pleasure was doing for~~ others.

L. A. M. Family
her daughter -

I would like to think that this spirit came to her through our tradition.

Her family was ~~hasidic~~, a world which emphasized people and relationships and the joy of simple things and of the everyday. Throughout life Anna continued to find encouragement in her faith and its practices. Her family was close-knit, she held it so. Her sons grew up around her and became taller and bigger than she, but her spirit drew them to her, to the basic human values which she cherished.

Anna was a simple woman. There was pride in her spirit, joy in her heart and love in her soul. God gave her years beyond the four score and we must be grateful, indeed, for the gift of this life.

Lillian Evans

We have come to pay a memorial tribute of friendship and admiration to a gentle and gracious lady, Lillian Evans. Lillian's family roots run deep into the soil of our state and community. President Cleveland was in office the year she was born and Lillian was already a wife and mother when the first World War broke out. We can only marvel at the good sense and the resiliency of a woman who grew up in such a different world from today's, yet, whose spirit never hardened against change or the new. Lillian's approach to life was governed by an instinctive down-to-earth wisdom, a practical sense of the possible and an instinctive optimism, and so armed she managed the complicated passage of a long life with remarkable ease. Her way was a straight way and she followed it confidently into the future, certain that her commitment to family, marriage, honor, courtesy and self-respect would carry her through.

Lillian was born into and nurtured by a family which was able to provide her many advantages. The home of her childhood was a place of love, discipline and strong convictions. Another might well have been submerged, but though a woman of quiet ways, Lillian had a mind of her own. Still waters run deep. When she met the man whose strength and quality appealed to her, even though he came from a background quite different from hers, she went her way and joined her strength to his.

I knew Lillian only as a friend of the family's, as an older woman of my mother's generation, but even to someone much younger her instinctive courtesy, sincere interest in others, and kindly spirit were immediately apparent. Lillian had a warm heart and a patient disposition. She was a good friend to many - thoughtful, hospitable, genuinely caring about their lives. There was nothing of the hail-fellow-well-met heartiness in her manner, but she drew to herself a circle of good friends who shared common interests and each other's crises and celebrations. Lillian dressed with care but without any need for display. She spoke her mind - softly. She listened - quietly. Her home and

and the pride of our people's past and present corresponded to feelings which she deeply shared. She was a good Jew - a good human being. Over these last years I have enjoyed with Jeanette an intermittent correspondence. Every few weeks or so, when she liked one of my sermons that was printed in The Temple Bulletin, she would drop me a line and bring me up-to-date on her life. We were sorry when she decided to leave Cleveland, but delighted that she could be with Hope. Their relationship was always very special and I would not intrude on it, but I do know something of the great joy that Jeanette took in Hope's accomplishments and the importance to her of Hope's love and interest:

Daniel Jeremy Silver

May 17, 1984

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO MARGUERITE FEDER

Even as we review and praise a friend's gentle nature and grace, we protest the indignity of long illness as well as the intrusion of death. Marguerite had lived ^{such} an unselfish and vital life ^{that} ~~and~~ we instinctively protest her weeks of dying. She did not protest. These last painful days only highlighted what we all knew of Marguerite's quality as a person. There was a smile on her face even in her moments of pain, She wanted to hear of others and their happiness and not talk of her illness and hardships. Marguerite had courage, a deep all persuasive strength of character which allowed her to live with buoyancy, without leaning on others, with quiet dignity adding each day to the sum of her world's joy.

When someone we love dies quietly, well up in years, the wrench is painful but we bow to the inevitable. When someone we love dies in the fullness of her strength, just when the burden of responsibility can be set aside, when the time seems ripe to relax into the quiet moments and pleasures, the hurt is raw. We cry out for some explanation not only of life's meaning, but of life's mathematics.

What understanding can be ours? I have no arcane wisdom to share with you. I cannot solve the equation of God's mathematics nor justify to you God's decision, though I have affirmed their justice. "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away, Blessed be the name of the Lord". Such is our faith, our way to thank God for the blessing of life, to fill each day with such quality as we possess to accept death with the same grace with which we accept life -- such is the way of strength and such is the way of faith. Life is a gift not of our choosing, death is a fact not of our willing. We do not schedule our arrival - we cannot schedule our departure. All we can do is to make use of the opportunity, which is life, to make the

most of its blessings. An hour can be rich in achievement or empty and idle - barren.

Marguerite understood this wisdom. She lived each day to the full - completely, but never grossly. She knew the meaning of work, hard work. She enjoyed her work, she found fulfillment in it. She was good at it.

I doubt that she ever begrudged for a moment the far less demanding

routines enjoyed by many with whom she associated, ^{had been since childhood} Marguerite came of ^{one of} ~~pioneer stock. Her family was among the oldest Jewish settlers in our city~~

and there was something of the sturdiness and steadiness of ^{that hardy band of German} ~~the frontier~~ settlers

about her. She was always ready to pitch in, willing to share, optimistic

of the future, pleased by the success of others, skillful in her trade.

The joy of life was truly in her soul and ^{The light of} happiness never far from her

eyes. She came of hardy stock and she was a hardy person. Early in her

adult life Marguerite suffered what might have been for another a soul-

crippling illness, but she neither whimpered nor complained but set out to

make a full and rich life for herself. She seemed to hear God admonish

^{Ynki 252} Israel "Be strong and of good courage".

Marguerite's friendships were solid. People delighted to be with her. They knew they could depend on her, depend on her word, count on her gentleness, confidently expect her to be of good cheer. Her friendships were not limited to the deep and lasting ties of family and of her social community. Many of you who are here today worked with Marguerite, sold things to her or bought from her. You valued her word, her professional skill and taste. You knew that she thought of you not as salesman, or customer, an object - but as a person. Though a business woman, Marguerite was and remained a family person. Her closest ties were with her family, her brother, and her sister, her nieces and nephews and their children. She rejoiced in their happiness, they knew that they could turn to her always for encouragement.

In the Bible in the Book of Proverbs, there is a beautiful poem in praise of the woman of valor. The particular woman whom the poet eulogized was a wife and mother. Marguerite was not to enjoy these blessings, but she was in all things a woman of valor. She walked what might have been a lonely way but was never alone/for by her graciousness she fill her life with deep and intimate friendships and with the lasting ties of family and love, and through her work established for herself a good name. She walked a disciplined way, a way of valor.

Just four months ago on the fiftieth anniversary of her Confirmation at The Temple, I asked Marguerite if she would distribute the Bibles on Confirmation day. It was a happy moment for her and us.

As a child, young lady and woman, Marguerite was a loyal and loved member of our Temple, more than that, instinctively and intuitively she lived by the values our faith represents, to do justly, to love, to walk humbly, to serve willingly, to be strong in adversity. We loved her, even as she loved her God. More can be said but need it be said.

We loved her

SUSAN FRANKEL

THESE THINGS ARE BEAUTIFUL BEYOND BELIEF
THE PLEASANT WEAKNESS THAT COMES AFTER PAIN,
THE RADIANT GREENNESS THAT COMES AFTER RAIN,
THE DEEPENED FAITH THAT FOLLOWS AFTER GRIEF,
AND THE AWAKENING TO LOVE AGAIN;

WERE I A MUSICIAN, I WOULD TRY TO WEAVE THIS TRANSCENDENT THEME INTO A FUGUE AND TO PLAY IT NOW; MUSIC WOULD SPEAK MORE ADEQUATELY THAN WORDS WHAT IS IN OUR HEARTS -- LOVE, PAIN, EMPATHY FOR AN ANGUISHED SOUL, GRIEF FOR A GOOD FRIEND, A SHARP SENSE OF PERSONAL LOSS; THERE ARE FEELINGS WHICH DO NOT YIELD TO LANGUAGE, MYSTERIOUS ELEMENTS WHICH TOUCH THE LIMITS OF FRUSTRATION AND THE HEIGHTS OF LOVE; THE THEME OF SUCH A FUGUE -- THAT TIME HEALS AND THAT WE WILL AWAKEN FROM OUR GRIEF AND LOVE AGAIN -- IS BOTH TRUE AND APPROPRIATE; HOWEVER DARK THE NIGHT, THERE IS ALWAYS ANOTHER DAWN; TODAY A SENSE OF FINALITY WEIGHS UPON US, BUT IF WE PERSEVERE AND KEEP GOING, WE WILL AWAKEN AGAIN TO FEELING, AND EVEN JOY;

MUSIC EXPRESSES, IT DOES NOT EXPLAIN; I HAVE NO EXPLANATION; LIFE IS FRAGILE; AT TIMES LIKE THIS, WE NEED NOT WORDS BUT A SENSE THAT OTHERS LINK HANDS WITH US AS WE WALK LIFE'S STORMY WAY; WE SHARE IN A COMMUNITY OF LOVE AND OF GRIEF AND ARE ENCOURAGED;

ALMOST UNBIDDEN A THOUGHT COMES TO MIND; THERE IS SO MUCH IN OUR CONVENTIONAL WISDOM WHICH WOULD HAVE US BELIEVE THAT CONFIDENCE AND SUNSHINE ARE THE STUFF OF LIFE; THE UNIQUE PROSPERITY AND TECHNOLOGY OF OUR AGE HAVE MADE US FORGET THE OLDER EXPERIENCE WHICH KNEW LIFE AS FREIGHTED, SHADOWED AND UNCERTAIN; THE TRUTH IS THAT LIFE IS ALWAYS A STRUGGLE WITH OURSELVES, WITH THE SITUATION IN WHICH WE FIND OURSELVES AND WITH DARK VOICES WITHIN; WHO OF US SLEEPS EASILY AND WITHOUT CARE EVERY NIGHT?

ANOTHER TRUTH IS THAT EACH OF US IS UNIQUE; SOME ARE TALLER AND OTHERS SHORTER; SOME HAVE A STURDY EMOTIONAL FRAME WHILE OTHERS ARE AS SENSITIVE AS A SPRING FLOWER; WE MUST FACE LIFE WITH WHAT WE ARE GIVEN, AND FOR SOME THIS IS INCREDIBLY DIFFICULT; LIFE IS FULL OF UNEXPECTED TURNS AND LOVE DOES NOT CONQUER ALL; THERE ARE TIMES WHEN ALL THE LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING A FAMILY CAN GIVE CANNOT RELIEVE THE PAIN IN ANOTHER'S SOUL; I OFTEN WISH THAT WE WOULD TALK TO OUR CHILDREN ABOUT THE GRAY DAYS AS WELL AS THE SUNFILLED ONES, ABOUT LIFE AS IT IS, WITH ALL OF ITS UNCERTAINTY AND CONFUSION, ABOUT HUMAN NEED, AS IT IS WITH ALL OF ITS VARIETY AND COMPLEXITY;

LIFE TESTS US ALL; ROMANTIC INNOCENTS TALK GLIBLY OF PEACE ON EARTH, OF JOY UNBOUNDED AND REAL SECURITY; BUT ALL HONEST PHILOSOPHERS INSIST THAT THE WAY IS HARD, THE BURDENS ARE MANY, AND NOTHING IS CERTAIN; TO LIVE IS TO BE BRUISED; NO LIFE IS ALWAYS CALM AND ENDLESSLY PLACID; AT TIMES WE ARE PUSHED BEYOND OUR CAPACITY TO ACCEPT; WHAT MAY SEEM TO AN OUTSIDER A LIFE OF PRIVILEGE MAY IN FACT BE BEYOND OUR CAPACITY TO MANAGE;

IT IS WELL TO KEEP IN MIND THE OLD RABBINIC SAYING: "NEVER JUDGE ANOTHER UNTIL YOU HAVE STOOD IN HIS PLACE;" WHO KNOWS THE NEEDS AND FEARS WHICH SURGE IN ANOTHER'S SOUL? WHO KNOWS HOW ANOTHER EXPRESSES HIS LOVE? OURS IS NOT TO JUDGE, ONLY TO GRIEVE, TO GRIEVE ONE WHO TRIED TO EXPRESS HER LOVE AND TO MEET HER NEEDS BUT FOUND LIFE BEYOND MANAGEMENT;

SUSAN WANTED DESPERATELY TO FIND WAYS TO EXPRESS THE FEELINGS THAT SURGED WITHIN HER -- HER SENSE OF THE BEAUTIFUL AND HER LOVE OF FAMILY -- BUT SHE COULD NOT FIND THE KEY THAT WOULD UNLOCK THAT DOOR; SHE CAME FROM A WARM AND LOVING FAMILY, AND FAMILY WAS THE CENTER OF HER BEING; SHE WAS A LOYAL DAUGHTER AND A LOVING SISTER;

February 2, 1938

ALL LIFE IS A SEARCH -- A SEARCH FOR OURSELVES; FOR SOME THE WAY IS LONG AND FRAUGHT WITH FRUSTRATION; ALL WE CAN SAY IS THAT SUSAN TRIED; SHE LOVED MUSIC, ART, THE THEATER, THE DANCE; SHE HAD A HOST OF FRIENDS; SHE CARRIED ON HER ACADEMIC AND ADMINISTRATIVE DUTIES WITH SKILL AND COMPETENCE; SHE TRIED, BUT SHE DID NOT SUCCEED IN FINDING SATISFACTION;

WE ARE NOW UNITED IN GRIEF; WE GRIEVE NOT ONLY FOR A LIFE TAKEN FROM US BUT FOR A LIFE THAT WAS NEVER EASILY LIVED; YET, THERE WAS ALWAYS A SENSE OF SUSAN'S POTENTIAL WHICH GAVE US A SENSE OF THE COURAGE THAT LAY WITHIN HER SOUL;

WITH US THERE ARE NO WORDS, ONLY THE MUSIC, THE LOVE, THE GRIEF WHICH BIND US CLOSE; I HAVE NO EXPLANATIONS, ONLY CONCERNS; I HAVE NO WORDS, ONLY THE CONFIDENCE THAT EVERY NIGHT MUST END -- THAT THERE IS ALWAYS A NEW DAWN;

WHAT THOUGH THE RADIANCE WHICH WAS ONCE SO BRIGHT
BE NOW FOREVER TAKEN FROM MY SIGHT,
THOUGH NOTHING CAN BRING BACK THE HOUR
OF SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS, OF GLORY IN THE FLOWER;
WE WILL NOT GRIEVE, 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

FEBRUARY 2, 1988

Aileen Frankel

Aileen Frankel
~~Mary Ellen Gross~~

These things are beautiful beyond belief:

The pleasant weakness that comes after pain,

The radiant greenness that comes after rain,

the deepened faith that follows after grief,

And the awakening to love again.

WERE I A MUSICIAN, I WOULD TRY TO WEAVE THIS TRANSCENDENT
THEME INTO A FUGUE AND TO PLAY IT NOW. MUSIC WOULD SPEAK
MORE ADEQUATELY THAN WORDS WHAT IS IN OUR HEARTS*--LOVE,
PAIN, EMPATHY FOR AN ANGUISHED SOUL, GRIEF FOR A GOOD FRIEND,
A SHARP SENSE OF PERSONAL LOSS. THERE ARE FEELINGS WHICH
DO NOT YIELD TO LANGUAGE, MYSTERIOUS ELEMENTS WHICH TOUCH
THE LIMITS OF FRUSTRATION & THE HEIGHTS OF LOVE. THE THEME
OF SUCH A FUGUE---THAT TIME HEALS & THAT WE WILL AWAKEN FROM
OUR GRIEF & LOVE AGAIN---IS BOTH TRUE & APPROPRIATE.

HOWEVER DARK THE NIGHT, THERE IS ALWAYS ANOTHER DAWN.
TODAY A SENSE OF FINALITY WEIGHS UPON US, BUT IF WE PERSEVERE
& KEEP GOING, WE WILL AWAKEN AGAIN TO FEELING, AND EVEN JOY.

MUSIC EXPRESSES, IT DOES NOT EXPLAIN. I HAVE NO EXPLANATION. LIFE IS FRAGILE. AT TIMES LIKE THIS, WE NEED NOT WORDS BUT A SENSE THAT OTHERS LINK HANDS WITH US AS WE WALK LIFE'S STORMY WAY. WE SHARE IN A COMMUNITY OF LOVE & OF GRIEF AND ARE ENCOURAGED.

ALMOST UNBIDDEN A THOUGHT COMES TO MIND. THERE IS SO MUCH IN OUR CONVENTIONAL WISDOM WHICH WOULD HAVE US BELIEVE THAT CONFIDENCE & SUNSHINE ARE THE STUFF OF LIFE. THE UNIQUE PROSPERITY & TECHNOLOGY OF OUR AGE HAVE MADE US FORGET THE OLDER EXPERIENCE WHICH KNEW LIFE AS FREIGHTED, SHADOWED & UNCERTAIN. THE TRUTH IS THAT LIFE IS ALWAYS A STRUGGLE WITH OURSELVES, WITH THE SITUATION IN WHICH WE FIND OURSELVES AND WITH DARK VOICES WITHIN. WHO OF US SLEEPS EASILY & WITHOUT CARE EVERY NIGHT?

ANOTHER TRUTH IS THAT EACH OF US IS UNIQUE. SOME ARE TALLER & OTHERS SHORTER. SOME HAVE A STURDY EMOTIONAL FRAME WHILE OTHERS ARE AS SENSITIVE AS A SPRING FLOWER. WE MUST FACE LIFE WITH WHAT WE ARE GIVEN, & FOR SOME THIS IS INCREDIBLY DIFFICULT.

LIFE IS FULL OF UNEXPECTED TURNS & LOVE DOES NOT CONQUER ALL. THERE ARE TIMES WHEN ALL THE LOVE & UNDERSTANDING A FAMILY CAN GIVE CANNOT RELIEVE THE PAIN IN ANOTHER'S SOUL. I OFTEN WISH THAT WE WOULD TALK TO OUR CHILDREN ABOUT THE GRAY DAYS AS WELL AS THE SUNFILLED ONES, ABOUT LIFE AS IT IS, WITH ALL OF ITS UNCERTAINTY AND CONFUSION, ABOUT HUMAN NEED, AS IT IS WITH ALL OF ITS VARIETY & COMPLEXITY.

LIFE TESTS US ALL. ROMANTIC INNOCENTS TALK GLIBLY OF PEACE ON EARTH, OF JOY UNBOUNDED AND REAL SECURITY. BUT ALL HONEST PHILOSOPHERS INSIST THAT THE WAY IS HARD, THE BURDENS ARE MANY, AND NOTHING IS CERTAIN. TO LIVE IS TO BE BRUISED. NO LIFE IS ALWAYS CALM & ENDLESSLY PLACID. AT TIMES WE ARE PUSHED BEYOND OUR CAPACITY TO ACCEPT. WHAT MAY SEEM TO AN OUTSIDER A LIFE OF PRIVILEGE MAY IN FACT BE BEYOND OUR CAPACITY TO MANAGE.

IT IS WELL TO KEEP IN MIND THE OLD RABBINIC SAYING:
"NEVER JUDGE ANOTHER UNTIL YOU HAVE STOOD IN HIS PLACE."

--4--
WHO KNOWS THE NEEDS & FEARS WHICH SURGE IN
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EXPRESSES HIS LOVE? OURS IS NOT TO JUDGE,
ONLY TO GRIEVE, TO GRIEVE ONE WHO TRIED
TO EXPRESS HER LOVE & TO MEET HER NEEDS
BUT FOUND LIFE BEYOND MANAGEMENT.

~~S~~ SUSAN ~~WAS~~ WANTED DESPERATELY TO
FIND WAYS TO EXPRESS THE FEELINGS THAT
SURGED WITHIN HER--HER SENSE OF THE BEAUTIFUL
AND HER LOVE OF FAMILY---BUT SHE COULD NOT
FIND THE KEY THAT WOULD UNLOCK THAT DOOR.
SHE CAME FROM A WARM & LOVING FAMILY, AND
FAMILY WAS THE CENTER OF HER BEING. SHE
WAS A LOYAL ~~DAUGHTER~~ DAUGHTER & A LOVING SISTER.

ALL LIFE IS A SEARCH---A SEARCH FOR
OURSELVES. FOR SOME THE WAY IS LONG &
FRAUGHT WITH FRUSTRATION. ALL WE CAN SAY
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The Street

ART, THE THEATER. SHE HAD A HOST OF FRIENDS. SHE CARRIED ON HER ACADEMIC & ADMINISTRATIVE DUTIES WITH SKILL & COMPETENCE. SHE TRIED, BUT SHE DID NOT SUCCEED IN FINDING SATISFACTION.

WE ARE NOW UNITED IN GRIEF. WE GRIEVE NOT ONLY FOR A LIFE TAKEN FROM US BUT FOR A LIFE THAT WAS NEVER ~~FULLY~~ OR EASILY LIVED. YET THERE WAS ^{ALWAYS} A SENSE OF ^{HER} ~~HER~~ POTENTIAL WHICH GAVE US A SENSE OF THE COURAGE THAT LAY WITHIN HER SOUL.

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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

~~January 14~~, 1988

FEBRUARY 2,

Ruth Freedman

We are met to speak our memorial tribute of respect and love to a vital and competent woman, a respected member of our community and a good friend, Ruth Freedman. Ruth was an intelligent and determined person who brought to our world many of the values of the heartland of this country where she was born. Her family settled the towns and the farms of the Midwest and, like these pioneers, Ruth knew her own mind and went her own way. Her standards were basic. She was a person of independent judgement. She respected hard work and work well done. She judged others by standards of quality and character and not by the accidental fact of birth or race. Ruth was certain of her values.

Ruth possessed an inquisitive and attentive mind. She read a good deal. She learned from experience. I always found her to have an interesting and well-furnished mind. She had few illusions about life, yet, remained fascinated by it.

Every life is a journey, a search for happiness and fulfillment. Ruth's pilgrimage took her from the world of her birth to the world of work and then to the world of her husband. As a young woman she had to prove she could make her way. Then she found the man whose strengths and hopes would become her own and she remained ever loyal to him. Ruth made Max's purposes hers. She accepted his goals, his concerns and his faith. She was in every way a helpmate. There was no looking back. Ruth was not a woman to have regrets.

Whenever I came into her home I found it to be a place full of welcome and warm hospitality. Ruth had a good eye and fine color sense. She dressed with quiet dignity. Her home was a place where Max could refresh himself after the rigors of the day, where they could relax and find happiness, where their friends and associates could be made welcome, where their son and daughter could be offered the good things of life and find the quiet and support all young people need for their growth.

Life places many demands on each of us. What may seem to another to be a life without care to the participant may be a life full of tension. Ruth lived most of her adult life within the ambit of business success and community responsibility; yet, each day held for her pressure and tension. She met these as resolutely as she could.

She expressed her love to her children in her own way. They knew that their happiness was of great moment to her. There is an old maxim, 'through storms we grow', and this family grew in closeness through the challenges which they met. It is not our prerogative to invade the privacy of their relationships, but, surely, this much can be said: Ruth was a determined and committed woman, loyal in all the essential relationships, a good friend to many. True to her background Ruth did not enjoy elaboration. She liked the simple things. I believe she must find it appropriate if we close these services with a poem, a favorite of mine, which speaks of death straight out and of memory and of tomorrow.

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.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

August 5, 1977

~~DEATH has again ^{come} ~~been~~ among us and claimed
a long time neighbor and good friend ^{Ruth Talbot} ~~and her son~~
brought ~~to our~~ ^{to} world many of the values of the homeland
of his country where he was born, but those of her
ancestors who first settled the town and farms of the
mid-west, ^{was} ~~with~~ a person of independent mind
and spirit, of sound judgment about character, ~~self-~~
~~respect~~, and respectful of her work. She loved the land,
its beauty, its beauty, its traditions and its people and
its emphasis on justice and opportunity and self-reliance
scarcely to her eternally note~~

Every life is a journey - a search for happiness
and fulfillment. Ruth's pilgrimage took her from the world
of her birth to the world of work and then into the ^{into}
world of her husband. She passed herself - her ability, to
her own way ^{where} ~~where~~ and now she found ~~the~~ ^{her} own strength and
purpose were to become her own.

Ruth made her purposes her. She accepted her
goals, her concerns, her faith and made herself in every
way a servant and help mate. There were no regrets -
no looking back. Ruth was always a woman of courage
and determination.

Whenever I came into her home, I found it
a place welcome and warm hospitality, Ruth seemed to

we are not to break a public tribute of respect and
love to A brilliant and compassionate woman, a good friend and
respected member of our community, Ruth ~~Frederick~~ ^{Paul} Friedman.
Ruth was an intelligent and determined woman, ^{who brought} ~~a woman~~ ^{to}
to our world many ~~of no value~~ ^{of no value} of the traditional
~~values of her culture~~ ^{of no value} of the traditional
of the country. ^{where she was born} / she knew her own
mind and went her own way, like Ruth of her
family who first settled in towns and farms of the
mid-west, Ruth ~~was a person of~~ ^{was a person of}
independent judgment and spirit — — respected for
her — certain of her values, her standards, her
sense of quality and character not those of birth or
race.

Ruth possessed an inquisitive and vigorous mind
she learned from experience. She learned from books,
and from illusions about life yet was ~~not~~ ^{fascinated} by it.

Esther Friedman
~~Ester Friedman~~

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. 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 it is a beautiful custom among our people to light a memorial lamp. Through this symbol we signify that the dead have not vanished. Their day's work may be over but their 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 justice and beauty 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 service, those lives dedicated to the imperishable values of life, enter upon a spiritual existence through which they remain vital for 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."

With ~~Ester Friedman's~~ ^{ESTHER} death her family and ~~those nearest to her~~ ^{friends} have sustained a ~~dear and personal loss~~ ^{gentle} but all of us ~~will~~ have suffered the loss of a charming and gracious lady, a ~~gentle~~ ^{gentle} spirit and a warm friend. ~~Ester~~ ^{ESTHER} was a soul of kindness. Her ~~heart~~ ^{heart} was open and ~~ever welcoming~~ ^{TO THE NEEDS OF OTHERS}. It pleased her, I think, that her life ~~had been~~ ^{had been} led within a close web of loving relationships. Her reward was the happiness of her friends, the love of her family, and ~~her sense~~ ^{I am certain, the recognition} of the appropriateness of her life.

How can I draw ~~Ester's~~ ^{ESTHER's} picture? She dressed with care but never ~~out of modesty~~ ^{for display}. She ~~walked~~ ^{carried herself} with dignity. There was no trace of arrogance ~~anywhere~~ ^{ON HER FEATURES} in her spirit.

LIFE IS NOT EASY. ESTHER'S BURDEN WERE THOSE OF LOVE AND LOSS. THE EARLY DEATH OF HER MOTHER - AND OF HER BROTHER THE CRUEL BLOW OF ANITA'S ILLNESS AND DEATH. THESE TRAGEDIES TOOK A HEAVY TOLL, BUT ~~ESTHER~~ ^{ESTHER} HAD NO CHOICE TO RESIST GRIEF - OTHER THE COURAGE TO PERSIST.

ESTHER WAS SOMETHING OF A ROMANTIC - BUT SHE WAS ALSO REALISTIC ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT WHEN LIFE DEALS IN A CRUEL BLow, WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO PERSIST ON - TO CONTINUE TO ^{CRAVE} FOR MORE. AS LOVE - CHANGES. CONSOLATES WITH THEM. - WE HAVE SOME MYTHS LIKE TUNNEL IS ON THE OTHER SIDE. ESTHER REMAINED OPEN TO LIFE.

she was not one to talk
of split matters

~~her to be a woman who displayed elegant taste to weave a philosophy of life. She~~
~~was the same without as within. Her values were instinctive and instinctively~~

good. I don't know what she would wish to have ^{EDITH} said this day, but I am convinced

that she would not ^{WANT TO LIVE TO A} have us lengthily embroider praise, ^{ship} ~~simply remember her for~~ ^{she was essentially a simple}

^{was. surely a part of her nonchalance} what she was and ^{and she had always been} realize that God had been good to her, not only ^{she had lived to be happy} allowed her to ^{live}

^{was a life in itself!} comfortable ^{and she had always been} but surrounded her ^{she had lived to be happy} with love. ^{I am sure that she}

^{kind heart} ~~was~~ It came in time. She is with the God in whom she

had faith and a full trust.

she knew

Kiss of Love

Daniel Jeremy Silver

and now we
no more to
leave of life
life's burden

December 25, 1983

~~ROAD INJUST~~
GRATEFUL that it was without
loss of capacity

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO
~~DR. SAMUEL L. ROBBINS~~
 Friday, November 15, 1963

When the hand of death is laid upon one who was part of us and part of our world, when someone whom we truly loved leaves us for "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns" -- there is really little that we can do but sit alone in silence and brood over the awesome mysteries of life and death and all the strange bafflements of our human destiny.

Remember, friends, that not all deaths are alike, even as all lives are not of the same texture and pattern. There are deaths which bring with them their own measure of solace. When death comes to a ^{person} ~~man~~ whose life was useful and ~~accomplishful~~, it can no longer be looked upon as stark tragedy. And when that life was

additionally blessed with a rare companionship in wedded life, with the affection of family, and the high regard of friends, we may well find strength and surcease even in our sorrow.

Dr. Samuel Robbins' life, when measured in terms of quality, value, and meaning, in terms of service, ~~in deeds of loving kindness~~, in good citizenship, in aspirations and social commitments, ~~was~~ was a fruitful and ~~intensive~~ life, rich in content, abundant in significance. It leaves behind it many inextinguishable memories which will bring solace and pride through the ~~many~~ years to come to all those who loved him and who came within the sphere of his life's influence.

Dr. Robbins was by profession a physician. He looked upon his calling not only as a profession but as a sacred ministry. To his medical skill he brought a kind and understanding heart, a sensitiveness to all suffering humanity.

He was a true healer because he was a true lover of man.

The profession of the physician was always highly esteemed by our people. More than two thousand years ago a tribute was paid in our ~~sacred~~ ^{sacred} literature to the physician:

"Honour the physician with the honour due him, for the uses which you may have of him: for the Lord hath 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.

"Then give place to the physician, for the Lord hath created him: Let him not go from thee, for thou hast need of him."

Men had need of Dr. Robbins, and greatly honored him.

They knew him as a man of integrity, of solid moral worth, ~~kindly, pleasant~~, always seeking the good of his fellowmen, always interested in whatever contributed to the betterment of our community.

He was a loyal member of the household of Israel, faithful to his God and loyal to his people. He was an honored member of our Temple, and he will be greatly missed in our religious fellowship.

what he meant -

Lilka Friedl nr
~~Hortense Weitz~~

We are met again in the presence of death. It is told that a student once asked his teacher, "I would ask about death." The teacher replied: "While you do not know life, how can you know about death?" Life is a mystery, death a mystery wrapped in an enigma. 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 and no power. We can only accept. When the hand of death is laid upon a dear one there is little that we can do. We find ourselves sitting alone, puzzling the strange bafflements of our despair. What comes to us in these lonely and sobering hours? We come awake to the fugitive character of our life. 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 one passes out of this world with half his ambitions realized. Our sages, therefore, instructed us to "number our days and to get us 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.

Last Yom Kippur I began my yizkor meditation with this sentence: "Life quickens us all, gives us our hour of sun and ecstasy and then wears us down through sadness, sickness and defeat into the grave." I thought of this sentence

again and again when I heard of ~~Hortense~~ ^{Lillian} Weitz's death.

of youth and beauty, of sun and ecstasy and the conventional wisdom would have us believe sunshine and confidence are and can be 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 and without care every night? I have often wished that our expectations and those of our children could be lowered a decibal or two and that we would talk to them of life as it is, with struggles and confusions. The real nature of life is a desperate search for usefulness and the sunshine. Inevitably, we are conflicted.

~~Some men and women seem to be born with a constitution which can accept anxiety and fear in stride. Others fear painfully and dramatically every turn of~~

~~outrageous fortune. Horty was a sensitive one who suffered and we can only em-~~

~~pathize with her pain.~~ ^{Her friend Lillian} Horty was a woman of many talents. She possessed a fine

and active mind, an eye which was sensitive to beauty and an ear which responded enthusiastically to melody - ~~great~~ intelligence. During the years and times of her

health and strength Horty gave leadership to those forces in our community which

were concerned with our cultural life, the theater, symphony. She read widely

and possessed a discriminating taste. She loved beautiful things and she dressed

her home with as much pride and taste as she dressed herself. ~~When she could~~

~~Horty~~ [↓] was not only an interesting companion but a warm-hearted, devoted friend.

Most of all she was a loving and loyal wife, a caring helpmate.

~~For four and a half decades~~ ^{Lillian} she and ~~Mickey~~ faced together the sunshine

and the shadows. Their way was not an easy way. They walked it together. What

more can be said? What more need be said?

Horty fought against the shadows and lived life with all the dignity that she could muster. We remember her with love and can only pray that her soul now finds the peace she so richly deserves.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

Lillian Friedman

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Last Yom Kippur I began my yizkor meditation with this sentence: "Life quickens us all, gives us our hour of sun and ecstasy and then wears us down through sadness, sickness and defeat into the grave." I thought of this sentence

Again, when I heard of Lillian Friedman's death I had seen her but a few hours before death came at the end of a long and cruel illness. She was struggling to breathe and to be conscious. She fought to find the words to tell me of her pain and fears, her awareness that she was dying, and her hope that I would pray for her. I did. Lillian had come to the time when death could not have been an unwelcome visitor. All that made her a very special person had gone. Death is not pain but the cessation of pain and for Lillian death brought peace. In the fullness of her strength she was a woman of grace and presence, possessed of a fine mind and an eye which was sensitive to beauty and a spirit which was warm and intelligent. She possessed a discriminating taste. She loved beautiful things and she dressed her home with as much pride and taste as she dressed herself. Lillian was an interesting companion and a warm-hearted and devoted friend. She was always ready to help and sensitive to another's need. Some who like Lillian are fortunate to know the many good things of life forget the importance of service. Throughout the years she volunteered with the blind in the hospital. There was always time. The joys of life were to be shared.

Most of all, Lillian was a loving and caring wife and helpmate. She and Louis had built together a good marriage and together they faced the sunshine and the shadows. Each was a support and a blessing to the other.

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

April 25, 1978

MARGARET KOLLA FALCOFF
~~Tillie Falcoff~~

We are met to pay a public tribute of love and respect to an open-hearted and ~~great~~ ^{blatant} lady, ~~Tillie Falcoff~~ ^{Margaret Kolla Falcoff}. ~~Tillie rejoiced in life~~ She was good hearted and warm hearted. She took pleasure in her home, in her friends, in whatever opportunities life provided. ^{FULL OF 2015 FOR LIFE - To be a woman} The book of Psalms contains a line whose wisdom was instinctive to her: "gladness of heart is the life of a human being."

~~Tillie~~ ^{Margaret} was alive with a joy of life, full of vital energy, eager to pitch in and do; each day presented fresh opportunities. She met you with a smile. There was a lift to her voice. She was a lifter, not a leaner. One sensed that you were with someone who refused to be beaten down by life.

There was beauty in her life. She took pride in her home and made it a place of warmth and of grace. ^{but somehow with a beauty that she was not vain -} She dressed with pride, but not with vanity. She was conscious of her person, but not one to flaunt her looks. Her dress and her sense of self reflected the power of her will not to be pulled down by life. ^{marginally} ~~Tillie~~ had a special talent for friendship. She was thoughtful and loyal. She was not one to impose her anxieties or her needs. She made things happen. Her lips were sealed to complaint. When others might have withdrawn from life, ^{Margaret reached out for life} ~~Tillie enlarged the area of her~~ volunteer service. Widowhood ~~can be a lonely time. Tillie saw to it that hers was a useful time, one full of possibility and meaning.~~

^{She needed no comfort} Every life has its dark moments. ^{Margaret, like her mother} ~~Tillie~~ faced each day buoyantly. ^{It is hard - the death of a beloved - (husband) - of a daughter. Yet} She simply pushed out of her mind the unwanted worry and the inevitable aches and pains. ^{She cannot be - added but in private to public she seemed to know} I do not know if she knew a little poem which is a favorite of mine, but ^{somehow} ~~Tillie~~ comes through in every line. ^{Isaiah 60:1} ~~Indeed, her grandchildren instinctively called her~~ sunshine.

A laugh is just like sunshine,
It freshens all the day
It tips the peak of life with light,
And drives the clouds away;
The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong;
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along.

A laugh is just like music
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard,
The ills of life depart;
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet;
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet.

(Author Unknown)

~~Death came to Tillie swiftly and unexpectedly, but we can be grateful that~~
~~but she was sustained by no illusions of her family - her strength~~
~~she did not suffer the indignity of prolonged disability - that no shadow darkened the~~
~~her faithful love - her strength~~
~~sunshine. Tillie died in the fullness of her strength, her wonderful spirit whole and~~
~~unbroken, happy in the circle of her family and her friends, proud in the accomplishments~~
~~of her children, proud of their families~~

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

October 11, 1977

RUTH FRIEDMAN

At a time like this we are reminded not only of life's brevity but of its fragility. Some are born into the fullness of health and comfortable circumstances while others must struggle for a measure of security and happiness.

Ruth Friedman was born into the most modest of circumstances and endowed with an emotional makeup which was not as sturdy as some. There were, of course, compensations. God endowed her with beauty and with a gentle and generous spirit. She was never without love; she was nurtured by the sacrificial love of her mother, tenderly protected by the sustaining love of her husband, happy in the devoted love of her daughter and the joyous love of her grandchildren. She was eager to be helpful, always friendly. She faced each day with an open heart and a sensitive spirit. There was something infinitely sweet about her spirit and she fought as best she could against the pressures from which she could not escape. She had the rare ability never to allow her limitations to destroy her ability to love.

Where others might have turned away from the world, Ruth remained eager for friendship and open to experience. I would not intrude upon the private memories of this family, but I am sure that you recognize that the poet was right when he remarked that sweet are the uses of adversity. Your love and support of Ruth drew you close and kept you close. Caring for her you came to care more deeply for each other. You also, I believe, learned to savor the precious moments ~~which are full~~ of family joy. Some never can be satisfied by the single pleasures ~~of life~~ because they are never satisfied with what they have and always want something more. Ruth rejoiced in each moment of her love for you and you seized the good

times and made them good.

I do not know what Ruth would wish to have said at this moment, but I love a poem which she would not find inappropriate.

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.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

August 7, 1986

FUNERAL ORATION

MONDAY, JUNE 2, 1958

more & more
LINDA BLOCH *Grand*

IN THIS, THE HOUR OF OUR GRIEF, MANY QUESTIONS CONCERNING LIFE AND DEATH COME TO MIND. WE HAVE BEEN MADE TO REALIZE AGAIN HOW NEAR TO US DEATH ALWAYS IS -- HOW UNCERTAIN WE REALLY ARE THAT THERE WILL BE A TOMORROW.

TO OUR QUESTIONS DEATH OFFERS NO ANSWER. ABOUT THOSE WHO HAVE CROSSED BEYOND THE BORNE OF TIME, DEATH DRAWS A CURTAIN OF SILENCE. NONE WHOM DEATH HAS BECKONED HAS BEEN ALLOWED TO RETURN. WE HAVE NO FIRST-HAND ACCOUNT OF OUR ETERNAL FUTURE. WE HAVE ONLY THE CERTAINTY OF FAITH THAT THE GOOD AND KIND GOD WHO GAVE US LIFE WITH ALL OF ITS BEAUTY AND OPPORTUNITY WILL NOT FORSAKE US IN DEATH. FAITH ALONE CAN BRIDGE THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT FOR IN THE END, ALL THAT WE CAN TRUTHFULLY SAY WAS REFLECTED BY JOB, MANY CENTURIES AGO -- "THE LORD HAS GIVEN, THE LORD HAS TAKEN AWAY, BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD".

Francis S. Schuch
DEATH CAME TO ~~LINDA BLOCH~~ IN THE FULLNESS OF YEARS. I SUPPOSE SUCH A DEATH IS THE MOST UNDERSTANDABLE. THERE HAS BEEN SUFFICIENT OPPORTUNITY TO SAVOUR OF LIFE'S RICHNESS AND RELISH ITS EVERY BEAUTY. THERE HAS BEEN YOUTH, STRENGTH AND THE DIGNITY OF AGE -- A FULL MEASURE OF LIFE'S YEARS. YET I SUSPECT THAT THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO ARE BLESSED WITH LONG YEARS BUT WHO FILL THEIR DAYS ONLY WITH EMPTINESS. THE MEASURE OF OUR LIFE IS NOT ITS LENGTH BUT ITS MEANING -- THE DEGREE OF FULFILMENT, OF ACCOMPLISHMENT, OF LOVE WHICH WE COMPACT TO OUR DAYS. A SMALL POOL OF WATER CAN SOMETIMES REFLECT THE WHOLE MAJESTY OF THE HEAVENS. FORTUNATELY, LINDA BLOCH WAS DOUBLY DOWERED. NOT ONLY WAS SHE BLESSED WITH A LONG LIFE, BUT SHE PUT THAT LIFE TO THE BEST OF USE AND FILLED EACH DAY WITH THOSE ACTS OF GOODNESS, KINDLINESS, AND SERVICE WHICH ENDEARED A PERSON TO NEIGHBORS AND FULFILLS A ROLE AS A SERVANT OF GOD.

she
~~MRS. BLOCH'S~~ LIFE IS ROOTED IN THE SOIL OF OUR STATE. HER FAMILY WAS ONE OF THE EARLIEST SETTLERS AMONG THE JEWISH COMMUNITY OF OHIO. *she* ~~MRS. BLOCH~~ WATCHED THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR COMMUNITY AND PARTICIPATED IN THE EARLY GROWTH OF MANY OF OUR MOST IMPORTANT COMMUNAL INSTITUTIONS. WE ARE PROUD THAT FOR OVER THREE QUARTERS OF A CENTURY, MRS. BLOCH, FIRST WITH HER HUSBAND, AND THEN ALONE, WAS ENROLLED AS A MEMBER OF OUR TEMPLE. IN OUR TEMPLE SHE EDUCATED HER SON. IN HER LIFE SHE EXEMPLIFIED THE TEACHINGS OF OUR FAITH.

IT WAS NOT MY PRIVILEGE TO BE INTIMATE WITH MRS. ^{Claudia} BLOCH. I REGRET THAT I LACKED THAT OPPORTUNITY. HER FAMILY AND HER FRIENDS TESTIFY, NOT ONLY TO THE GENEROSITY OF HER SPIRIT AND THE SWEETNESS OF HER PERSON, BUT TO THE VITALITY OF HER MIND AND OF THE SPARKLING SENSE OF HUMOR WHICH SHE BROUGHT INTO EVERY SITUATION. I AM TOLD THAT WHEREVER SHE ENTERED, THERE WARMTH AND HAPPINESS AND A SMILE CAME TOGETHER. NEVER ONE TO IMPOSE HER FEARS ON OTHERS, MRS. ^{Claudia} BLOCH NEVER IMPOSED HER LONLINESS ^{on others} WITH A CROWING WEAKNESS BROUGHT ON BY AGE UPON OTHERS. IN TRUE PIONEER TRADITION SHE WAS SELF-RELIANT AND HARDY.

I KNOW THAT MRS. BLOCH NEVER BEGRUDGED HER FATE IN LIFE, SHE WOULD NOT NOW BEWAIL HER FATE IN DEATH. SHE WELCOMES HER REST WITH HER FATHER AND GOD. SHE ASKS HER FAMILY AND FRIENDS TO ~~LEAVE~~ OFF EXCESSIVE GRIEF AND RETURN TO THE ENJOYMENT OF LIVING, FOR SHE LIVED TO MAKE OTHERS HAPPY AND SHE WOULD NOT HAVE HER DEATH MAKE THEM UNHAPPY.

many a philosophy seeks 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 to our taste we declare it unsuitable and either cultivate a sardonic smile or wear a crown of some golden hue beyond the grave which no one has ever seen.

The Poet, William Shakespeare, wrote, "Out of the depths I call . . . my soul to come forth . . . my light from high into the grave, I am coming with thee." I am become as one

"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 counted with those who go down into the pit. I am become as one

that has no help, set apart from men like the slain that lie in the grave. " Yet we find another and more dominant note in the Psalms, indeed in the whole Bible, an eagerness for life and a simple pleasure in being alive. Our way may be brief, but the view is often breath-taking. "I shall not die but live and declare the works of the Lord. " Our people walked a bitter history. They felt the sharp edge of the sword, the racking pain of illness and the searing anguish of torment and exile. Was it not an impertinence for them to declare that life can be joyous and pleasing? How could they? Their appreciation and eagerness grew out of their faith, their subtle and wise understanding of God. Death was not to be feared for God ordains both life and death. The seed permits the harvest and the leaves fall from the tree for the new buds to have a place to grow. Within our bodies there is a constant process of death and renewal, decay and growth. Each generation gives birth to its successor and must give way for the young to come into their proper place and responsibility.

Judaism's affirmation of life was born of faith and of the many memories of those who remained faithful to their spirit. Recall the tenderness and decency of those whom we have loved and lost: a father's patient strength, a teacher's sheltering wisdom, a husband's gentle encouragement and silent understanding, a child's eagerness and innocence, a friend's fine achievement. As we pass these memories before our mind we recognize that death held no fear for such as these. Here were strong and proud people. Here were vigorous and generous human beings. Here was love and sometimes ecstasy. There was accomplishment and sometimes a true nobility, there was goodness in their lives,

peace in their homes and confidence in their hearts; and there were the dark hours, the struggle to make one's way, the heartache when loved ones had to be left behind, illness, infirmity, death. Our dead were neither innocent nor sheltered, yet they lived without whimpering or complaint. They said with Hezekiah "the living, the living, praise Thee as I do this day." Our memories give the lie to all postures 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 profession 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.

Life is brief and full of the unexpected. Each of us has a private need for a sense of permanence which we tend to satisfy by reminding ourselves of the continuing presence of certain institutions and people who seem always to be there and always to be the same. ~~I confess that Mollie Calamer~~ ^{Nellie felt like to Mary} Aunt Mollie - ~~just~~ ^{just} ~~served for~~ such a symbol. She was always here - always the lady - always gracious - always herself - living proof that stability and permanence are still part of life. ~~Each morning I drove past this house and turned to see if the light was burning by her chair in the downstairs study. Generally she was there, reading the paper in her accustomed place and the world was somehow in its place and not about to run out under my feet.~~

Of course, ~~Aunt Mollie~~ ^{Mrs. Fell} was not a symbol, but a vital, ^{intelligent} sensitive and charming person. In our time it has become something of a virtue for people to pour it all out. ^{Nellie} ~~Mollie~~ kept a tight rein on self-pity. Even when her heart was most burdened, she spoke to your feelings rather than of her hurt. She was a quiet unspoken reproof to the conventional wisdom that downgrades all emotional disciplines. All of her ⁹⁰ years ~~Aunt Mollie~~ ^{Nellie} walked in dignity and beauty - calmly and without faltering. She took ^{life} in stride good fortune ^{and the cruelest of tragedies} ~~and the cruelest of tragedies~~. ~~Neither broke her spirit or turned her into anything but~~ what she was - a woman of rare inner beauty and of a deep confident faith in God, in man, and in the possibilities of life. The old-fashioned word, "gentle lady," fits ^{Mrs. Fell} ~~Mollie Calamer~~.

Her family passed with unflinching and calm - she
had a deep knowledge of life, history, and in her
was to be known as a person of confidence.

Her emotions were true, her values basic, her spirit gentle, her charm a reflex
of her spirit. ~~Aunt Mollie~~ ^{She} made everyone welcome. You were seen, not seen
through. She was utterly without side. ^{Nellie had been named in} Her family was among the first settlers
^{Nebraska about 1870. They are the first settlers in} in our community and Mollie had something of the pioneer in her, not only their
love of the land, the good earth, but a basic uncomplicated respect for accomplish-
ment and character. • But her position was not a grand place.

The phrase gentle lady is old-fashioned, but though it fit her like a
glove ~~Aunt Mollie~~ ^{Nellie} was very much alive and open. Manners and courtesy are old-
fashioned and ~~Mollie was that~~ ^{Nellie} her spirit was remarkably fresh. She would
really listen to fresh and strange ideas, especially if they were presented to her
by her grandchildren and such ideas were never dismissed out of hand. ^{She} ~~She~~ listened
and though she could not and did not change her ways she did not demean those
who honestly went their way. Even in age when most people turn deaf ears to
the world Aunt Molly continued alert and attentive. Her mind was richly stocked.
She had enjoyed many privileges, a first-rate education, travel, the company of
interesting people, good conversation, and she had taken advantage of these op-
portunities. She read. She enjoyed and understood music. ^{She listened in and was smiling} The newspaper was
digested. She was very much a part of the world even though she never allowed
the world to disturb the inner spaces of her life. Deeply committed to all that
is essentially human ~~Aunt Molly~~ ^{Nellie} raised her children to serve and took great pride
as everyone in her family reached out to their community and shared in its needs.

Friendship was not carelessly bestowed. ~~Aunt Molly~~ ^{Nellie} had no need
to be popular or desire to be a public person, but when friendship developed it

was carefully cultivated - as carefully watched as her garden and her house.

There was always time for a greeting and real interest in another's life. She was loyal in good times and in bad, to her friends and to those institutions, educational, cultural and communal which had been part of her life from the beginning. ~~We~~ were proud at the Temple of her lifelong and intimate interest - and proud of the "woman of valor,"

~~NEVER WAS BLESSED WITH A CLOSE AND FULLFILLING~~
When my father spoke Eugene Geisner's eulogy in this same room

~~MARRIAGE - I AM NOT A BELIEVER~~
nearly 20 years ago he used the biblical phrase, "there was peace in his tent."

~~INTEREST - AND WITH HER ACTIVE MIND SHE KEPT UP A GOOD~~
There has always been a generous peace in this family, a rich pattern of encouragement, close ties which bind the generations. There is here a remarkable record

~~AND WITH HER HANDS, SHE GAVE NO NEED FOR ANY OTHER EXPLANATION~~
of love, competence and service and it began here in this place. There was peace

~~TO HER OWN MIND, TRAINED AS SHE WAS BY HER FATHER - AND~~
in this house and as the Talmud rightly observes belto-zu ishto "His house - that

~~ABOUT THE PEOPLE WITH WHOM SHE WAS ASSOCIATED TO STAY WORKING~~
is his wife." This was her world, a world of warmth and quiet encouragement,

~~AND SHE WAS A WOMAN OF IDEAS~~
a world of ideas and respectful meeting, a world of books and culture, a world

of bloom and music, a world in which the good lessons were taught by example.

~~THE ANSWER TO HER QUESTION - KNOW ANY EXPLANATION~~
Rabbis asked why God made woman and they answered: "Because

~~HE COULD NOT BE EVERYWHERE~~
He could not be everywhere." In her special way Aunt Mollie brought God, love,

~~HOPE, DIGNITY - AND A FEELING OF BELONGING AND PARTICIPATION~~
hope, dignity into this house and into our lives and we bless her for it.

~~LAST WEEK SHE KISSED MY HAND~~
I last spoke with Aunt Mollie just a week ago. When I came into her

room she took my hand and brought it to her lips and kissed it. She smiled at me

as if to say 'please, no false encouragement.' She told me that this was her first

stay ever in a hospital. Somehow with that kiss and those words she gave me

the strength not to ~~speaking false hopes~~ and made me recognize the full pleasure
she ~~had found in life and the privilege that her life had been hers.~~ ^{And for 4 years} For 90 years
God graced this woman with rare qualities of spirit, health, competence, wonderful friends and a close family. We can be grateful that she was not robbed of her dignity by illness or by age. It was time for her to die and we must be grateful not only that God gave us the rich blessing of her presence, but also that He gave her the dignity of a relatively swift death.

She walked in beauty and will be remembered with beautiful memories.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

DOROTHY GLUECK

DEATH IS AN INEVITABLE COMPLEMENT OF LIFE. DEATH IS OF LIFE'S MOST ELEMENTAL NATURE. DUST WE ARE, TO DUST WE RETURN. DEATH IS UNIVERSAL. DEATH IS OUR DESTINY. DEATH DOES NOT CONSIGN US TO OBLIVION. IT DOES NOT RETURN US TO THE EARTH AS IT WAS. THE SPIRIT RETURNS TO GOD WHO GAVE IT. WE DO NOT KNOW WHAT LIES BEYOND THE BOURNE OF TIME. WE CAN BE ASSURED THAT GOD, OUR LOVING FATHER, DOES NOT FORSAKE US. IN DEATH OUR LIFE MERELY TAKES ON ANOTHER FORM. WE ARE RECEIVED UNDER GOD'S SHELTERING PROTECTION THAT ABIDES THERE, PROTECTED BY HIS LOVE.

MEMORY, TOO, OUTLIVES DEATH. PHYSICALLY OUR LOVED ONES ARE NO LONGER WITH US, BUT AN ABIDING REMEMBRANCE OF THEIR QUALITY CONTINUES LONG AFTER THEIR DEATH. THE WORDS THEY SPOKE IN LOVE ARE NOT FORGOTTEN. THEY LIVE ON IN THE GOOD AND GENTLE ACTS WHICH WE LEARN TO RESPECT. THOSE WHO FILL THEIR DAYS HELPFULLY LEAVE BEHIND AN IMPERISHABLE LEGACY. SUCH IS THE MEMORY OF DOROTHY GLUECK, A WOMAN OF GREAT DIGNITY AND QUIET STRENGTH WHOM GOD HAS TAKEN BACK UNTO HIMSELF.

SHE LED A LONG QUIET LIFE IN A CIRCLE OF GOOD AND LIFELONG FRIENDS. SHE HAD NO DESIRE TO STRUT ON THE PUBLIC STAGE. YET, FAR MORE THAN MANY, SHE DISCHARGED WITH SKILL THE MANY RESPONSIBILITIES WHICH LIFE THRUST ON HER. AS DAUGHTER AND SISTER SHE WAS EVER CLOSE AND EVER HELPFUL. AS A WIFE TO IRVIN SHE WAS FULL OF LOVE AND ENCOURAGEMENT, A WOMAN OF VALOR.

AS MOTHER, GRANDMOTHER AND GREAT-GRANDMOTHER SHE WAS A SOURCE OF QUIET STRENGTH AND GREAT LOVE. SHE WAS DETERMINED NOT TO INTRUDE UPON THE LIVES OF HER CHILDREN. SHE REFUSED ALL OFFERS OF HOUSING. HER GREATEST JOY WAS THE JOY OF SEEING HER SONS AND HER DAUGHTER GROW INTO COMPETENT ADULTHOOD. SHE WAS PRIVILEGED TO KNOW THAT THEY IN TURN RAISED THEIR CHILDREN TO HER STANDARDS AND VALUES.

THERE WAS MUSIC IN HER HEART AND IN HER FINGERS, A GREAT LOVE OF SPORTS, PARTICULARLY BASEBALL, IN HER BEING. AS A RELATIVELY YOUNG WIDOW SHE MET A NEW SET OF RESPONSIBILITIES WITH STRENGTH AND DETERMINATION. SHE WALKED HER OWN WAY WITH DIGNITY AND WORKED WITH GREAT COURAGE AND SKILL.

IT IS HARD EVEN NOW TO LOSE SUCH A WOMAN EVEN THOUGH OUR MINDS TELL US SHE HAD COME TO THE FULLNESS OF AGE AND THAT LIFE NO LONGER HAD ANY ZEST FOR HER. DOROTHY WAS A WOMAN OF GREAT DIGNITY. SHE ENJOYED UNBROKEN GOOD HEALTH MOST OF HER LIFE. THESE LAST MONTHS COULD NOT HAVE BEEN PLEASANT FOR HER. LIFE AND DIGNITY WERE EQUIVALENT IN HER MIND. SHE MUST HAVE WELCOMED DEATH, BUT STILL, THERE IS THE HURT OF THE LOSS OF ONE WHO IS PART OF OUR LIVES.

IT IS THE WISDOM OF OUR PEOPLE AT TIMES SUCH AS THIS TO REMIND OURSELVES THAT THE MEASURE OF OUR GRIEF IS THE MEASURE OF OUR LOVE. THE MEASURE OF OUR LOVE IS THE MEASURE OF OUR GRATITUDE TO GOD FOR ALLOWING US TO SHARE OUR EXISTENCE WITH A PERSON OF QUALITY. GOD GAVE DOROTHY PHYSICAL STRENGTH. HE BLESSED HER WITH A GOOD MIND AND DETERMINATION. DOROTHY WAS A WOMAN OF FAITH. SHE HAD FAITH IN LIFE, IN TOMORROW AND GOD. SHE HAD A SENSE OF THE BEAUTIFUL AND HER HOME WAS ALWAYS A PLACE OF QUIET BEAUTY, AN OUTWARD REFLEX OF HER OWN SPIRIT. SHE DRESSED WELL, WITHOUT ANY SHOW OF ARROGANCE. SHE ENJOYED THE GOOD THINGS IN LIFE AND NOW THAT LIFE WAS NO LONGER GOOD SHE WAS PREPARED TO MEET HER MAKER.

WHAT MORE CAN BE SAID? WHAT MORE NEED BE SAID?

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

APRKL 7, 1988

Dorothy Glueck

Death is an inevitable complement of life. Death is of life's most elemental nature. Dust we are, to dust we return. Death is universal. Death is our destiny. Death does not consign us to oblivion. It does not return us to the earth as it was. The spirit returns to God who gave it. We do not know what lies beyond the bourne of time. We can be assured that God, our loving father, does not forsake us. In death our life merely takes on another form. ^{as we are} ~~This~~ is received under God's sheltering protection that abides there, protected by his love.

Memory, too, outlives death. Physically our loved ones are no longer with us, but an abiding remembrance of their quality continues long after their death. The words they spoke in love are not forgotten.

They live on in the good and gentle acts which we learn to respect. Those who fill their days helpfully leave behind an imperishable legacy. Such is the memory of Dorothy Glueck, a woman of great dignity and quiet strength whom God has taken back unto Himself.

She led a ^{long} quiet life in a circle of good and lifelong friends. She had no desire to strut on the public stage. Yet, far more than many, she discharged with skill the many responsibilities which life thrust on her. As daughter and sister she was ever close and ever helpful. As a wife to Irvin she was full of love and encouragement, a woman of valor.

As mother, grandmother and great-grandmother she was a source of quiet strength and great love. She was determined not to intrude upon the lives of her children. She refused all offers of housing. Her greatest joy was the joy of seeing her sons and her daughter grow into competent adulthood, ^{she ~~was~~ ~~powerful~~ ~~and~~ ~~she~~} and ~~was~~ privileged to know that they in turn raised their children to her standards and values.

— There was music in her heart and ^{A great love of sports - particularly basketball - and her} in her fingers and the joy of life was part of the core of her being.

As a relatively young widow she met a new set of responsibilities with strength and determination.

She walked her own way with dignity
 and, ^{upheld} ^{2153F} with courage ^{and skill}.

It is hard even now to lose such a woman even though our minds tell us she had come to the fullness of age and that life no longer had any zest for her. Dorothy was a woman of great dignity. She enjoyed unbroken good health most of her life. These last months could not have been pleasant for her. Life and dignity were equivalent in her mind. She must have welcomed death, but still, there is the hurt of the loss of one who is part of our lives.

It is the wisdom of our people at times such as this to remind ourselves that the measure of our grief is the measure of our love. The measure of our love is ~~the~~ the measure of our gratitude to God for allowing us to share our existence with a person of quality. God gave Dorothy physical strength. He blessed her with a good mind and determination. Dorothy was a woman of faith. She had faith in life, in tomorrow and God. She had a sense of the beautiful and her home was always a place of quiet beauty, an outward reflex of her own spirit. She dressed well, without any show of arrogance. She enjoyed the good things in life and now that life was no longer good she was prepared to meet her maker.

What more can be said?

What more need be said?

Daniel Jeremy Silver

April 7, 1988

ALB 6001111
Dorothy Mintz

These things are beautiful beyond belief
The pleasant weakness that comes after pain
The radiant greenness that comes after rain
The deepened faith that follows after grief
And the awakening to love again.

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

Music expresses, it does not explain. I have no explanation. Life is fragile. At times like this we need not words but a sense that others link hands with us as we walk life's stormy way. We share in a community of love and of grief and are encouraged. Music expresses rather than explains, and I have no superior wisdom to share with you. I cannot explain why someone who's loving and kind dies in the prime of life. I cannot resolve the equations of God's mathematics nor justify God's decisions, though I affirm their justice: "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." This is the substance of faith and to this our ancestral wisdom adds: "Seek not to explain God's ways to man, these 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 schedule our death. All that we can do is make the most of the opportunity which is life and find in each day love and fulfillment. An hour can be rich in achievement or hollow and devoid of purpose. There are some who live so sweetly that their every action brings blessing and happiness. These, though they die short of three score years and ten, die fulfilled because they have made the fullest use of the time given them.

I affirm this also, that death is not pain but the absence of pain. Death is not oblivion, the translation of the soul into the dimension of memory. Our tears are now not for ^{ALB} Dorothy. She is at peace. Her death was swift - without prolonged pain. She has been spared further indignity. We cry for those who have been left behind. There is the loss and the loneliness. She is with God. We are alone. Her peace is timeless.

Dorothy was a gracious and warm-hearted woman. She walked with dignity. Her spirit was always youthful. She dressed with care and without any need for conscious display. She loved beautiful things because they gave her pleasure, not because they were costly. She delighted in friendship and in the years of her strength and maturity she had a wide circle of good friends with whom she shared the inevitable joys and sorrows of life, good conversation, and her love for golf and cards - companionship. In the vernacular of our age Dorothy was a people person. She was a pleasant companion, an essentially kind human being who was sensitive to the needs and concerns of others. I don't know if Dorothy knew the line from the Book of Psalms which reads, "gladness of heart is the life of the human being," but there was an essential joyousness to her person. She looked to find the happy occasions.

Dorothy was a people person and a family person. She was raised in a close-knit family unit and as the only girl I'm sure she was indulged by her parents and her brother. She might easily have become a closed-in, self-involved person, but she remained open and interested in others, eager for life's many experiences. Early on she was blessed with a good man and together she and Ed built a happy marriage. Their home was a welcoming place, their life together a source of mutual joy and true intimacy, their one sorrow the absence of children, but they looked on their neices and nephews as their children and kept close the ties within their own generation. When Ed died suddenly Dorothy tried as best she could to face her grief, but forever after a shadow lay on her spirit. Her friends, brothers and family provided companionship, but life was never the same. Yet, with it all, she persevered her vivacity and zest, her willingness to get up and do. She never gave off the sense of age.

Dorothy lived in and for her family. She looked for the chance of sharing happy occasions with them but she also knew that no one can have all their wishes fulfilled and she was the first to say, my life has been full of blessing. She brought happiness and joy to a wide circle of friends and offered love, deep, abiding and encouraging love to her family.

I suspect that she would begrudge her death only if it shadowed the lives of those whom she loved, whose happiness was more precious to her than life itself.

"And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let One, most loving of you all,
Say "Not a tear must o'er her fall!
He giveth his beloved sleep."

Daniel Jeremy Silver

August 25, 1983

ALICE GOODMAN

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 TRANSCENDANT
THEME INTO A FUGUE AND TO PLAY IT NOW. MUSIC WOULD SPEAK
MORE ADEQUATELY THAN WORDS WHAT IS IN OUR HEARTS -LOVE,
PAIN, GRIEF FOR A GOOD FRIEND, A SHARP SENSE OF PERSONAL
LOSS. THERE ARE FEELINGS WHICH DO NOT YIELD TO LANGUAGE,
MYSTERIOUS ELEMENTS WHICH TOUCH THE LIMITS OF FRUSTRATION
AND THE HEIGHTS OF LOVE. THE THEME OF SUCH A FUGUE: THAT
TIME HEALS AND THAT WE WILL AWAKEN FROM OUR GRIEF AND LOVE
AGAIN IS BOTH TRUE AND APPROPRIATE. HOWEVER DARK THE NIGHT,
THERE IS ALWAYS ANOTHER DAWN. TODAY A SENSE OF FINALITY
WEIGHS UPON US, BUT IF WE PERSEVERE AND KEEP GOING WE WILL
AWAKEN AGAIN TO FEELING, AND EVEN JOY.

MUSIC EXPRESSES, IT DOES NOT EXPLAIN. I HAVE NO
EXPLANATION. LIFE IS FRAGILE. AT TIMES LIKE THIS WE NEED
NOT WORDS BUT A SENSE THAT OTHERS LINK HANDS WITH US AS
WE WALK LIFE'S STORMY WAY. WE SHARE IN A COMMUNITY OF
LOVE AND OF GRIEF AND ARE ENCOURAGED. MUSIC EXPRESSES RATHER
THAN EXPLAINS, AND I HAVE NO SUPERIOR WISDOM TO SHARE WITH
YOU. I CANNOT RESOLVE THE EQUATIONS OF GOD'S MATHEMATICS
NOR JUSTIFY GOD'S DECISIONS, THOUGH I AFFIRM THEIR JUSTICE.

"THE LORD HAS GIVEN, THE LORD HAS TAKEN AWAY, BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD." THIS IS THE SUBSTANCE OF FAITH AND TO THIS OUR ANCESTRAL WISDOM ADDS: "SEEK NOT TO EXPLAIN GOD'S WAYS TO MAN, THESE 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 SCHEDULE OUR DEATH. ALL THAT WE CAN DO IS TO MAKE THE MOST OF THE OPPORTUNITY WHICH IS LIFE AND FIND IN EACH DAY LOVE AND FULFILLMENT. AN HOUR CAN BE RICH IN ACHIEVEMENT OR HOLLOW AND DEVOID OF PURPOSE. THERE ARE SOME WHO LIVE SO SWEETLY THAT THEIR EVERY ACTION BRINGS BLESSING AND HAPPINESS. THESE, THOUGH THEY DIE SHORT OF THREE SCORE YEARS AND TEN, DIE FULFILLED BECAUSE THEY HAVE MADE THE FULLEST USE OF THE TIME GIVEN THEM.

I AFFIRM THIS ALSO, THAT DEATH IS NOT PAIN BUT THE ABSENCE OF PAIN. DEATH IS NOT OBLIVION BUT THE TRANSLATION OF THE SOUL INTO THE DIMENSION OF MEMORY. OUR TEARS ARE NOW NOT FOR ALICE. SHE IS AT PEACE. HER DEATH WAS SWIFT -- WITHOUT PROLONGED PAIN. SHE HAS BEEN SPARED FURTHER INDIGNITY. WE CRY FOR THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN LEFT BEHIND. THERE IS THE LOSS AND THE LONELINESS. SHE IS WITH GOD. WE ARE ALONE. HER PEACE IS TIMELESS.

FRANKLY, IT IS DIFFICULT TO ASSOCIATE DEATH WITH ALICE GOODMAN. SMALL OF STATURE, SHE WAS SUCH A VIBRANT AND VITAL AND STRONG-MINDED WOMAN THAT SHE SEEMED AT TIMES TO DOMINATE THE LANDSCAPE. ALICE WAS CLEAR OF PURPOSE AND CERTAIN OF HER VALUES. DEATH COMES TO US ALL AND IT CAME TO ALICE AT A NOT INAPPROPRIATE TIME. HER BELOVED HUSBAND, ALBERT, DIED JUST OVER A YEAR AGO AND WITH HIS DEATH SOMETHING OF ALICE'S SPIRIT LEFT HER. SHE AND AL HAD BEEN THE CLOSEST OF INTIMATES FOR WELL OVER HALF A CENTURY AND LIFE SEEMED TO HAVE LOST ITS PURPOSE FOR ALICE WITH HIS DEATH.

ALICE WAS A REMARKABLE WOMAN WHO EMBODIED THE VIRTUES OF THE OLD AND THE NEW LIFE STYLES. SHE LOOKED WELL TO THE WAYS OF HER HOUSEHOLD. HER HUSBAND WAS THE CENTER OF HER WORLD AND HER CHILDREN THE FOCUS OF HER SPIRIT. HER HOME WAS HER CASTLE AND THE EVENTS OF THE JEWISH YEAR FIXED POINTS OF FAMILY MEETING AND JOY. YET, WITH IT ALL SHE WAS A VERY MODERN WOMAN. SHE HAD HER OWN OPINIONS ON MOST SUBJECTS AND WAS WILLING TO EXPRESS THEM OPENLY AND FREELY. SHE WALKED HER OWN WAY AND IT WAS A GOOD WAY, A RESPECTED WAY, SO MUCH SO THAT SHE WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT OF HADASSAH, PRESIDENT OF THE WOMEN'S DIVISION OF UNITED JEWISH APPEAL, PRESIDENT OF THE TEMPLE WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION, A TASK WHICH I CAN TESTIFY SHE DISCHARGED WITH HER USUAL COMPETENCE AND EFFECTIVENESS. SHE WAS NOT ONLY A BORN LEADER BUT ONE WHO COULD ARTICULATE THE PURPOSES OF HER ORGANIZATION AND WHO KEPT HER EYE ON THE MAIN PURPOSES FOR WHICH THE ORGANIZATION WAS DEVOTED.

A BORN LEADER, SHE BROUGHT TO HER RESPONSIBILITIES AN EAGER MIND, A QUICK GRASP OF THE POSSIBLE, A SENSITIVE CONCERN FOR QUALITY OF SERVICE, A PASSIONATE DESIRE TO BRING TO OTHERS SOMETHING OF THE SAME VISION WHICH MOVED HER SOUL.

I DON'T KNOW IF ALICE KNEW MUCH ABOUT EXISTENTIAL PHILOSOPHY. YET, THAT APPROACH TO LIFE WAS INSTINCTIVE TO HER, SEIZE EACH MOMENT AND REALIZE EACH MOMENT'S OPPORTUNITY, WASTE NO DAY IN DREARY ROUTINE. ALICE RELISHED ALL THAT FED THE MIND. TRAINED TO BE A TEACHER, IT MUST HAVE BEEN A PLEASURE TO SIT IN HER CLASSES AND TO LISTEN TO HER CONVERSATION AND TO BE CHALLENGED BY HER HIGH STANDARDS. ALL HER LIFE BOOKS AND IDEAS, THE STUFF OF HUMAN CULTURE, FILLED HER MIND AND KEPT HER YOUTHFUL. ALICE ENJOYED THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE, GOOD COMPANY, GOOD CONVERSATION, LITERATURE, BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS. HER INTERESTS WERE VARIED AND THE RANGE OF HER INTERESTS WIDE.

SHE WAS A WOMAN WITH A GREAT CAPACITY FOR LASTING FRIENDSHIP. HER FRIENDS WERE CAREFULLY CHOSEN, PEOPLE OF THE SAME QUALITY AND STAMP AS SHE WAS.

ALICE WAS A WOMAN OF FAITH, LOYAL ALWAYS TO HER GOD AND TO HER PEOPLE. HER TRUST IN GOD WAS DEEP AND HER CONCERN FOR THE JEWISH COMMUNITY AN EXTREMELY ACTIVE ONE. IT IS FITTING THAT THIS MEMORIAL SERVICE SHOULD BE HELD IN THIS ROOM WHERE SHE AND AL WERE MARRIED. IT IS A

SPACE REDOLENT OF CHERISHED MEMORIES FOR THIS CLOSE-KNIT FAMILY.

ANOTHER WOMAN OF GREAT ENERGY AND MANY PARTS MIGHT NOT HAVE FOUND TIME FOR THE MOST INTIMATE TIES OF ALL, THE TIES OF FAMILY. THIS WAS NOT ALICE'S WAY. SHE AND AL WOVE THEIR LIVES INTO A CLOSE PARTNERSHIP OF LOVE, WORKED TOGETHER IN COMMON PURPOSE, ESTABLISHED A GOOD AND VALUE-LADEN HOME IN WHICH THEIR SON AND DAUGHTER GREW INTO THE VALUES THEIR PARENTS LIVED BY, AND WHERE THEY WERE BLESSED WITH ALL MANNER OF INTELLECTUAL AND CULTURAL OPPORTUNITY. THEY, IN TURN, BROUGHT INTO THE FAMILY THEIR SPOUSES AND GRANDCHILDREN, EACH OF WHOSE ACHIEVEMENTS GAVE ALICE THE GREATEST OF PLEASURES. ALICE WAS NEVER HAPPIER THAN WHEN SHE WAS SURROUNDED BY HER CHILDREN AND HER GRANDCHILDREN. SHE WAS A GOOD FRIEND TO THEM FOR SHE TREATED THEM AS ADULTS. SHE WAS A PERSON WITH WHOM THEY COULD TALK OVER THEIR PLANS AND IDEAS.

WHAT MORE CAN BE SAID? WHAT MORE NEED BE SAID? WE HAVE LOST A GOOD FRIEND AND A VIBRANT COMPANION. ALICE WILL BE LONG AND LOVINGLY MISSED.

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

DECEMBER 10, 1987

CELIA GREEN
~~Teresa Newman~~

~~Yesterday~~ ^{lily} ~~This morning~~ ^{has} ~~Teresa Newman~~ and I spoke about ~~their~~ mother, and

as we did a vignette from Jewish literature came to mind. The birds, it seems, noticed that when the wind blew the branches of ordinary trees sighed in the wind, but those of fruit-bearing trees were silent. Curiosity led them to ask the fruit trees why they did not make any noise, and the trees replied, 'our fruits are sufficient advertisement for us.'

^{CELIA} ~~Teresa~~ Newman lived a long and useful life, quietly, graciously, with great dignity and without the least need to advertise herself. Her life, her marriage, her home, the accomplishments of her ^{daughter} ~~sons~~ and ^{sons} ~~grandchildren~~ - these spoke for her and of her. I believe that ^{CELIA} ~~Teresa~~ would have understood and appreciated a little poem which is a favorite of mine.

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.

Yet, true friends of a lifetime and her family need to have the fine qualities of her person at least alluded to at this service. Facing our dead, we want to remember their lives, not their dying - that's the virtue of a eulogy. ^{AND IT IS} ~~of a~~

^{EASY TO SPEAK OF THIS} woman of valor who lived within the close circle of family and friends with dignity and strength, competently, loyal in good times and in bad, ^{being a little for her} careful of her responsibilities, ^{Fancy} proud only of the accomplishments of her ~~sons~~ ^{and of their}

~~families.~~

~~Teresa was a young, strong and determined woman. She met Teresa possessed a good eye and a discerning ear. Her home and her garden and of life's inevitable problems head on - the illness of her husband - reflected her appreciation of beauty. She loved art and good music. She dressed for long years of workworn after her husband, whatever the situation with care, but without ostentation. She wanted her environment to reflect her vision of life's possibilities and harmonies.~~

~~needed to be done.~~

~~Teresa was a private person. She kept her own mind and her own counsel, but her home was a welcoming place and her family many. In our era of hail fellow well met, superficial relationships, her friends were~~

~~carefully chosen and her commitments deep and lifelong. She knew her mind and heart and had no need of the approval of the world.~~

~~Of course to all who were not and not~~

Those who knew her best describe a woman who was without guile or side,

the same within as without, at the same time a woman of prodigious will and

determination. Once a decision was made and a commitment taken, she was not one

to look back. She met her responsibilities as wife and mother with love. Her

marriage and home was the focus and center of her being - and when she was widowed

she faced being alone with courage - determined to remain independent - never to

be a burden. She never was. She met each day confidently. She managed her affairs

with energy and skill. If she was ever anxious or lonely she kept her worries

to herself. Teresa was not one to indulge in self-pity, and even in these last

months of illness and infirmity she squared her shoulders and turned aside ques-

tions about her health, preferring to hear about the activities and accomplish-

ments of those that she loved and cared for. To meet her was to be reminded of

the poet's words: Out of the earth, the rose/Out of the night, the dawn:/Out of

my heart, with all its woes/High courage, press on. To the very end Teresa had

the courage to press on. She died in the fullness of years - at a time when to

live longer would have been an indignity. She left to those who knew and loved

her one last gift of her love, a legacy of wonderful memories, memories which

will continue to warm their lives and encourage them in the years ahead.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

August 16, 1982

Dorothy Greenbaum

These things are beautiful beyond belief
The pleasant weakness that comes after pain
The radiant greenness that comes after rain
The deepened faith that follows after grief
And the awakening to love again.

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

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

Unbidden, another thought comes to mind. Our conventional wisdom is romantic and would have us believe that security and sunshine are the stuff of life. The unique prosperity and the power of our country have made us forget the older experience which knew life as freighted, shadowed and uncertain. The truth is that life is always a struggle with ourselves and our circumstances and with the dark voices within. Who of us can guarantee our families or our lives against the sudden intrusion of violence or serious illness?

Another truth is that each of us is unique. Some are taller and others shorter. Some have a sturdy emotional frame while others are as sensitive as a spring flower. We must face life with what we are given and for some of us this is incredibly difficult. Life is full of unexpected turns, and love and positive thoughts do not conquer all. There are times when all the love and support and understanding family and

friends can give does not reach another's pain or relieve the burden in their soul.

Life tests us all. Romantic innocents talk glibly of peace on earth and joy unbounded and real security, but all honest philosophies insist that the way is hard, the burdens are many and security uncertain. At times crushing burdens are put on us and there are no moments of relief or release. We are pushed beyond our capacity to accept. It is not by chance that the book of Job is in the Bible for Job refracts life. Job was a good man, a decent man. He deserved well of life; yet, his life became such that he cursed the day of his birth. There was no reason for Job to suffer. There was no reason that Dotsie should have borne the burdens that she did. Job was a good man. Dotsie was a good woman, a warm and careful friend, a devoted wife and a loving, sensitive mother. She lived with a quiet dignity and gave of herself sensitively and loyally to her friends. The ties of love and family were treated with reverence. If we were graded as school children are graded we would say that Dotsie deserved high marks and the rewards which go with such a record.

There were happy times, good friends, a calm home in which she shared easily the love of her husband and their pride in their children. But then, suddenly, as with Job, the dark days came. Violence forced its way into her quiet life and stripped her of one who was more precious than life itself; and soon after illness, painful, debilitating, both in its onset and in its treatment. The shadows stayed. Dotsie struggled as best she could for health and to master her feelings and her fears; but in time she was crushed with all that she was asked to bear and all the love that she knew others had for her could not save her.

Why? I have no answers. I suspect there are none. We are given life but never promised that life will be manageable or make sense. I have no higher wisdom to offer, only the simple truth that we stand here united in a community of sorrow, good and lifelong friends who cared and tried, a husband who stood fast, whose love never broke, who willed with every fiber of his body for Dotsie to gain strength and health; sons, her joy and pride, whose love and attention lightened each day. With us there

are no words, only the music, the love, the grief, which binds us close. I have no explanations, only concerns. I have no words, only the confidence that every night must end - that there is always a new dawn.

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

August 15, 1979

LOAN GANS
~~Hilda Retch~~

We are met to pay a memorial tribute to a gracious and good woman, a
~~truly valiant human being,~~ ^{GREAT LADY} ~~Hilda Retch.~~ ^{LOAN GANS, LOAN} Hilda always put me in mind of a thought
which George Bernard Shaw phrased some years ago:

People are always blaming their circumstances for what they
are. I don't believe in circumstances. The people who get on
in this world are the people who get up and look for the circum-
stances they want and if they can't find them, make them.

Far more than most people I have known, ^{LOAN} ~~Hilda~~ was master of her fate and captain of
her soul. ~~Whenever I saw her, undaunted by the wheel chair, Shakespeare's line,~~
~~"sweet are the uses of adversity," came to mind. Hilda represented for me all that~~
~~was indefatigable in the human spirit. An innate strength radiated through her being.~~
^{LOAN} ~~Hilda~~ took life for what it was and made of it all that it could be. She had no time for
self-pity or complaint and an instinctive ability to see the bright side of every situa-
tion and the possibility in every opportunity. Hers was a calm and sweet strength.

Hilda was a liberated woman long before the word became popular. As a
young woman she found her way to the very center of power in our city as personal
secretary to the Utilities Commissioner during Newton D. Baker's administration.
There was little about the city that she did not know. Her efficiency and capacity
earned her the respect of people of both parties and of every walk of life; and her
service is still remembered.

As a young woman and throughout her life Hilda went everywhere. She was
eager to savor all that life had to offer - art, culture, music, learning, travel.
She was always up, ready to go. No day was a gray day. She did not let it be.
People always were delighted to have her come by.

Mary Ellen Gross

These things are beautiful beyond belief:

The pleasant weakness that comes after pain,

The radiant greenness that comes after rain,

the deepened faith that follows after grief,

And the awakening to love again.

WERE I A MUSICIAN, I WOULD TRY TO WEAVE THIS TRANSCENDENT
THEME INTO A FUGUE AND TO PLAY IT NOW. MUSIC WOULD SPEAK
MORE ADEQUATELY THAN WORDS WHAT IS IN OUR HEARTS*—LOVE,
PAIN, EMPATHY FOR AN ANGUISHED SOUL, ~~GRIEF FOR A GOOD FRIEND,~~
A SHARP SENSE OF PERSONAL LOSS. THERE ARE FEELINGS WHICH
DO NOT YIELD TO LANGUAGE, MYSTERIOUS ELEMENTS WHICH TOUCH
THE LIMITS OF FRUSTRATION & THE HEIGHTS OF LOVE. THE THEME
OF SUCH A FUGUE---THAT TIME HEALS & THAT WE WILL AWAKEN FROM
OUR GRIEF & LOVE AGAIN---IS BOTH TRUE & APPROPRIATE.

HOWEVER DARK THE NIGHT, THERE IS ALWAYS ANOTHER DAWN.
TODAY A SENSE OF FINALITY WEIGHS URN US, BUT IF WE PERSEVERE
& KEEP GOING, WE WILL AWAKEN AGAIN TO FEELING, AND EVEN JOY.

MUSIC EXPRESSES, IT DOES NOT EXPLAIN. I HAVE NO EXPLANATION. LIFE IS FRAGILE. AT TIMES LIKE THIS, WE NEED NOT WORDS BUT A SENSE THAT OTHERS LINK HANDS WITH US AS WE WALK LIFE'S STORMY WAY. WE SHARE IN A COMMUNITY OF LOVE & OF GRIEF AND ARE ENCOURAGED.

ALMOST UNBIDDEN A THOUGHT COMES TO MIND. THERE IS SO MUCH IN OUR CONVENTIONAL WISDOM WHICH WOULD HAVE US BELIEVE THAT CONFIDENCE & SUNSHINE ARE THE STUFF OF LIFE. THE UNIQUE PROSPERITY & TECHNOLOGY OF OUR AGE HAVE MADE US FORGET THE OLDER EXPERIENCE WHICH KNEW LIFE AS FREIGHTED, SHADOWED & UNCERTAIN. THE TRUTH IS THAT LIFE IS ALWAYS A STRUGGLE WITH OURSELVES, WITH THE SITUATION IN WHICH WE FIND OURSELVES AND WITH DARK VOICES WITHIN. WHO OF US SLEEPS EASILY & WITHOUT CARE EVERY NIGHT?

ANOTHER TRUTH IS THAT EACH OF US IS UNIQUE. SOME ARE TALLER & OTHERS SHORTER. SOME HAVE A STURDY EMOTIONAL FRAME WHILE OTHERS ARE AS SENSITIVE AS A SPRING FLOWER. WE MUST FACE LIFE WITH WHAT WE ARE GIVEN, & FOR SOME THIS IS INCREDIBLY DIFFICULT.

LIFE IS FULL OF UNEXPECTED TURNS & LOVE DOES NOT CONQUER ALL. THERE ARE TIMES WHEN ALL THE LOVE & UNDERSTANDING A FAMILY CAN GIVE CANNOT RELIEVE THE PAIN IN ANOTHER'S SOUL. I OFTEN WISH THAT WE WOULD TALK TO OUR CHILDREN ABOUT THE GRAY DAYS AS WELL AS THE SUNFILLED ONES, ABOUT LIFE AS IT IS, WITH ALL OF ITS UNCERTAINTY AND CONFUSION, ABOUT HUMAN NEED, AS IT IS WITH ALL OF ITS VARIETY & COMPLEXITY.

LIFE TESTS US ALL. ROMANTIC INNOCENTS TALK GLIBLY OF PEACE ON EARTH, OF JOY UNBOUNDED AND REAL SECURITY. BUT ALL HONEST PHILOSOPHERS INSIST THAT THE WAY IS HARD, THE BURDENS ARE MANY, AND NOTHING IS CERTAIN. TO LIVE IS TO BE BRUISED. NO LIFE IS ALWAYS CALM & ENDLESSLY PLACID. AT TIMES WE ARE PUSHED BEYOND OUR CAPACITY TO ACCEPT. WHAT MAY SEEM TO AN OUTSIDER A LIFE OF PRIVILEGE MAY IN FACT BE BEYOND OUR CAPACITY TO MANAGE. IT IS WELL TO KEEP IN MIND THE OLD RABBINIC SAYING: "NEVER JUDGE ANOTHER UNTIL YOU HAVE STOOD IN HIS PLACE."

WHO KNOWS THE NEEDS & FEARS WHICH SURGE IN ANOTHER'S SOUL? WHO KNOWS HOW ANOTHER EXPRESSES HIS LOVE? OURS IS NOT TO JUDGE, ONLY TO GRIEVE, TO GRIEVE ONE WHO TRIED TO EXPRESS HER LOVE & TO MEET HER NEEDS BUT FOUND LIFE BEYOND MANAGEMENT.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
GROSS
MARY ELLEN WANTED DESPERATELY TO FIND WAYS TO EXPRESS THE FEELINGS THAT SURGED WITHIN HER--- HER SENSE OF THE BEAUTIFUL, HER LOVE OF FAMILY--- BUT SHE COULD NOT FIND THE KEY THAT WOULD UNLOCK THAT DOOR. SHE CAME FROM A WARM & LOVING FAMILY, AND FAMILY WAS THE CENTER OF HER BEING. SHE WAS A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER AND A LOVING SISTER WHO SIMPLY SEEMS NOT TO HAVE COMPLETELY GROWN UP.

ALL LIFE IS A SEARCH--A SEARCH FOR OURSELVES. FOR SOME THE WAY IS LONG & FRAUGHT WITH FRUSTRATION. ALL THAT WE CAN SAY IS THAT MARY ELLEN TRIED, BUT SOMEHOW NEVER ^{WAS ABLE TO} ASSUMED THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF A MEANINGFUL LIFE. ~~SHE TRIED BUT DID NOT SUCCEED IN MANAGING MOST OF HER RELATIONSHIPS.~~

WE ARE NOW UNITED IN GRIEF; WE GRIEVE NOT ONLY FOR A
LIFE TAKEN FROM US BUT FOR A LIFE THAT WAS NEVER FULLY
EXPLORED OR LIVED; MARY ELLEN CAME FROM A CLOSE-KNIT
AND DEVOTED FAMILY, A FAMILY WHO REMAINED THROUGHOUT HER
LIFE THE CENTER OF HER BEING; ^{She was a devoted daughter} SHE WAS A WOMAN VERY MUCH
IN SEARCH OF HERSELF ~~AND FOR MOST OF HER ADULT LIFE~~
~~UNABLE TO ACCEPT HER MATURITY;~~ ^{but} INSTEAD OF TAKING LIFE
FACE ON SHE SHIED AWAY FROM COMMITMENTS; THERE WAS A
CERTAIN INCOMPLETENESS TO HER LIFE, BUT DURING THESE LAST
FEW MONTHS OF ILLNESS WE SAW ^{The} ~~A~~ COURAGE WHICH LAY WITHIN
HER SOUL; ^{Her lips were sealed to self}

WE ARE NOW UNITED IN GRIEF. WE GRIEVE NOT ONLY FOR
A LIFE TAKEN FROM US BUT FOR A LIFE THAT WAS NEVER FULLY
EXPLORED OR LIVED. YET THERE WAS A SENSE OF ^{HER} ~~HER~~ POTENTIAL
THESE LAST MONTHS OF ILLNESS WHICH GAVE US A SENSE OF THE
COURAGE WHICH LAY WITHIN HER SOUL.

WITH US THERE ARE NO WORDS, ONLY THE MUSIC, THE LOVE,
THE GRIEF, WHICH BIND US CLOSE. I HAVE NO EXPLANATIONS,
ONLY CONCERNS. I HAVE NO WORDS, ONLY THE CONFIDENCE
THAT EVERY NIGHT MUST END---THAT THERE IS ALWAYS A NEW DAWN.



January 14, 1988

Daniel Jeremy Silver

WHATEVER THOUGH THE RADIANCE WHICH WAS ONCE SO BRIGHT
BE NOW FOREVER TAKEN FROM MY SIGHT,
THOUGH NOTHING CAN BRING BACK THE HOUR
OF SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS, OF GLORY IN THE FLOWER;
WE WILL NOT GRIEVE, 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

January 14, 1988

Our God and Father! To Thee
we turn in the sorrow of our hearts.
Where can we find comfort except
with Thee? Dark are Thy ways,
hidden Thy purposes. Thou sendest
the noonday brightness; Thou also
causest the clouds to cast their
darkness upon us. Thou art the
Author of life and death; and who
can say unto Thee: What doest Thou?
Though we walk in the valley of
the shadow of death, we trust in
Thee. Even in such a night as this,
Thy light has not gone out and
Thy mercy has not vanished.

which they could not give to the
departed.

The thread of life is slender
and frail. Not yet fully alive, ~~and~~ ^{no more}.
life has been cut short by the hand
of death.

Helper of the helpless, strengthen
the grief-stricken parents and aid
them to rise above the anguish of
this hour. In humility, may they
resign themselves to Thine all-wise
decree. Purified in the furnace
of affliction and drawn to each
other into a closer bond of union,
may they be enabled to devote unto
^{ELENA, Mr. & Mrs.}
~~the baby~~ still with them that love
which they could not give to the
departed.

May his memory live as a hallowing influence in the shrine of the father's and mother's unfading love. May they bring kindness to those who never tasted its sweetness, light into homes which are ever wrapped in sombre clouds. May their faith in Thee never falter; and may they find comfort in the hope of life with Thee, our loving Father. Amen.

ROSE GUREN

DEATH IS AN INEVITABLE COMPLEMENT
OF LIFE. DEATH IS OF LIFE'S MOST
ELEMENTAL NATURE. DUST WE ARE, TO DUST
WE RETURN. DEATH IS OUR DESTINY, BUT
DEATH DOES NOT CONSIGN US TO OBLIVION.
IT DOES NOT SIMPLY RETURN US TO THE
EARTH AS IT WAS. THE SPIRIT RETURNS TO
GOD WHO GAVE IT. WE DO NOT KNOW WHAT
LIES BEYOND THE BOURNE OF TIME, BUT WE
CAN BE ASSURED THAT GOD, OUR LOVING
FATHER, DOES NOT FORSAKE US. WE ARE
RECEIVED UNDER GOD'S SHELTERING
PROTECTION & PROTECTED THERE BY HIS
LOVE.

NAME OF DECEASED: ROSE GUREN JOINED: 9/29
DATE OF DEATH: 6/17/89 FUNERAL: 6/19/89 AGE: 90
MEMBER RABBI OFFICIATING: RABBI SILVER

CEMETERY: MAYFIELD TIME: 2 PM

FUNERAL HOME: CLEVELAND TEMPLE MEMORIAL

HOMER GUREN, SON, 3925 LANDER RD. CHAGRIN FALLS, OH
464-1990

SHELDON GUREN, SON 701 BRICKNELL AVE., #1850
MIAMI, FLORIDA

OVER

MEMORY, TOO, OUTLIVES DEATH.
PHYSICALLY OUR LOVED ONES ARE NO LONGER
WITH US, BUT AN ABIDING REMEMBRANCE OF
THEIR QUALITY CONTINUES LONG AFTER THEIR
DEATH. THE WORDS THEY SPOKE IN LOVE, THE
DEEDS THEY ACCOMPLISHED, ARE NOT QUICKLY
FORGOTTEN. THEY LIVE ON IN THE GOOD AND
GENTLE ACTS WHICH WE LEARNED TO RESPECT.
THOSE WHO FILL THEIR DAYS HELPFULLY LEAVE
BEHIND AN IMPERISHABLE LEGACY.

GERTRUDE MILNER, SISTER 20201 N.PARK BLVD., #105

MYNETTE NEWMAN, SISTER 26400 GEO.ZEIGER DR.

FAMILY AT HOME OF HOMER GUREN

3925 LANDER RD.

464-1990

SUCH IS THE MEMORY OF A GOOD FRIEND, A VITAL PERSON & A RESPECTED NEIGHBOR, ROSE GUREN. ROSE WAS AN INTELLIGENT & DETERMINED WOMAN. SHE KNEW HER MIND & WAS QUITE READY TO REMIND OTHERS GENTLY OF ITS RIGHTNESS. SHE WALKED HER OWN WAY & SAW LIFE WITH THE EYE OF A STORY-TELLER. SHE LIVED BY STANDARDS WHICH SHE KNEW TO BE RIGHT.

ROSE GREW UP IN CLEVELAND & KEPT ABOUT HER ALL HER LONG LIFE THAT CONCERN FOR PERSONS, THAT OPENNESS & INVOLVEMENT WITH FAMILY & FRIENDS WHICH IS A HALLMARK OF OUR CITY.

SHE WAS A FAMILY PERSON WHO KNEW THAT TIES OF FAMILY & FRIENDSHIP ARE A TRUE & APPROPRIATE CENTER FOR LIFE. THE 4TH OF 8 CHILDREN, SHE WAS DEVOTED TO ALL OF THEM & TO THEIR OFFSPRING. HER HOME WAS OPEN TO FRIENDS & FAMILY. THERE WERE NO KEYS. SHE WAS TRUSTING. FORTUNATELY, SHE WAS NEVER GIVEN A GOOD REASON NOT TO TRUST. HER SONS COULD COME HOME FROM COLLEGE & FIND THAT THERE WAS NO BED FOR THEM--FAMILY OR FRIENDS WERE VISITING & OCCUPYING THEIR BEDROOMS.

ROSE HAD MANY FRIENDS WHO VALUED HER PERSON, HER CONVERSATION & HER WAY WITH LANGUAGE. SHE WAS A PUBLISHED POET & APPARENTLY A GOOD ONE. SHE HAD A HOST OF FRIENDS, MANY TO WHOM SHE WROTE LONG LETTERS ABOUT HER BELOVED NATHAN, SHELLY & HOMER, THEIR LIVES, CHILDREN & GRAND-CHILDREN & GREAT GRANDCHILDREN. SHE HAD MANY FRIENDS HERE &, FOR THE LAST QUARTER CENTURY IN MIAMI. SHE MADE FRIENDS EASILY & BOUND THEM TO HER WITH ACTS OF LOVE & INTIMACY. SHE WAS WELL READ, AN EXCELLENT CONVERSATIONALIST, A RACONTEUR OF UNUSUAL CAPACITY. IN ANOTHER GENERATION SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A CAREER WOMAN, BUT SHE WAS A CHILD OF HER ENVIRONMENT. SHE HAD BEEN TAUGHT THAT THE HOME WAS THE WOMAN'S BAILIWICK AND SHE LOOKED WELL TO THE WAYS OF HER HOUSEHOLD.

ROSE BELIEVED IN FAMILY & TOOK ALMOST AS MUCH PLEASURE IN HER SIBLINGS' CHILDREN AS IN HER OWN. TO HER HUSBAND OF SO MANY YEARS, SHE WAS A HELPMATE & A SOURCE OF GREAT JOY. HER 2 SONS, SHELLY & HOMER, KNEW HER AS A MOTHER WHO WOVE A WEB OF LOVE CLOSELY AROUND THEM & THEIR FAMILIES & TAUGHT THEM THE VALUES WHICH MAKE FOR SUCCESS & CHARACTER. THE SUCCESS OF HER GRANDCHILDREN, NOW GROWN, & OF THEIR CHILDREN, WAS HER GREATEST REWARD.

NO LIFE IS WITHOUT ITS DARKER MOMENTS, BUT THERE WAS A DETERMINATION & STRENGTH IN ROSE WHICH, UNTIL THE LAST 10 MONTHS OR SO, CARRIED HER ALONG IN HEALTH & IN GOOD SPIRITS EVEN ^{P. FIVE} WITH THE DEATH OF A GRAND-DAUGHTER.

TO LIVE LONG IS A GIFT FROM GOD.
ROSE LIVED FOR 90 YEARS, FAR BEYOND THE
FABLED 4 SCORE. SHE & NATHAN LIVED &
WORKED TOGETHER AS A SINGLE PRESENCE FOR
WELL OVER 6 DECADES. HER SPIRIT, HER
INTELLIGENCE, & HER UNIQUE CAPACITY FOR
FRIENDSHIP & FOR FAMILY WERE A RARE
PERSONAL ACCOMPLISHMENT.

WHAT MORE CAN BE SAID? WHAT MORE
NEED BE SAID?

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

JUNE 19, 1989

JULIA GUTHOFF

January 5, 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 US LIFE, WILL NOT FORSAKE US IN DEATH. AS HE WELCOMED US INTO THIS LIFE AND PROTECTS US HERE, SO WILL HE SHELTER US AND SUSTAIN US UNTO ETERNITY. THAT HE WILL BE NEAR US WE WILL BE SURE. WE NEED NOT FEAR FOR HEAVEN WILL SUPPORT US.

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

WE ARE MET TO PAY OUR LAST RESPECTS TO JULIA GUTHOFF, A MOTHER AND GRANDMOTHER IN ISRAEL, A GENTLE AND KINDLY WOMAN WHOSE GREAT WARMTH OF PERSONALITY AND ABOUNDING LOVE MADE HER BELOVED TO ALL. IT WAS NOT MY PRIVILEGE TO BE INTIMATE WITH MRS. GUTHOFF. SHE LIVED MOST OF HER LIFE IN ANOTHER CITY, AMONG OTHER FRIENDS. BUT IN HER FEW SHORT MONTHS HERE IN CLEVELAND THE VIVACITY OF HER PERSON AND THE FRIENDLINESS OF HER BEING ENDEARED THEMSELVES TO ALL. SOME MEN AND WOMEN LIVE OUT THEIR LIVES IN THE PUBLIC EYE. SOME OF THESE ACCOMPLISH GREAT THINGS, OTHERS NOT. THE MARK OF SUCCESS IN LIFE IS NOT THE MEASURE OF OUR FAME BUT THE MEASURE OF OUR NEEDS.

SURELY A NOBLE LADY WHO FILLED THE HEARTS OF HER PARENTS WITH LOVE, WHO FILLED THE HOME OF HER HUSBAND WITH DEVOTION, WHO WALKED LIFE'S LONELY WAY PROUDLY AND WITHOUT SELF-PITY, WHO RAISED HER CHILDREN TO KNOW THE VALUE OF HIGH STANDARDS AND THE MEANING OF ABUNDING LOVE, WHO BROUGHT WARMTH TO THE HOMES OF HER GRANDCHILDREN AND MADE THEM SEE THE BEAUTY AND THE MANY RICH COLORS OF LIFE -- SURELY SUCH A WOMAN HAS ACHIEVED MAGNIFICENTLY. SURELY THE MEMORY OF SUCH A WOMAN WILL ALWAYS BE FOR BLESSING.

IT IS NOT OUR RIGHT TO INTRUDE AT THIS HOUR UPON THE INTIMATE MEMORIES OF THOSE CLOSE TO MRS. GUTHOFF. YET I THINK THIS MUCH OUGHT TO BE SAID -- AS MRS. GUTHOFF LIVED FOR THE HAPPINESS OF THOSE CLOSEST TO HER, AS SHE SOUGHT TO PROTECT THEM AND TO ENCOURAGE THEM AND TO FILL THEIR DAYS WITH JOY AND WELLBEING, SO SHE WOULD NOW HAVE THEM TURN FROM THIS THEIR HOUR OF GRIEF BACK TO THE WAYS OF LIFE. SHE WOULD HAVE THEM REMEMBER NOT SO MUCH THAT SHE DIED AS THAT SHE LIVED, AND THAT SHE LIVED FOR THEIR HAPPINESS, AND THAT SHE WOULD HAVE THEM NOW, WARMED BY HER MEMORY, FIND A FULL MEASURE OF HAPPINESS IN THE DAYS AND YEARS THAT REMAIN TO THEM.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO ~~LOUIS IGLESIER~~ ^{HOM HANS}

September 17, 1970

We have gathered to pay a tribute of memory and affection to one with whom it is difficult to associate the thought of death. ^{HOM HANS} ~~Louis Iglesier~~ was such a vital personality, so energetic, so full of zest - so eager to drain the cup of life of its every taste and nourishment. There was always about him an aura of quest and enterprise. His was an ardent spirit, keen to explore the mystery that is life, impatient to savor fresh contacts and new experiences - eager to know man and mankind. ^{HOM} ~~Louis~~ was blessed with a probing and restless mind. He was never satisfied with what had been or with the shallow gentility which so often passes for conversation. His way was fresh, good-humored, and original. He broke the conventional patterns but no one was put off or disconcerted, for ^{HOM, HANS} ~~Louis~~ ^{CULTIVATED AND} ~~also blessed with~~ a gentle spirit and a kindly humor. But all men must die and death comes even to the most adventurous and pleased in life. But when death comes to such a man - one who has lived fully and well it is something far less than stark tragedy. For ~~he leaves without regret~~ he has made full use of his opportunities. There is a line in the Book of Psalms that comes to mind: "Gladness of heart is the life of a man." The anxious sap life of its beauty. The joyous find a daily renewal. Lou was a joyous man. 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.

HOM WAS privileged to be born into opportunity - son of an early pioneering family. He received a fine education, knowledge of the world and the people - a broad intellectual horizon - pride of country and its ideals - thoughtful

To Julius Arnoff death came as an arrow that flies by day and like destruction that wastes at noonday. Julius' life was cut off before he had reached the fullness of years but it was not, therefore, an unfulfilled life. In the years that were given to him he had worked hard and honestly and built solidly the reputation for care and service and the essential ties of friendship and family. Julius was a hard-working strong, yet gentle man. He had to undertake quite early the obligation of family responsibility. Nor was he ever free of this yoke. He chose a ministry of help and healing - to reach out and extend relief and sympathy. He labored long and uncomplainingly for those to whom he was bound. That was his way. He did not ask special gratitude nor expect special favor.

^{Hum}
Julius was not a man to cut corners. His honor was rock-ribbed. His word was his bond. By nature he was straight, honorable and trustworthy. A ^{small} man of size, ^{Hum} Julius was surprisingly ^{STRONG AND} gentle, sensitive and considerate. He used his strength to shield and protect those whom he loved - ~~not to impose his way on others~~. As a friend he was pleasant, warm and loyal. There was no service that was too much to ask and none for which he asked thanks. He enjoyed good company and he enjoyed the quiet of his home which he filled with melody, ^{security} ~~happiness~~ and music.

^{Hum}
Married Julius lived in and for his family. Their happiness was his. He was blessed in life with two blessed marriages, each of which brought a special happiness. ~~To Ann, Julius offered the fullness of a love that had been born in youth and never waned. AND WITH A SON AND A DAUGHTER TO WHOM HE BEAUGHTLY~~ Together they overcame the challenges of life and mastered its every obstacle. Their home reflected the substantial and basic virtues. ~~To their~~ ^{Gave} ~~daughters they gave patience, attention~~ a fine example, ^{AND A} deep sense of pride in possibilities.

Such a purposeful and honorable life does not end with the death of the body any more than a beautiful song ends when the last note is sung. Much of it remains. Echoes linger on. Memories which abide like a sweet benediction. I pray that these precious memories which ^{Edith Horn} ~~he~~ bequeathed to ~~his helpmate and to their daughters~~ ^{his family} to his friends and to his family may encourage and sustain all of us in the days that lie ahead.

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

Maxine Haberman

We are met to pay our tribute of friendship and respect to a strong-minded and capable woman, a lady, Maxine Haberman. Maxine's whole life was bound to Cleveland. A graduate of Hathaway Brown and Lake Erie College, she would later return to Lake Erie as Director of Alumni Relations, but in the in-between years she lived her life by a code of service which is rare in any day. During the Depression she served as a county relief case worker and held any number of offices with the Metropolitan Housing Authority. In all of these her concerns were broad and humane. She was totally committed to justice and to the possibilities of our free society and as free of side or pretense as anyone I have ever known.

Some in her generation who worked as Maxine did were tough-minded women who had no interest save to make their mark. Maxine's way was courteous, convincing without being demanding, sensitive to the feelings as well as to the needs of others. She was a well-rounded person. Her life, which might have been lonely, remained a happy and open one because so many relished her friendship and enjoyed her company. Her quick mind made her an interesting conversationalist. She was well-read not only in social issues but in the arts. Her great love was music and she found in music a reflection of the harmonies of her own soul.

I spoke to Maxine just a week ago. She had been open with me about her illness for quite some time, but, typically, we spoke not of her pain but of the future, going back to work, her interest in library of books in the field of public housing which was being established at Case Western Reserve.

Maxine was a lifelong member of The Temple and I would like to believe that she found in our activities and teachings a reflex of her own quality. She had been most helpful to us in these last years as a member of our Music Committee. She was involved, as she had been all her life, in our choice of personnel. Her judgment was sound always and spoken quietly but to the point.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

November 10, 1982

SANDRA HERTZ

WE HAVE COME HERE WITH HEAVY HEARTS TO PAY A PUBLIC TRIBUTE OF LOVE, RESPECT AND AFFECTION TO A GOOD FRIEND, SANDRA HERTZ.

DEATH IS ALWAYS A BLOW, BUT EXPERIENCE AND A TENDENCY TOWARDS THE PHILOSOPHIC SUPPORTS US WHEN WE FACE THE DEATH OF THOSE WHO HAVE REACHED THE FULLNESS OF AGE; THEY HAVE EXPERIENCED EACH OF LIFE'S SEASONS AND THERE IS A SENSE OF COMPLETION. WHEN SOMEONE IS TAKEN FROM US IN THE MID-SUMMER OF HER LIFE, WE PROTEST THE INTRUSION OF DEATH.

OUR PROTESTS, OF COURSE, CANNOT CHANGE THE CIRCUMSTANCES SO OUR TRADITION WISELY COUNSELS, "SEEK NOT TO EXPLAIN GOD'S WAYS TO MAN FOR THESE ARE BEYOND YOUR UNDERSTANDING;" LIFE IS A GIFT NOT OF OUR CHOOSING; WE DO NOT SCHEDULE OUR BIRTH; DEATH IS A FACT WE CANNOT BEND TO OUR WILL; WE CAN ONLY ACCEPT LIFE FOR WHAT IT IS; AN HOUR SUCH AS THIS CALLS NOT FOR EXPLANATION BUT FOR FAITH; "THE LORD HAS GIVEN;" IN THE FACE OF DEATH THE WAY OF WISDOM IS TO BE PATIENT, TO ACCEPT; IF DEATH HAS ANY MESSAGE IT IS TO AFFIRM THE OPPORTUNITY WHICH IS LIFE AND TO MAKE THE MOST OF THAT BLESSING;

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JANUARY 5, 1988

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KEEP CLOSE HER MEMORY AND FIND IN YOURSELVES THE WILL AND THE COURAGE TO PRESS ON; SHE WILL BE YOUR EXAMPLE; GOD HAS RECLAIMED ONE OF HIS OWN; THIS WILL HELP YOU;

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

JANUARY 5, 1988

SANDRA HERTZ

WE HAVE COME HERE WITH HEAVY HEARTS TO PAY A PUBLIC TRIBUTE OF LOVE, RESPECT AND AFFECTION TO A GOOD FRIEND, SANDRA HERTZ:

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DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

JANUARY 5, 1988

HENRIETTA BERGMAN

Yesterday Riv and I spoke about her mother, and as we did a vignette from Jewish literature came to mind. The birds, it seems, noticed that when the wind blew the branches of ordinary trees signed in the wind, but those of fruit-bearing trees were silent. Curiosity led them to ask the fruit trees why they did not make any noise, and the trees replied, 'our fruits are sufficient advertisement for us.'

Henrietta lived a long and useful life, quietly, graciously, with great dignity and courage and without the least need to advertise herself. Her life, her marriage, her home, the accomplishments of her son and daughters and their families - these spoke for her and of her. I believe that Henrietta would have understood and appreciated a little poem which is a favorite of mine.

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 evi., too,
Through friendship's test.

Just those who tried to find the good,
And then, as only true friends could,
Forget the rest.

Yet, true friends of a lifetime and her family need to have the fine qualities of her person at least alluded to at this service. Facing our dead, we want to remember their lives, not their dying - that's the virtue of a eulogy. And it is easy to speak of this woman of valor who spent her years within the close circle of family and friends with dignity and strength, competently, loyal in

good times and in bad, demanding little for herself, careful of her responsibilities, prideful only of the accomplishments of her family.

Henrietta was a courageous and determined woman. She was as careful in arranging her life as she was in the management of her home. She faced the inevitable problems of every day head on, the illness of her beloved husband, her own long years of disability. Whatever the situation, she made the best of it. She saw the possibility of every day. Few could have filled their years in Menorah Park with as much constructive activity, making as many new friends as she did.

Henrietta was a private person. She knew her mind and kept her own counsel, but her home was a welcoming place and her friendships many, deep and lifelong. Considerate always, her spirit was instinctively generous and she willingly gave of herself to all who were near and dear. Henrietta was a good Jew, an active and loyal member of our congregation. I think back to the many Tuesdays when she met me with a smile. I found her always to be open, aware, courteous, thoughtful.

Those who knew her best describe a woman who was without guile or side, the same within as without, at the same time a woman of prodigious will. She met her responsibilities as daughter, sister, wife and mother with love and wisdom. Her marriage and home was the focus and center of her being; she was the power behind her husband's success; and when she was widowed she faced being alone with courage. If she was ever anxious or lonely she kept her worries to herself. Henrietta was not one to indulge in self-pity. To meet her was to be reminded of the poet's words: "Out of the earth, the rose/Out of the night, the dawn/Out of my heart, with all its woes/High courage, press on." to the very end Henrietta had the courage to press on. She died in the fullness of years - at a time when to live longer would have been an indignity.

She left to those who knew and loved her one last gift of her love, a legacy of wonderful memories, memories which will continue to warm their lives and encourage them in the years ahead.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

July 9, 1985

MARTHA JACOBSON

DEATH IS AN INEVITABLE COMPLEMENT OF LIFE. DEATH IS OF LIFE'S MOST ELEMENTAL NATURE. DUST WE ARE, TO DUST WE RETURN. DEATH IS UNIVERSAL. DEATH IS OUR DESTINY, BUT DEATH DOES NOT CONSIGN US TO OBLIVION. IT DOES NOT SIMPLY RETURN US TO THE EARTH AS IT WAS. THE SPIRIT RETURNS TO GOD WHO GAVE IT. WE DO NOT KNOW WHAT LIES BEYOND THE BOURNE OF TIME, BUT WE CAN BE ASSURED THAT GOD, OUR LOVING FATHER, DOES NOT FORSAKE US. IN DEATH OUR LIFE MERELY TAKES ON ANOTHER FORM. IT ~~WAS~~^{IS} RECEIVED UNDER GOD'S SHELTERING PROTECTION AND ABIDES, PROTECTED BY HIS LOVE.

MEMORY, TOO, OUTLIVES DEATH.

PHYSICALLY OUR LOVED ONES ARE NO LONGER WITH US, BUT AN ABIDING REMEMBRANCE OF THEIR QUALITY CONTINUES LONG AFTER THEIR DEATH. THE WORDS THEY SPOKE IN LOVE, THE DEEDS THEY ACCOMPLISHED, ARE NOT QUICKLY FORGOTTEN. THEY LIVE ON IN THE GOOD AND GENTLE ACTS WHICH WE LEARNED TO RESPECT. THOSE WHO FILL THEIR DAYS HELPFULLY LEAVE BEHIND AN IMPERISHABLE LEGACY. SUCH IS THE MEMORY OF A GOOD FRIEND, A VITAL PERSON AND A RESPECTED NEIGHBOR, MARTHA JACOBSON.

MARTHA WAS AN INTELLIGENT AND DETERMINED WOMAN WHO LIVED BY STANDARDS SHE KNEW TO BE RIGHT. SHE WALKED HER OWN WAY. MARTHA GREW UP IN NEW JERSEY AND ALL HER LIFE SHE KEPT ABOUT HER CONCERN^{for} FOR PERSONS, AN OPENNESS AND INVOLVEMENT WITH FAMILY VALUES WHICH WAS THE HALLMARK OF HER HOME.

MARTHA HAD NO PATIENCE WITH PEOPLE WHO PUT ON AIRS. SHE KNEW WHERE SHE STOOD AND WHAT SHE FELT. HER STANDARDS WERE THOSE OF QUALITY AND CHARACTER. SHE JUDGED OTHERS BY THEIR ACTIONS, AS SHE WOULD BE JUDGED HERSELF.

MARRIAGE BROUGHT HER TO CLEVELAND AND SHE ESTABLISHED HERE A CLOSE CIRCLE OF FRIENDS AND OF FAMILY. SHE DELIGHTED TO ENTERTAIN HER GOOD FRIENDS IN HER HOME WHICH WAS A PLACE OF BEAUTY WITHOUT ANY SENSE OF CONSPICUOUS DISPLAY. HER TABLE WAS WELL SET, A SOURCE OF DELICIOUS PLEASURE TO ALL.

SHE DRESSED CAREFULLY BUT WITHOUT OSTENTATION. SHE WAS A QUIET PERSON WHO ASKED ONLY FOR A FEW LOYAL ~~GOOD~~ FRIENDS, THE LOVE OF HER HUSBAND HARRY, AND OF HER CHILDREN, MURRAY AND PHYLLIS.

SHE WAS WELL READ AND SHE POSSESSED AN ACTIVE AND VIGOROUS MIND. SHE HAD NO USE FOR CONSPICUOUS DISPLAY. THOSE WHO KNEW HER INTIMATELY KNEW NOT ONLY OF HER EXCEPTIONAL MENTAL QUALITIES BUT THAT SHE WAS UTTERLY DEPENDABLE.

MARTHA WAS A CHILD OF HER ENVIRONMENT WHO ^{had been} THOUGHT THE HOME WAS THE WOMAN'S BAILIWICK. SHE LOOKED WELL TO THE WAYS OF HER HOUSEHOLD, ALWAYS READY TO TRAVEL WITH HARRY AND TO SHARE HIS PROBLEMS AND HIS NEEDS. A LOVING DAUGHTER AND SISTER, MARTHA BELIEVED IN FAMILY AND TOOK GREAT PLEASURE IN HER CHILDREN AND IN THEIR CHILDREN. TO HARRY SHE WAS A HELPMATE AND A SOURCE OF GREAT JOY. TO PHYLLIS AND MURRAY SHE WAS A MOTHER WHO WOVE A WEB OF LOVE CLOSELY AROUND THEM AND TAUGHT THEM

TO VALUE THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE, VALUES WHICH MADE FOR SUCCESS AND CHARACTER. SHE GAVE HER CHILDREN EVERY OPPORTUNITY AND THEIR LOVE FOR HER WAS ^{AS FOR} ~~THE~~ GREATEST REWARD EXCEPT PERHAPS FOR THEIR ~~FAMILIES~~, GRAND-CHILDREN CONTINUING SO WELL THE FAMILY TRADITIONS.

MARTHA WAS A WOMAN WHO LOOKED WELL TO THE WAYS OF HER HOUSEHOLD. THE WORDS OF THE POET WERE INSTINCTIVE TO HER.

I LOVE YOU

NOT ONLY FOR WHAT YOU HAVE MADE
OF YOURSELF BUT FOR WHAT YOU
ARE MAKING OF ME.

I LOVE YOU FOR THAT PART OF
ME THAT YOU BRING OUT;
I LOVE YOU FOR PUTTING YOUR HAND
IN MY HEAPED-UP HEART AND PASSING
OVER ALL THE FOOLISH, WEAK THINGS YOU
CAN'T HELP SEEING THERE,
AND FOR DRAWING OUT INTO THE LIGHT
ALL THE BEAUTIFUL BELONGINGS THAT NO
ONE ELSE LOOKED FAR ENOUGH TO FIND.

I LOVE YOU BECAUSE
YOU ARE HELPING ME TO MAKE OUT OF THE
LUMBER OF MY LIFE NOT A TAVERN BUT
A TEMPLE;
OUT OF THE WORKS OF MY EVERY DAY
NOT A REPROACH BUT A SONG.

MARTHA LIVED A GOOD LIFE, TO NEARLY 4 SCORE YEARS. SHE REJOICED IN THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF HER FAMILY. SHE ENJOYED THE RESPECT OF HER FRIENDS. SHE LIVED BY A FINE AND RESPONSIBLE CODE. SHE HAD KNOWN THE LOVE AND JOY OF CHILDREN AND GRAND-CHILDREN. THIS GOOD LIFE IS NOW ENDED. MARTHA WILL BE MISSED.

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

JULY 12, 1989

She served in leadership roles in the 40's and 50's most of the Jewish women's organizations of Cleveland, including the Cleveland Jewish Federation Women's Committee. Her leadership talents were many and were never imposed by force. People instinctively recognized her dependability and her many skills. She not only served but she led by example.

She was an ebullient person, always up. She was a woman who knew how to dress with dignity, yet without arrogance or ostentation. She knew how to make and cultivate friendship and how to keep the friends that she had. Never a gossip, people knew instinctively that they could put their trust in her, and did.

She was a woman of courage. The last 30 years of life, she suffered invalidism, but her lips were sealed to self-pity and she met each day with a smile.

Adeline returned to her family a deep and abiding love and a deep and abiding devotion. The poet, Moses ibn Ezra described a woman like Adeline in these words: "Grace was in her soul, generosity in her heart, her lips were ever faithful." This was Adeline's goodness, modesty, vigor, grace of bearing, sensitivity, quiet self-control, warmth. Such virtues were instinctive to her being.

She and Irv were a good pair, childhood sweethearts. For 56 years they shared the good times and the bad, always knowing how to turn a challenge into a triumph. There was always a smile on her face, & warmth in her voice. She made you feel welcome whenever you came into her presence. Her home was a beautifully appointed place, a reflex of the beauty of her spirit. She was a model for many who were younger than she.

It is not my intention to invade the privacy of the feelings that they shared, but Adeline's home was an open and inviting place in which many learned something about the beauty of a good and solid marriage.

She and Irv were a perfect fit. Their interests and skills complemented one another, their love clear for all to see and a joy to behold. She made Irv a happy match in the course of their life. She traveled with him on his many trips. Their home was a welcoming and hospitable place to which he could come after the rigors of the work day and in which her daughters were raised to the fine, good Jewish values which were so important to this family.

It is not my intention to invade the privacy of the feelings that they shared, but Adeline's home was an open and inviting place in which many learned something about the beauty of a good and solid marriage.

She and Irv took great pleasure in their daughters, Cathy and Bonnie, who grew up through a happy childhood into competent women that she was convinced they would become. Adeline had the great pleasure of seeing another generation coming behind with the values and virtues which she always espoused. There was no greater joy.

For a marriage to be good and lasting there must be a sense of holy purpose. The words "man" and "woman" include two other letters, yod and he, which taken together form the name of God. When God enters the home and holiness consecrates the marriage, then it is truly binding and joyous. These 2 wonderful people who served their community all their lives,

There is a well-known midrash which plays on the letters in the Hebrew word for a man--"lsh"--and for Woman: "lshah." In Hebrew man and woman share two letters, aleph and shin, which form the word "aish," fire. A man and a woman are drawn together by the fire of love. A great love was shared between Adeline and Irv - but love is only the beginning of a successful marriage. For a marriage to be good and lasting there must be a sense of holy purpose. The words "man" and "woman" include two other letters, yod and he, which taken together form the name of God. When God enters the home and holiness consecrates the marriage, then it is truly binding and joyous. These 2 wonderful people who served their community all their lives,

were blessed with 56 years of shared
happiness and service. They found
love.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

December 7, 1988

LOUIS 2-BING

the strength and the courage to

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO ^{Sophia Karnade} ~~LOUIS 2-BING~~

July 10, 1970

Death is a wound. Its name is
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.

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

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

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.

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.

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

The ~~sudden~~ ^{Sudden} death of ~~Louis G. Bing~~ ^{Supreme Guide} has left us all saddened and bereft. Though I confess that when I first heard of Louis' death I thanked God for ~~full measure~~ ^{his} having given this man of dignity, the dignity of a sweet death. From his youth ~~Louis Bing~~ ^{he} had walked a strong and steady way. There are those who pass out of life and their place is scarcely missed. There are others who, because of certain qualities of character and certain capacities of heart so endear themselves to their community and to a large circle of friends that their passing creates a deeply-sensed and deeply-mourned void. ~~Louis~~ ^{from his} Bing was such a man. He built a cherished memorial for himself through ~~he~~ ^{our community} his years of devoted and effective service to many of the most important ^{significant} welfare institutions of our community. He served faithfully and well and won the admiration of those who worked with him for his vigor, his attention to detail, ~~his grasp of detail~~ ^{his} steadyness of purpose, and the breadth of his sympathies. In retrospect all of us, I believe, were just a bit surprised when we reviewed the many truly responsible positions of community leadership ~~Louis Bing~~ had filled. He had worked quietly yet with obvious efficiency and competency.

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 when 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...

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

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

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

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

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

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

HELENE KAUFMAN

DEATH IS AN INEVITABLE COMPLEMENT OF LIFE. DEATH IS OF LIFE'S MOST ELEMENTAL NATURE. DUST WE ARE, TO DUST WE RETURN. DEATH IS UNIVERSAL. DEATH IS OUR DESTINY, BUT DEATH DOES NOT CONSIGN US TO OBLIVION. IT DOES NOT SIMPLY RETURN US TO THE EARTH AS IT WAS. THE SPIRIT RETURNS TO GOD WHO GAVE IT. WE DO NOT KNOW WHAT LIES BEYOND THE BOURNE OF TIME, BUT WE CAN BE ASSURED THAT GOD, OUR LOVING FATHER, DOES NOT FORSAKE US. IN DEATH OUR LIFE MERELY TAKES ON ANOTHER FORM. IT WAS RECEIVED UNDER GOD'S SHELTERING PROTECTION AND ABIDES, PROTECTED BY HIS LOVE.

MEMORY, TOO, OUTLIVES DEATH. PHYSICALLY OUR LOVED ONES ARE NO LONGER WITH US, BUT AN ABIDING REMEMBRANCE OF THEIR QUALITY CONTINUES LONG AFTER THEIR DEATH. THE WORDS THEY SPOKE IN LOVE, THE DEEDS THEY ACCOMPLISHED, ARE NOT QUICKLY FORGOTTEN. THEY LIVE ON IN THE GOOD AND GENTLE ACTS WHICH WE LEARNED TO RESPECT. THOSE WHO FILL THEIR DAYS HELPFULLY LEAVE BEHIND AN IMPERISHABLE LEGACY. SUCH IS THE MEMORY OF A GOOD FRIEND, A VITAL PERSON AND A RESPECTED NEIGHBOR, HELENE KAUFMAN.

HELENE WAS AN INTELLIGENT AND DETERMINED WOMAN OF TALENT AND GREAT DRIVE. SHE KNEW HER OWN WAY AND WAS QUITE READY TO REMIND OTHERS OF ITS RIGHTNESS. SHE DID NOT DEPEND UPON THE APPROVAL OF OTHERS BUT WALKED HER OWN WAY AND IT WAS A GOOD AND SUCCESSFUL WAY. SHE LIVED BY STANDARDS SHE KNEW TO BE RIGHT.

HELENE GREW UP IN THE SOUTH. SHE KEPT ABOUT HER ALL HER LIFE THAT CONCERN FOR PERSONS, THAT OPENNESS AND INVOLVEMENT WITH FAMILY VALUES, WHICH IS THE HALLMARK OF THAT PLACE.

SHE HAD NO PATIENCE WITH PEOPLE WHO PUT ON AIRS. SHE WAS SEVERE IN JUDGMENT BUT ALWAYS CAREFUL TO STATE HER REASONS AND CONVICTIONS. SHE KNEW WHERE SHE STOOD AND WHAT SHE FELT. HELENE'S STANDARDS WERE THOSE OF QUALITY AND CHARACTER. SHE JUDGED OTHERS BY THEIR ACTIONS AS SHE ASKED TO BE JUDGED HERSELF.

MARRIAGE BROUGHT HER TO CLEVELAND AND SHE ESTABLISHED HERE A CLOSE CIRCLE OF FRIENDS AND OF FAMILY. SHE DELIGHTED TO ENTERTAIN IN HER HOME WHICH WAS A PLACE OF BEAUTY BUT WITHOUT ANY SENSE OF CONSPICUOUS DISPLAY. HER TABLE WAS WELL SET AND A SOURCE OF DELICIOUS PLEASURE TO ALL. SHE TOOK GREAT INTEREST IN THE LIVES OF HER FRIENDS. SHE DRESSED CAREFULLY BUT WITHOUT OSTENTATION.

SHE HAD MANY FRIENDS BECAUSE SHE DESERVED FRIENDS. WELL READ AND POSSESSED OF AN UNUSUALLY ACTIVE AND VIGOROUS MIND, HELENE WAS AN EXCELLENT CONVERSATIONALIST WHO IN ANOTHER GENERATION MIGHT HAVE HAD A FINE CAREER IN LAW OR BUSINESS, BUT SHE WAS A CHILD OF HER ENVIRONMENT. SHE WAS TAUGHT THAT THE HOME WAS THE WOMAN'S BAILIWICK AND SHE LOOKED WELL TO THE WAYS OF HER HOUSEHOLD, YET ALWAYS READY TO TRAVEL WITH SAM OR TO SHARE HIS LIFE AND HIS NEEDS. A WISE WOMAN, HELENE SPOKE HER MIND AND IT WAS A MIND WORTH LISTENING TO.

A LOVING DAUGHTER AND SISTER, HELENE BELIEVED IN FAMILY AND TOOK ALMOST AS MUCH PLEASURE IN HER BROTHER'S CHILDREN AS IN HER OWN. TO HER HUSBAND SHE WAS A HELPMATE AND A SOURCE OF GREAT JOY. TO HER FOUR CHILDREN SHE WAS A MOTHER WHO WOVE A WEB OF LOVE CLOSELY AROUND THEM AND WHO TAUGHT THEM TO VALUE THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE, THE VALUES WHICH MAKE FOR SUCCESS AND CHARACTER.

HELENE COULD GET VERY ANGRY, BUT THE ANGER QUICKLY SUBSIDED AND BITTERNESS QUICKLY DISSIPATED. SHE WAS DETERMINED TO GIVE HER CHILDREN EVERY OPPORTUNITY AND SHE DID, AND THEIR SUCCESS AND THEIR LOVE FOR HER AND FOR EACH OTHER WAS HER GREATEST REWARD EXCEPT PERHAPS FOR THEIR FAMILIES, THE EIGHT GRANDCHILDREN AND FOUR GREAT GRANDCHILDREN WHO ARE CONTINUING SO WELL IN THIS FAMILY'S TRADITIONS.

HELENE WAS A WOMAN WHO LOOKED WELL TO THE WAYS OF HER HOUSEHOLD. THE WORDS OF THE POET WERE INSTINCTIVE TO HER:

I LOVE YOU
NOT ONLY FOR WHAT YOU ARE,
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DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

DECEMBER 29, 1988

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DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

DECEMBER 29, 1988

Helene Kaufman

Death is an inevitable complement of life. Death is of life's most elemental nature. Dust we are, to dust we return. Death is universal. Death is our destiny, but death does not consign us to oblivion. It does not simply return us to the earth as it was. The spirit returns to God who gave it. We do not know what lies beyond the bourne of time, but we can be assured that God, our loving Father, does not forsake us. In death our life merely takes on another form. It was received under God's sheltering protection and abides, protected by His love.

Memory, too, outlives death.

Physically our loved ones are no longer with us, but an abiding remembrance of their quality continues long after their death. The words they spoke in love, the deeds they accomplished, are not quickly forgotten. They live on in the good and gentle acts which we learned to respect. Those who fill their days helpfully leave behind an imperishable legacy. Such is the memory of a good friend, a vital person and a respected neighbor, Helene Kaufman.

Helene was an intelligent and determined woman of talent and great drive. She knew her own way and was quite ready to remind others of its rightness. She did not depend upon the approval of others but walked her own way and it was a good and successful way. She lived by standards she knew to be right.

Helene grew up in the south. She kept about her all her life that concern for persons, that openness and involvement with family values, which is the hallmark of that place.

was well set and a source of delight and pleasure to all. She took great interest in the lives of her friends. She dressed carefully but without ostentation.

She had no patience with people who put on airs. She was severe in judgment but always careful to state her reasons and convictions. She knew where she stood and what she felt. Helene's standards were those of quality and character. She judged others by their actions as she asked to be judged herself.

A marriage brought her to Cleveland and she established here a close circle of friends and of family. She delighted to entertain in her ~~beautiful~~ home which was a place of beauty but without any sense of conspicuous display. Her table was well set and a source of delicious pleasure to all. She took great interest in the lives of her friends. She dressed carefully but without ostentation.

She had many friends because she deserved friends. Well read and possessed of an unusually active and vigorous mind, Helene was an excellent conversationalist who in another generation might have had a fine career in law or business, but she was a child of her environment. She was taught that the home was the woman's bailiwick and she looked well to the ways of her household, ^{1/2} always ready to travel with Sam or to share his life and his needs. A wise woman, Helene spoke her mind and it was a mind worth listening to.

A loving daughter and sister, Helene believed in family and took almost as much pleasure in her brother's children as ⁱⁿ her own. To her husband she was a helpmate and a source of great joy. To her 4 children she was a ~~loving~~ mother who wove a web of love closely around them and who taught them to value the good things of life, the values which make for success and character.

Helene could get very angry, but the anger quickly subsided and bitterness quickly dissipated. She was determined to give her children every opportunity and she did, and their success and their love for her and for each other was her greatest reward except perhaps

for their families, the 8 grandchildren and 4 great grandchildren who are continuing so well in this family's traditions.

Helene was a woman who looked well to the ways of her household. The words of the poet were instinctive to her:

I love you
not only for what you are,
but for what I am when I am
with you.

I love you,
not only for what you have made
of yourself but for what you
are making of me.

I love you for that part of
me that you bring out;
I love you for putting your hand
in my heaped-up heart and passing
over all the foolish, weak things
you can't help seeing there,
and for drawing out into the light
all the beautiful belongings that
no one else looked far enough to find.

I love you because you are
helping me to make out of the lumber
of my life not a tavern but a temple;
out of the works of my every day
not a reproach but a song.

Helene lived a good life. She rejoiced in the achievements of her family. She enjoyed the respect of many friends. She lived by a fine and responsible code. She had known the love and joy of children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren. This good life is now ended. ~~In illness and in health she remained~~ herself. Helene will be missed.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

December 29, 1988

~~From the~~ Tillie Kandy
GRACE GOLDBSTEIN

November 18, 1958

Death is the inevitable complement of life. It is of life's most elemental nature. "Dust we are and to dust we return". Such is our destiny. Death is universal. It does not however consign us to oblivion. The dust returns unto the earth as it was, the spirit returns to God who gave it. Though we know not what lies beyond the bourne of time, we can be assured that God, our loving Father, does not forsake us. In death our life merely takes on another form. Our spirit is received under God's sheltering protection. It abides there in peace and love.

Memory, too, outlives death. Our beloved are no longer with us, but the deep and abiding remembrance of those who gave so much love and inspiration to us continues long after their death. They live on in the inspiration which they set for us. They live on in the good and gentle examples of conduct which we learn to respect and, admiring, emulate. Those who have filled their days with gentleness, with kindness and with helpfulness leave behind an imperishable legacy. They will not soon be forgotten. / Such is the memory of ~~Grace Goldstein~~, ^{F. Tillie Kandy}

~~mother and grandmother in Israel~~, ^{Gail} a woman of rare dignity and quiet strength, Mrs. ~~Goldstein~~ ^{Kandy} will long be remembered by us with loving respect. In death all that was kind and gracious in her nature has taken on a new dimension of significance. It was her privilege to live the allotted three score years and ten, even to exceed the ¹⁵ measure of four score years, and she lived these years proudly. ^{courageously, usefully}

She filled her days with service to her family, to her husband, ^{to her son & daughter} to her daughter and ^{to her grandchild} to her grandchildren. Mrs. ~~Goldstein~~ ^{Kandy} was essentially wife and mother. Her life was centered on her family and she took great joy in their happiness. She made her home rich in ^{love in feeling} love, full of peace and security and contentment. No obligation was too demanding, no request too time consuming.

Mrs. Kandy ^{was a} ~~was a~~ ^{very} ~~very~~ ^{kind} ~~kind~~ ^{person} ~~person~~ ^{she} ~~she~~ ^{had} ~~had ^{many} ~~many ^{kind} ~~kind~~ ^{words} ~~words~~ ^{to} ~~to ^{her} ~~her ^{family} ~~family~~ ^{and} ~~and ^{her} ~~her ^{children} ~~children ^{and} ~~and ^{her} ~~her ^{grandchildren} ~~grandchildren ^{and} ~~and ^{her} ~~her ^{many} ~~many ^{kind} ~~kind~~ ^{words} ~~words~~ ^{to} ~~to ^{her} ~~her ^{family} ~~family~~ ^{and} ~~and ^{her} ~~her ^{children} ~~children~~ ^{and} ~~and ^{her} ~~her ^{grandchildren} ~~grandchildren~~ ^{and} ~~and ^{her} ~~her ^{many} ~~many~~ ^{kind} ~~kind~~ ^{words} ~~words~~ ^{to} ~~to ^{her} ~~her ^{family} ~~family~~ ^{and} ~~and ^{her} ~~her ^{children} ~~children~~ ^{and} ~~and ^{her} ~~her ^{grandchildren} ~~grandchildren~~ ^{and} ~~and ^{her} ~~her ^{many} ~~many~~ ^{kind} ~~kind~~ ^{words} ~~words~~ ^{to} ~~to ^{her} ~~her ^{family} ~~family~~ ^{and} ~~and ^{her} ~~her ^{children} ~~children~~ ^{and} ~~and ^{her} ~~her 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~~she~~ her parents - she filled it with her love. She understood
her case - her loneliness - her loneliness - her loneliness

There are some who live out their days in the public eye. There are others who achieve as greatly but far from the public's gaze. It is not a little matter to have brought joy to one's parents, to have brought happiness to one's brothers and sisters, to have brought love to one's husband and children, to have brought dignity to one's life and to have brought devotion to one's God. Mrs. Goldstein fulfilled all of these standards. We are proud and honored to have had her as a long time member of our Temple, for in life ~~she~~ ^{she} exemplify so many of her ideals which tradition proclaims.