



## Daniel Jeremy Silver Collection Digitization Project

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

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

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

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Eulogies, 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 home especially of an old*  
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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<sup>116</sup>Great peace have they that love  
Thy law;  
And there is no stumbling for them.  
<sup>117</sup>I have hoped for Thy salvation,  
O LORD,  
And have done Thy command-  
ments.  
<sup>118</sup>My soul hath observed Thy tes-  
timonies;  
And I love them exceedingly.  
<sup>119</sup>I have observed Thy precepts  
and Thy testimonies;  
For all my ways are before Thee.

TAU.

<sup>120</sup>Let my cry come near before Thee,  
O LORD;  
Give me understanding according  
to Thy word.  
<sup>121</sup>Let my supplication come before  
Thee;  
Deliver me according to Thy word.  
<sup>122</sup>Let my lips utter praise:  
Because Thou teachest me Thy  
statutes.  
<sup>123</sup>Let my tongue sing of Thy word;  
For all Thy commandments are  
righteousness.  
<sup>124</sup>Let Thy hand be ready to help me;  
For I have chosen Thy precepts.  
<sup>125</sup>I have longed for Thy salvation,  
O LORD;  
And Thy law is my delight.  
<sup>126</sup>Let my soul live, and it shall praise  
Thee;  
And let Thine ordinances help me.  
<sup>127</sup>I 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.

<sup>121</sup>O LORD, deliver my soul from lying  
lips,  
From a deceitful tongue.  
<sup>122</sup>What shall be given unto thee, and  
what shall be done more unto thee,  
Thou deceitful tongue?  
<sup>123</sup>Sharp arrows of the mighty,  
With coals of broom.

<sup>124</sup>Woe is me, that I sojourn with  
Meshech,  
That I dwell beside the tents of  
Kedar!  
<sup>125</sup>My soul hath full long had her  
dwelling  
With him that hateth peace.  
<sup>126</sup>I 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?  
<sup>122</sup>My help cometh from the LORD,  
Who made heaven and earth.

<sup>123</sup>He will not suffer thy foot to be  
moved;  
He that keepeth thee will not slum-  
ber.  
<sup>124</sup>Behold, He that keepeth Israel  
Doth neither slumber nor sleep.

<sup>125</sup>The LORD is thy keeper;  
The LORD is thy shade upon thy  
right hand.  
<sup>126</sup>The sun shall not smite thee by day,  
Nor the moon by night.

<sup>127</sup>The LORD shall keep thee from all  
evil;  
He shall keep thy soul.  
<sup>128</sup>The 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.'

<sup>123</sup>Our feet are standing  
Within thy gates, O Jerusalem;  
<sup>124</sup>Jerusalem, that art builded  
As a city that is compact together;  
<sup>125</sup>Whither the tribes went up, even  
the tribes of the LORD,  
As a testimony unto Israel,  
To give thanks unto the name of the  
LORD.

<sup>126</sup>For there were set thrones for  
judgment,  
The thrones of the house of David.

<sup>127</sup>Pray for the peace of Jerusalem;  
May they prosper that love thee.  
<sup>128</sup>Peace be within thy walls,  
And prosperity within thy palaces.  
<sup>129</sup>For my brethren and companions'  
sakes,  
I will now say: 'Peace be within  
thee.'

<sup>130</sup>For 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.

<sup>124</sup>Behold, 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.

<sup>125</sup>Be gracious unto us, O LORD, be  
gracious unto us;  
For we are full sated with contempt.  
<sup>126</sup>Our 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 of ancestral insight. Life is a gift not of our choosing. Death is a fact not of our willing. We do not schedule our <sup>birth</sup> ~~arrival~~. We cannot schedule our <sup>death</sup> ~~departure~~. 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~~ <sup>devoid of</sup> purpose. <sup>Years may be usefully spent on united</sup> ~~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 <sup>encompassed it</sup> ~~already passed~~ <sup>their years many lifetimes of accomplishment</sup> ~~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~~ <sup>who are not at peace - for time is still a heavy burden</sup> 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~~ <sup>in many ways</sup> beyond control. But it seems to me that it is Sunny who was ultimately victorious. She faced each day with courage and ~~and~~ <sup>determined</sup> will. 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~~ <sup>and</sup> when she was among us it was as if there ~~was no disease or pain.~~ <sup>were no cancer and no</sup> The familiar smile was on

her face. <sup>Transcript</sup> ~~Kind~~ words were on her tongue. She walked with that dignity and grace <sup>which</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>had always been instinctive to her</sup> ~~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 <sup>known</sup> ~~reserve~~ of courage, <sup>identifiable</sup> ~~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, <sup>clear hearted</sup> ~~generous~~ <sup>vivacious</sup> ~~spirited~~ 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. <sup>Sunny guided all</sup> ~~She governed~~ her relations <sup>with</sup> ~~with others~~ by a law of tender concern. Her soul was responsive to every human need. ~~She governed 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 <sup>an intuitive</sup> ~~fine~~ 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 <sup>was</sup> 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, <sup>of</sup> ~~to~~ decency, <sup>and</sup> ~~to~~ service.

Sunny was raised in a family which made up <sup>for</sup> ~~in~~ 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.

*Ellea 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~~ <sup>HERNOLD</sup> ~~BERSON~~ <sup>BERSON</sup>

<sup>Riv</sup>  
Yesterday ~~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.'

<sup>HERNOLD</sup>  
~~Galia~~ lived a long and useful life, quietly, graciously, with great dignity <sup>AND COURAGE</sup> and without the least need to advertise herself. Her life, her marriage, her home, the accomplishments of her daughter <sup>JUDAN</sup> and <sup>HERNOLD</sup> ~~grandson~~ <sup>HERNOLD</sup> - these spoke for her and of her. I believe that ~~Galia~~ 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 <sup>spent her years</sup> ~~lived~~ within the close circle



A smile - fitful and  
always, a woman, warm,  
courageous, beautiful

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

*Her mother*  
She was as careful in managing her life as she was in her work. She met each of life's

inevitable problems head on - the illness of her husband, the long hours of weakness after her ~~stroke~~ *stroke*. Whatever the situation, she *made the best of it* -

*She saw*  
*No possibility*  
*of giving up*  
She ~~did not~~ *did* without complaint or self-pity ~~do what needed to be done.~~ *in M.P. M. by - Filled*

Celia was a private person. She kept her own mind and 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. *Her mother was a good Jew - A*  
*CO-OPERATION - I think back to the many times when she met me with*  
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.~~ She met her responsibilities as daughter, sister, wife and

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

*- she was no power house but her love was*  
being - and when she was widowed she faced being alone with courage. 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.

*Her mother*  
Celia was not one to indulge in self-pity. Even in the ~~last years~~ *years* of illness

and infirmity, she ~~squared her shoulders and did her best not to be a~~ burden

to her daughter *who she loved so dearly*. 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 Celia 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 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 and 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 <sup>her</sup> 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 <sup>that</sup> ~~her~~ 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 <sup>A GRATEFUL AND FULL</sup> ~~great~~ service for the opportunity it had given to her and hers. <sup>Pauline's</sup> ~~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<sup>AND</sup> 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<sup>AND THE</sup> work<sup>AND</sup> of healing which <sup>AND welcomed him into the culture</sup> ~~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 <sup>gentle</sup> ~~devoted~~ and <sup>genuine</sup> ~~sacrificing~~ 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.~~

*Her husband was informed and educated at Balliol*

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.~~

*And the love of learning espoused by*  
*and always moral to her*

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 ~~be~~ <sup>apply to</sup> of a determined and, to a large degree, liberated woman <sup>in</sup> terms which the Bible uses to describe the woman of valor. Henrietta was liberated for ~~her own sake~~ 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



Death came to Shanie in the fall of 1983. I know that she did not begrudge the leaving. Life had been good to her. She had known the spirit of youth and



Author Unknown.

A LIFE WAS WORKING OF THE TONILE

Hattie was part of many lives. Her friendships were many, steady and

Hattie was born into a large and close family and she remained close and

Death came to ~~Hattie~~ in the fullness of years. I know that she did not be-

Per horse to be a hundred, the King

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~~ winter came. These last <sup>years</sup> ~~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.~~ <sup>AND TO GRACIOUS OF HANDS THAT SHE WOULD HAVE</sup> ~~We~~ <sup>I</sup> shall miss <sup>HER</sup> Hattie's 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. <sup>AND GRACIOUSLY</sup> <sup>JOY</sup> Hattie 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 <sup>LANDING</sup> ~~generosity~~ of spirit, happy anticipation, a <sup>deep</sup> ~~simple~~ pleasure in life.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

May 1, 1977

Flora Brothman,  
Eulogy - Jeanne 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 not justice~~ 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. <sup>Flora</sup> 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 pride & pleasure - her happy and generous life*  
*These qualities live on.* 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 <sup>Flora</sup> 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 <sup>Flora</sup> 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. <sup>Pen</sup> 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 her as well as 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. 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 ~~our loved ones~~ <sup>Andrew</sup> accepted life for what it is, and sought in life all that it had to offer. ~~They~~ <sup>He</sup> reached out to share and to care, to love, to learn, to ~~understand~~ <sup>trust for experience is to be uncovered for others</sup> 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~~ <sup>our dead</sup> born of time. I do know that ~~they~~ <sup>our dead</sup> 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 COSTELL

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 <sup>first</sup> daughters and family and to all of us Mrs. <sup>Schulst</sup> ~~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.



I AFFIRM THIS MORNING 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 DEAF. 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.

J & AN LOVIN  
REGINA KERN

JEAN

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.

<sup>Jean</sup>  
~~REGINA~~ WAS A WOMAN OF <sup>Fine</sup> ~~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 <sup>How her</sup> ~~BESPOKE~~ THAT APPRECIATION.

Color and

dress

<sup>Jean</sup>  
 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."

<sup>Jean</sup>  
~~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. <sup>Jean</sup> ~~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.

<sup>Jean</sup>  
~~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. <sup>She made friends and kept them</sup>

<sup>by acts of kindness and courtesy</sup>

<sup>she was a warm, steady</sup>  
 IN HER SOUL WHICH ALLOWED HER TO REJOICE IN EVERY OPPORTUNITY. SHE WALKED WITH A FIRM STEP.  
 ACTIVE.



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.

*Jean* 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 no ulterior motive.*

*Jean* 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.

*Jean* 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.

*During these last years of infancy  
sleazy*

DRAGON on a

Children

4

Three

Jean

Lewis

and happy days

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~~ SHE DID NOT SHOW HER FEELINGS READILY.

Such

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.

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 *countless* 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~~ <sup>her</sup> 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 <sup>seemed to</sup> ~~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<sup>EN 5012</sup> 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 <sup>her</sup> 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.

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

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

יְתַנּוּד לְוִיתְקֹדֶשׁ שְׁמָהּ רַבָּא. בְּעֶלְמָא דִּי־בְרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ.  
וַיִּמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ. בְּחַיִּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל־בֵּית  
יִשְׂרָאֵל. בְּעֶנְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

יְהֵא שְׁמָהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלָם וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא:

יְתַבְרַךְ וַיִּשְׁתַּבַּח וַיִּתְפָּאֵר וַיִּתְרוֹמֵם וַיִּתְנַשֵּׂא וַיִּתְהַדָּר  
וַיִּתְעַלֶּה וַיִּתְהַלָּל שְׁמָהּ דְקוֹדֶשָׁא. בְּרִיךְ הוּא. לְעָלָא מִן  
כָּל־בִּרְכָתָא וְשִׁירָתָא. תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנַחֲמָתָא. דְאָמִירוֹן בְּעֶלְמָא.  
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

עַל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְעַל צְדִיקָיָא. וְעַל־כָּל־מֵן  
דְאֶתְפָּטֵר מִן עָלְמָא הָדִין כְּרַעוּתָהּ דְאֵלְהָא.  
יְהֵא קָהוֹן שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא וְחָנָא וְחֶסֶדָא מְרִקְדָם  
מְרָא שְׁמַיָּא וְאַרְעָא. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן־שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים. עָלֵינוּ וְעַל־כָּל־  
יִשְׂרָאֵל. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו. 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 <sup>first</sup> ~~made the initial break in~~ <sup>who broke through that</sup> 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 have spoken to me over the years with the greatest respect of her ~~ability~~ <sup>special skills</sup> as a healer <sup>and</sup> of her trained sensitivity to the needs of her patients. (She had what this generation would call true grit

Her son was kind enough to give me to read a ~~long~~ 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.

religious background. Pioneers are sometimes indifferent to all but their crusade, but Dr. Marcus ~~managed~~ <sup>managed</sup> 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 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  
~~A woman who was born for a peasant family~~ <sup>her all her patients,</sup> however  
 woman. Though the religious disciplines of her background were never central in

her life, she clearly internalized the respect for the intellect and study, the affirmation that each human being is created in the image of God and the <sup>IT</sup> <sup>417J</sup> ~~strong~~ <sup>ALL</sup> <sup>^</sup> ~~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. Marx 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 <sup>people</sup> ~~those~~ like Dr. Marcus <sup>that he brought</sup> ~~who accepted the~~  
<sup>OF PROTESTING AND BARRICADING THE PROFESSIONAL CLASS WHO COULD</sup>  
~~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, <sup>she</sup> ~~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. <sup>Dr. Marcus's Teacher, a classic character</sup>  
 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 <sup>her children's families and of yet</sup> ~~and who~~  
<sup>had</sup> entering a world made healthier and more open ~~and whole~~ 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.

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 <sup>DAYS</sup> ~~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.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1989



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 Chasin Stormer  
Sophie-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

*Auntie Dora*  
~~Fannie K...~~  
~~...~~

~~April 25, 1959~~

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 Grossman~~, a gentle and kindly woman, mother and grandmother in Israel, possessed of delicate ~~charm~~ <sup>of person</sup> and quiet strength. Mrs. ~~Grossman~~ <sup>*Auntie Dora*</sup> 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~~ <sup>*her*</sup>. 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~~ <sup>*Auntie Dora*</sup> filled her days with service to her family, to her beloved



characteristic, which was not Anna's way. Whether  
"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 Engle  
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, <sup>F. E.</sup> Anna Luxenberg.

I did not have the privilege of knowing Mrs. Luxenberg well, but her  
family and friends speak with one voice; a woman of <sup>energy</sup> drive and of skill, of <sup>a warm and</sup> great good  
<sup>thoughtful person</sup> humor and patience, ~~incredibly~~ generous of herself and time, one who ~~somehow~~ never  
thought the bad thoughts or spoke the putdown words. As I <sup>listened & was</sup> 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.

<sup>Quot - not</sup>  
<sup>Self reasoning</sup> Mrs. <sup>Engle</sup> Luxenberg came from good but humble stock. She did not have the  
so-called advantages of schooling and leisure, <sup>ST</sup> God had advantaged her with a keen  
mind and fineness of spirit. She <sup>knows the value of honest work</sup> ~~trained herself in business as a secretary.~~ She was  
~~organized~~ alert, disciplined, a pleasure to work with, unafraid of work, <sup>able to do the work of a secretary</sup> one of those  
stories that come out of the stuff of the American dream. She and <sup>her husband</sup> ~~built~~ built together  
<sup>The children of the Hotel Family, Ann & Ben</sup> nearly ~~six decades of good life,~~ a solid home. They worked together and planned  
together and raised together <sup>Thank you to a daughter</sup> ~~four sons~~ to competent maturity.

There are some who are born with little drive for much, <sup>And the</sup> ~~whose~~ <sup>them</sup> spirits are  
somehow corrupted by that drive, ~~who spend their life wanting and for whom~~ selfish-  
ness becomes the dominant characteristic, which was not <sup>F. E.</sup> ~~Anna's~~ <sup>Anna's</sup> way. Whether  
she had little or enough she wanted to share and to give. Her heart was open, her  
<sup>It is a woman of faith in the people - years in Houston</sup> purse and her home. In the dark days of Hitler she signed the affidavits and brought  
<sup>bring into Cleveland for her, secured - a task of</sup> over relatives, near and distant, and saw to it that there was a home and schooling  
<sup>devotion</sup> 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 an <sup>such</sup> unselfish and vital life <sup>that</sup> 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

always for encouragement.



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, Marguerite came of <sup>had been since childhood</sup> ~~one of~~ <sup>the first Jewish families to settle in Cleveland</sup> ~~pioneer stock. Her family was among the oldest Jewish settlers in our city~~

and there was something of the sturdiness and steadiness of <sup>that hardy band of German</sup> ~~the frontier~~ <sup>settlers</sup>

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 happiness never far from her <sup>the light of</sup>

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

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, <sup>or</sup> 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

she made it easy

## 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, 1983

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 CON-  
CERNS; 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

*Susan Frankel*

*Susan 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.

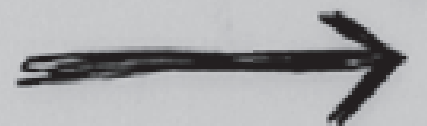
LIFE TESTS US ALL. ROMANTIC INNOCENTS TALK GLIBLY OF PEACE ON EARTH, OF JOY UNBOUNDED AND REAL SECURITY. BUT ALL HONEST PHILOSOPHERS INSIST THAT THE WAY IS HARD, THE BURDENS ARE MANY, AND NOTHING IS CERTAIN. TO LIVE IS TO BE BRUISED. NO LIFE IS ALWAYS CALM & ENDLESSLY PLACID. AT TIMES WE ARE PUSHED BEYOND 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."

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.

SUSAN ~~WANTED~~ 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.

ONLY ALL LIFE IS A SEARCH---A SEARCH FOR  
OURSELVES. FOR SOME THE WAY IS LONG &  
FRAUGHT WITH FRUSTRATION. ALL WE CAN SAY  
IS THAT SUSAN ~~TRIED~~ TRIED. SHE LOVED MUSIC,





*The Search*

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 <sup>ALWAYS</sup> A SENSE OF <sup>USING</sup> ~~HER~~ 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

~~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



~~DEAN HAS AGAIN <sup>COME</sup> ~~COME~~ AMONG US AND CLAIMED  
A LONG TIME NEIGHBOR AND GOOD FRIEND <sup>RUTH TRULY MAN</sup> ~~AND IT IS~~  
~~SHE~~ <sup>TO</sup> ~~SAID~~ <sup>WORLD</sup> MANY OF THE VALUES OF THE HOMELAND  
OF HIS COUNTRY WHERE HE WAS BORN, LIKE THOSE OF HER  
ANCESTORS WHO FIRST SETTLED THE TOWNS AND FARMERS OF THE  
MIDWEST, <sup>WAS</sup> ~~RUTH~~ <sup>A</sup> 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 HONOR, ITS TRADITIONS AND ITS PEOPLE AND  
ITS EMPHASIS ON JUSTICE AND OPPORTUNITY AND SELF-RELIANCE  
STANDS ~~FOR~~ <sup>AS</sup> ~~HER~~ <sup>EVERLASTING</sup> NOTE  
— A SEARCH FOR BETTER~~

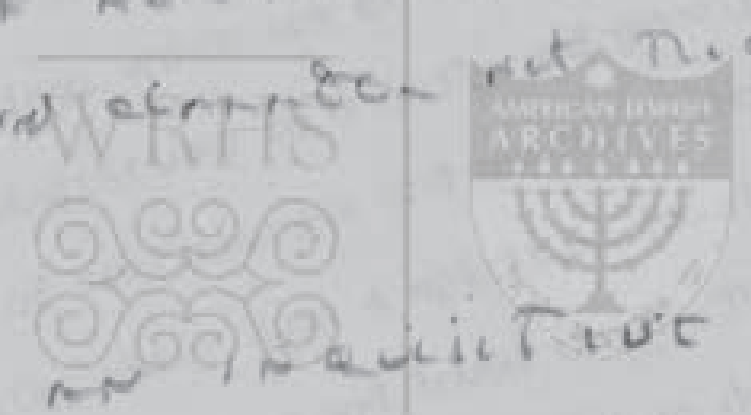
Every life is a journey - a search for happiness  
 and fulfillment. Life's pilgrimage takes us from the world  
 of our birth to the world of work, and then into the world  
 of our own making. She passed through her ability, to do  
 her own way. And now she found the man whose strength and  
 courage were to become her own. She accepted his

But made his purposes here. She accepted his goals, his concerns, his faith and made herself in even way a support and left nothing to be looked back. But was always a woman of courage and determination.

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 WITNESS AND COMPELSON WOMAN, A GOOD FRIEND AND  
RESPECTED MEMBER OF OUR COMMUNITY, RUTH ~~FRANKMAN~~ FRANKMAN,  
RUTH WAS AN INTELLIGENT AND DETERMINED WOMAN, A ~~WOMAN~~ <sup>WHO BROUGHT</sup>  
TO OUR WORLD MANY ~~OF NO VALUE~~ OF NO VALUE OF NO HEARTLAND  
~~TO OUR WORLD MANY~~ ~~OF NO VALUE~~ OF NO VALUE OF NO HEARTLAND  
OF THE COUNTRY WHERE SHE WAS BORN / SHE KNOW HER OWN  
MIND AND ~~WENT~~ WENT HER OWN WAY, LIKE MOST OF HER  
FAMILY WHO FIRST SETTLED IN TOWNS AND FARMERS OF THE  
MID-WEST, RUTH ~~WAS~~ WAS A PERSON OF  
INDEPENDENT JUDGMENT AND SPIRIT -- RESPECTFUL TO  
WORK - CERTAIN OF HER VALUES, HER STAMINA, HER  
POISE OF MIND, AND ~~WAS~~ WAS A BIRTH OF  
A NEW.



HER PASSIONED MAINTENANCE AND VIGOROUS MARCH  
SHE LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE. SHE LEARNED FROM JOBS,  
RUTH AND FEW ILLUSIONS ABOUT LIFE YET WAS FASCINATED BY IT.

Esther Friedman  
Ella Dancichis

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 ~~Ella Dancichis~~<sup>Esther</sup>'s death her family and ~~these nearest to her~~<sup>friends</sup> have sustained a ~~deep personal loss~~ but all of us ~~will~~ have suffered the loss of a charming and gracious lady, a ~~gentle~~<sup>gentle</sup> spirit and a warm friend. ~~Ella~~<sup>Esther</sup> was ~~a~~<sup>the</sup> soul of kindness. Her ~~heart~~<sup>heart</sup> was open and ~~overwelcoming~~<sup>to the needs of others</sup>. It pleased her, I think, that her life ~~had been~~<sup>hard won</sup> led within a close web of loving relationships. Her reward was the happiness of her friends, the love of her family, and ~~her awareness~~<sup>I am certain, the recognition</sup> of the appropriateness of her life.

How can I draw ~~Ella~~<sup>Esther</sup>'s picture? She dressed with care but never ~~out of modesty~~<sup>for display</sup>. She ~~walked~~<sup>carried her life</sup> with dignity. There was no trace of arrogance ~~anywhere~~<sup>on a still face</sup> in her spirit.

A QUIET

LIFE IS NOT EASY. ESTHER'S BURDEN MORE THAN UP LOSS 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~~ <sup>ESTHER</sup> HAD NO CHOICE TO RESIST GRIEF -  
AND THE COURAGE TO PERSIST.

ESTHER WAS SOMETHING OF A ROMANTIC - BUT SHE WAS ALSO  
REALIST ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT WHEN LIFE DEALS US A CRUEL BLOW,  
WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO PERSIST ON - TO CONTINUE & <sup>CARRY</sup>  
FOR THIS AS LOVE - CHANGING COURSE WITH THEM. - WE HAVE  
SOME MYTHS HAVE TURNED UP ON THEMSELVES - ESTHER SURVIVED  
OPEN TO LIFE.





she was not one to talk  
of subtle matters

~~her to be a woman who displayed elegant words 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 <sup>EARLY</sup> she would wish to have <sup>NO SAY</sup> said this day, but I am convinced

that she would not <sup>HAVE TO LIVE TO</sup> have us lengthily embroider praise, <sup>she was essentially a simple</sup> simply remember her for <sup>LOVE</sup>

<sup>was. could with a few moments of</sup> what she was and <sup>was a life that</sup> realize that God had been good to her, not only <sup>was a life that</sup> allowed her to <sup>was a life that</sup>

be comfortable <sup>and she had always been</sup> but surrounded her <sup>she had lived to be happy</sup> life with love. <sup>was a life that</sup> I am sure that she

<sup>was a life that</sup> ~~was a life that~~ It came in time. She is with the God in whom she <sup>was a life that</sup>

had faith and a full trust.

She is now 1

Kiss of Love

Daniel Jeremy Silver

AND ALL THIS  
NO ONE TO  
LOVE OF  
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 <sup>person</sup> ~~man~~ whose life was useful and ~~accomplished~~ <sup>valuable</sup>, 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 ~~ancient~~ <sup>Hebrew</sup> literature to the physician:

"Honour the physician with the honour due him, for the uses which you say 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 us not go from thee, for thou hast need of us."

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 -



*Lilian Friedlman*  
~~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 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.~~ <sup>Her friend Lillian</sup> 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. <sup>Lillian</sup> 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 <sup>be</sup> 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~~ <sup>Lillian</sup> 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

