



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.

Lillian Friedman

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

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

April 25, 1978

MARGARET KALLER FALCO AM
~~Tillie Bogoff~~

We are met to pay a public tribute of love and respect to an open-hearted and ~~great-hearted~~ ^{eloquent} lady, ~~Tillie Bogoff~~ ^{Margaret Kaller Falco AM}. ~~Tillie rejoiced in life.~~ She was good hearted and warm hearted. She took pleasure in her home, in her friends, in whatever opportunities life provided. ^{FULL OF 2018 FOR LIFE - To be a woman many} The book of Psalms contains a line whose wisdom was instinctive to her: "gladness of heart is the life of a human being."

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

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

^{She needed no comfort} Every life has its dark moments. ^{Margaret's life was not all sun} ~~Tillie~~ faced each day buoyantly. ^{It was the death of a beloved (husband) - of a daughter. Yet} ~~She~~ simply pushed out of her mind the unwanted worry and the inevitable aches and pains. ^{He carried on - alone but in private in public she seemed to glow} I do not know if she knew a little poem which is a favorite of mine, but ~~somehow~~ ^{somehow} ~~Tillie~~ comes through in every line. ~~Indeed, her grandchildren instinctively called her~~ sunshine.

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

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

(Author Unknown)

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

October 11, 1977

RUTH FRIEDMAN

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

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

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

times and made them good.

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

I do not want the gaping crowd
To come with lamentations loud,
When life has fled.

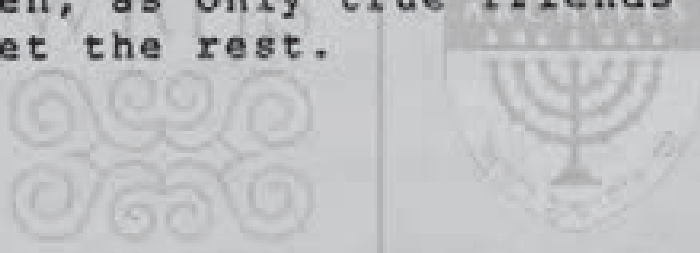
I do not want my words and ways
Rehearsed, perhaps with tardy praise,
When I am dead.

I do not want strange curious eyes
To scan my face when pale it lies
In silence dread.

Nor would I have them, if they would,
Declare my deeds were bad or good,
When I am dead.

I only want the steadfast few
Who stood through good and evil, too,
Through friendship's test.

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



Daniel Jeremy Silver

August 7, 1986

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

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

Francis C. Adams

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

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

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

Our faith takes a realistic and gnostic view of birth and death. Man enters

the world ^{clean} IT WAS NOT MY PRIVILEGE TO BE INTIMATE WITH MRS. ~~BLOCH~~. I REGRET THAT I LACKED

THAT OPPORTUNITY. HER FAMILY AND HER FRIENDS TESTIFY, NOT ONLY TO THE GENEROSITY

OF HER SPIRIT AND THE SWEETNESS OF HER PERSON, BUT TO THE VITALITY OF HER MIND AND

say "the whole world is mine, I shall inherit it;" when he departs his hands are spread as if to say "I have inherited nothing from the world." It is to the credit THAT WHEREVER SHE ENTERED, THERE WARMTH AND HAPPINESS AND A SMILE CAME TOGETHER.

NEVER ONE TO IMPOSE HER FEARS ON OTHERS, MRS. ~~BLOCH~~ NEVER IMPOSED HER LONELINESS

WITH ~~A CROWING~~ WEAKNESS BROUGHT ON BY AGE UPON OTHERS. IN TRUE PIONEER TRADITION

SHE WAS SELF-RELIANT AND HARDY. All philosophies agree on this, but some

I KNOW THAT MRS. BLOCH NEVER BEGRUDGED HER FATE IN LIFE, SHE WOULD NOT NOW

BEWAIL HER FATE IN DEATH. SHE WELCOMES HER REST WITH HER FATHER AND GOD. SHE

ASKS HER FAMILY AND FRIENDS TO LEAVE OFF EXCESSIVE GRIEF AND RETURN TO THE ENJOYMENT

OF LIVING, FOR SHE LIVED TO MAKE OTHERS HAPPY AND SHE WOULD NOT HAVE HER DEATH

MAKE THEM UNHAPPY. many a philosopher and advises man not to

expect either joy or peace of mind. The Greek tragedian, Sophocles, wrote,

"Not to be born is past all saying best, but when a man has seen the light this

is next best by far - that with all speed he should go thither whence he has come."

If the suit is not to our taste we declare it unsuitable and either cultivate

a sardonic countenance or a green of some golden land beyond the grave which

no one has ever seen and return to the world, may the

The Poetess of the "Out of the

depths I call. . . my soul is drawn high into the

grave, I am content with what I have seen and I am become as one

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

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

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

The Psalmist had a first-hand knowledge of pain and grief, "Out of the depths I call . . . My soul is sated with troubles, my light draws nigh unto the grave, I am counted with those who go down into the pit. I am become as one

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

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

peace in their homes and confidence in their hearts; and there were the dark hours, the struggle to make one's way, the heartache when loved ones had to be left behind, illness, infirmity, death. Our dead were neither innocent nor sheltered, yet they lived without whimpering or complaint. They said with Herzekiah "the living, the living, praise Thee as I do this day." Our memories give the lie to all postures of despair. Man can conquer the darkness. There is the thundering sky and there is the bright sunshine. Our memories give us a courage, a faith to reach out, to explore, to dare, to adventure, to climb, to love, to share, to laugh.

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

Her family passed with enthusiasm and culture - she
had a deep knowledge of history, art - and she
was to be known as a person of confidence.

Her emotions were true, her values basic, her spirit gentle, her charm a reflex
of her spirit. ~~Aunt Mollie~~ ^{She} made everyone welcome. You were seen, not seen
through. She was utterly without side. ~~Her family was among the first settlers~~ ^{Nelly had been raised in}
~~Nebraska about 1840~~ ^{They the first settlers} ~~and Mollie~~ ^{she} had something of the pioneer in her, not only their
love of the land, the good earth, but a basic uncomplicated respect for accomplish-
ment and character. • But her frontier was not a frontier place.

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

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

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

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

~~MOLLIE WAS BLESSED WITH A CLASSICAL FULLBLOWN~~
When my father spoke Eugene Geismar's eulogy in this same room

~~MARRIAGE - I WAS HER BEST FRIEND~~
30 years ago he used the biblical phrase, "there was peace in his tent."

~~INTEREST - AND WITH HER ACTIVE MIND SHE PICKED UP A GOOD~~
There has always been a generous peace in this family, a rich pattern of encourage-
~~MENT OF KNOWLEDGE ABOUT HIS WORK - SHE HAD ALL KNOWLEDGE -~~
ment, close ties which bind the generations. There is here a remarkable record

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

~~TO HERSELF AND HER HOUSEHOLD, TRAINED AS SHE WAS TO BE A GOOD~~
in this house and as the Talmud rightly observes beito-zu ishto "His house - that

~~ABOUT THE HOUSE WITH HER OWN HANDS ADDED TO THE WORLD~~
is his wife." This was her world, a world of warmth and quiet encouragement,

~~AND SHE WAS A GOOD FRIEND~~
a world of ideas and respectful meeting, a world of books and culture, a world

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

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

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

~~HOPE, DIGNITY INTO THIS HOUSE AND INTO OUR LIVES AND WE BLESS HER FOR IT.~~
hope, dignity into this house and into our lives and we bless her for it.

~~LIFE WAS A BLESSING - KISS UP NEXT~~
I last spoke with Aunt Mollie just a week ago. When I came into her

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

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

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

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver



DOROTHY GLUECK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

APRKL 7, 1988

Dorothy Glueck

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She walked her own way with dignity
and ^{agreed} ²¹⁵³⁵ with courage ^{and skill}.

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

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

What more can be said?

What more need be said?

Daniel Jeremy Silver

April 7, 1988



ALICE BOORMAN
Dorothy Mintz

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

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

Music expresses, it does not explain. I have no explanation. Life is fragile. At times like this we need not words but a sense that others link hands with us as we walk life's stormy way. We share in a community of love and of grief and are encouraged. Music expresses rather than explains, and I have no superior wisdom to share with you. I cannot explain why someone who's loving and kind dies in the prime of life. I cannot resolve the equations of God's mathematics nor justify God's decisions, though I affirm their justice: "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." This is the substance of faith and to this our ancestral wisdom adds: "Seek not to explain God's ways to man, these are beyond your understanding."

Life is a gift not of our choosing. Death is a fact not of our willing. We do not schedule our birth. We cannot schedule our death. All that we can do is make the most of the opportunity which is life and find in each day love and fulfillment. An hour can be rich in achievement or hollow and devoid of purpose. There are some who live so sweetly that their every action brings blessing and happiness. These, though they die short of three score years and ten, die fulfilled because they have made the fullest use of the time given them.

I affirm this also, that death is not pain but the absence of pain. Death is not oblivion, the translation of the soul into the dimension of memory. Our tears are now not for ⁵⁴¹³ ~~Dorothy~~. She is at peace. Her death was swift - without prolonged pain. She has been spared further indignity. We cry for those who have been left behind. There is the loss and the loneliness. She is with God. We are alone. Her peace is timeless.

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

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

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

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

August 25, 1983

ALICE GOODMAN

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

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

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

"THE LORD HAS GIVEN, THE LORD HAS TAKEN AWAY, BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD." THIS IS THE SUBSTANCE OF FAITH AND TO THIS OUR ANCESTRAL WISDOM ADDS: "SEEK NOT TO EXPLAIN GOD'S WAYS TO MAN, THESE ARE BEYOND YOUR UNDERSTANDING."

LIFE IS A GIFT NOT OF OUR CHOOSING. DEATH IS A FACT NOT OF OUR WILLING. WE DO NOT SCHEDULE OUR BIRTH. WE CANNOT SCHEDULE OUR DEATH. ALL THAT WE CAN DO IS TO MAKE THE MOST OF THE OPPORTUNITY WHICH IS LIFE AND FIND IN EACH DAY LOVE AND FULFILLMENT. AN HOUR CAN BE RICH IN ACHIEVEMENT OR HOLLOW AND DEVOID OF PURPOSE. THERE ARE SOME WHO LIVE SO SWEETLY THAT THEIR EVERY ACTION BRINGS BLESSING AND HAPPINESS. THESE, THOUGH THEY DIE SHORT OF THREE SCORE YEARS AND TEN, DIE FULFILLED BECAUSE THEY HAVE MADE THE FULLEST USE OF THE TIME GIVEN THEM.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

DECEMBER 10, 1987

CELIA GREEN
~~Teresa Newman~~

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

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

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

I do not want the gaping crowd
To come with lamentations loud,
When life has fled.

I do not want my words and ways
Rehearsed, perhaps with tardy praise,
When I am dead.

I do not want strange curious eyes
To scan my face when pale it lies
In silence dread.

Nor would I have them, if they would,
Declare my deeds were bad or good,
When I am dead.

I only want the steadfast few
Who stood through good and evil, too,
Through friendship's test.

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

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

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

~~families.~~

~~Celine was a young, young and determined woman. She met Teresa possessed a good eye and a discerning ear. Her home and her garden~~
~~out of life's inevitable problems head on - the illness of her husband -~~
~~reflected her appreciation of beauty. She loved art and good music. She dressed~~
~~for long years of workdays after her husband's death. She loved the situation~~
~~with care, but without ostentation. She wanted her environment to reflect her~~
~~she spotted her own without complaint or self-pity did what~~
~~vision of life's possibilities and harmonies.~~

~~needed to be done.~~

~~Teresa was a private person. She kept her own mind and her own counsel, but~~
~~her head was a willing slave to her family's money.~~
~~In our era of hail fellow well met, superficial relationships, her friends were~~
~~carefully chosen and her commitments deep and lifelong. She knew her mind and~~
~~heart and was initially very generous and willingly gave~~
~~had no need of the approval of the world.~~

~~of herself to all who were worth and more~~

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

months of illness and infirmity she squared her shoulders and ^{did her best} turned aside ques-

^{not to be a burden to her daughter} tions about her health, preferring to hear about the activities and accomplish-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

August 16, 1982

Dorothy Greenbaum

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

August 15, 1979



LOAN GROSS
~~Hilda Reich~~

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

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

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

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

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

Mary Ellen Gross

These things are beautiful beyond belief:

The pleasant weakness that comes after pain,

The radiant greenness that comes after rain,

the deepened faith that follows after grief,

And the awakening to love again.

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

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

*2-

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.

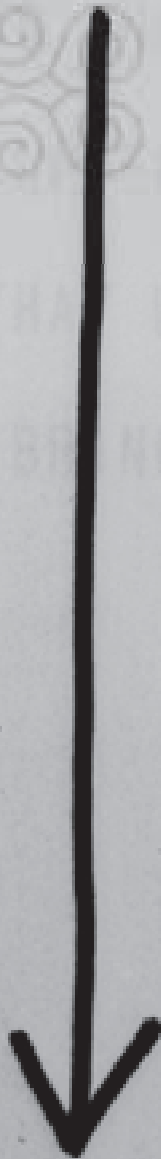
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MARY ELLEN WANTED DESPERATELY TO FIND WAYS TO EXPRESS THE FEELINGS THAT SURGED WITHIN HER--- HER SENSE OF THE BEAUTIFUL, HER LOVE OF FAMILY--- BUT SHE COULD NOT FIND THE KEY THAT WOULD UNLOCK THAT DOOR. SHE CAME FROM A WARM & LOVING FAMILY, AND FAMILY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

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

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

WE ARE NOW UNITED IN GRIEF. WE GRIEVE NOT ONLY FOR
A LIFE TAKEN FROM US BUT FOR A LIFE THAT WAS NEVER FULLY
EXPLORED OR LIVED. YET THERE WAS A SENSE OF ^{May 2001} ~~HER~~ POTENTIAL
THESE LAST MONTHS OF ILLNESS WHICH GAVE US A SENSE OF THE
COURAGE WHICH LAY WITHIN HER SOUL.

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



January 14, 1988

Daniel Jeremy Silver

WHATEVER THOUGH THE RADIANCE WHICH WAS ONCE SO BRIGHT
BE NOW FOREVER TAKEN FROM MY SIGHT,
THOUGH NOTHING CAN BRING BACK THE HOUR
OF SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS, OF GLORY IN THE FLOWER;
WE WILL NOT GRIEVE, RATHER FIND
STRENGTH IN WHAT REMAINS BEHIND;
IN THE PRIMAL SYMPATHY
WHICH HAVING BEEN MUST EVER BE;
IN THE SOOTHING THOUGHTS THAT SPRING
OUT OF HUMAN SUFFERING;
IN THE FAITH THAT LOOKS THROUGH DEATH,
IN YEARS THAT BRING THE PHILOSOPHIC MIND.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

January 14, 1988

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

The thread of life is slender
 and frail. Not yet fully alive, ~~and~~ ^{Robert.}
 life has been cut short by the hand
 of death.

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

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

ROSE GUREN

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

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

CEMETERY: MAYFIELD TIME: 2 PM

FUNERAL HOME: CLEVELAND TEMPLE MEMORIAL

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

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

OVER

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

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

MYNETTE NEWMAN, SISTER 26400 GEO.ZEIGER DR.

FAMILY AT HOME OF HOMER GUREN

3925 LANDEN RD.

464-1990

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

JUNE 19, 1989

JULIA GUTHOFF

January 5, 1959

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

IN TIME EACH OF US WILL PASS BEYOND THIS DIVIDE. WHEN WE DO, WE WILL NOT KNOW WHAT AWAITS US THERE. YET WE WILL CROSS OVER IN FAITH -- IN THE FAITH THAT A KIND GOD AND FATHER, WHO HAS GIVEN US LIFE, WILL NOT FORSAKE US IN DEATH. AS HE WELCOMED US INTO THIS LIFE AND PROTECTS US HERE, SO WILL HE SHELTER US AND SUSTAIN US UNTO ETERNITY. THAT HE WILL BE NEAR US WE WILL BE SURE. WE NEED NOT FEAR FOR HEAVEN WILL SUPPORT US.

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

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

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

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

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO ~~LOUIS IGLESIAS~~ ^{HOM HEND}

September 17, 1970

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

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

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

^{HUM}

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

^{HUM}

~~Married~~ Julius lived in and for his family. Their happiness was his.

He was blessed in life with two blessed marriages, each of which brought a special happiness. ~~To Ann, Julius offered the fullness of a love that had been born in youth and never waned. AND WITH A SON AND A DAUGHTER TO WHOM HE DEVOTED HIS SPECIAL QUALITY, HIS STRENGTH, HIS RESPECT FOR CIVILIZATION - TAKEN BY every obstacle. Their home reflected the substantial and basic virtues. To their~~

^{GAVE}

^{AND A}

~~daughters they gave~~ patience, attention a fine example, deep sense of pride in possibilities.

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

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER



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

Maxine was a lifelong member of The Temple and I would like to believe that she found in her activities and teachings a reflex of her own quality. She had been most helpful to us in these last years as a member of the Music Committee. She was involved, as she had been all her life, in the work of the Temple. Her judgment was sound and her advice was wise. She was a person of great faith and courage.

Maxine Haberman

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

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

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

November 10, 1982

SANDRA HERTZ

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

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

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

JUDAISM REMINDS US THAT THE MEASURE OF LIFE IS THE USE WE MAKE OF IT, NOT MERE LENGTH; AN HOUR CAN BE RICH IN ACHIEVEMENT OR HOLLOW AND EMPTY OF PURPOSE; SOME LIVE LONG HOLLOW LIVES; OTHERS CRAM INTO A FEW YEARS A FULL MEASURE AND MORE OF EXPERIENCE AND ACHIEVEMENT; THESE, THOUGH THEY DIE YOUNG, DIE FULFILLED; THEY HAVE COMPRESSED INTO A FEW YEARS MANY LIFETIMES OF ACCOMPLISHMENT;

I AFFIRM THIS TOO; DEATH IS NOT PAIN BUT THE CESSATION OF PAIN; DEATH IS NOT OBLIVION BUT THE TRANSLATION OF THE SPIRIT INTO THE DIMENSION OF MEMORY; SANDRA IS AT PEACE;

THOSE WITH WHOM SHE WORKED TO BE AS HAPPY AS THEY COULD BE AND SHE SUCCEEDED MAGNIFICENTLY AS REPRESENTATIVES OF THE HOME PRESENT TODAY CAN AMPLY TESTIFY;

HER LONG TRIAL IS ENDED; MOST OF OUR TEARS TODAY ARE FOR THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN LEFT BEHIND; THEIR LONELINESS WILL BE A DAILY BURDEN; SHE IS AT PEACE; THE PAIN IS OVER; WE ARE BEREFT; SHE IS WITH GOD; WE ARE ALONE;

SANDRA STRUGGLED FOR MANY MONTHS AGAINST CANCER; HER DISEASE ULTIMATELY PASSED BEYOND CONTROL, BUT IN MANY WAYS SANDRA WAS THE VICTOR; SHE FACED EACH DAY WITH INCREDIBLE COURAGE AND DETERMINED WILL; EVEN WHEN SHE WAS WEAK AND IN PAIN SHE CONTINUED TO FILL AS BEST SHE COULD HER RESPONSIBILITIES AS A COMMUNITY PERSON, AS A WOMAN, AND AS A MOTHER; SHE CONTINUED TO REACH OUT FOR LIFE'S OPPORTUNITIES; SHE WAS NEVER DEFEATED BECAUSE SHE NEVER ALLOWED HERSELF TO BE DEFEATED; SHE SOMEHOW FOUND THE STRENGTH TO CARRY OUT EACH DAY; IT WAS A MARK OF HER SPIRIT AND HER WILL; SHE CONTINUED TO CARE FOR THAT SPECIAL BEAUTY WITH WHICH GOD HAD ENDOWED HER AND SHE NEVER LET HERSELF GO;

I HAVE ALWAYS DISCOVERED THAT IN DYING WE REPEAT THE PATTERNS OF OUR LIVES; SANDRA WAS A DO-ER, AN ORGANIZER, AN IMAGINATIVE VOLUNTEER AND THEN AN EQUALLY IMAGINATIVE PROFESSIONAL; HER CONCERNS REMAINED TO HER DEATH THE CONCERNS OF THE MENORAH PARK VOLUNTEER BUREAU; IT WAS HER BABY; IN 8 YEARS SHE HAD BUILT IT INTO A BUREAU OF SIZE AND CAPACITY, A HELPFUL AND SERIOUS ADJUNCT IN THE WORK OF THE HOME;

SANDRA'S BASIC PHILOSOPHY SEEMED TO BE THAT LIFE WAS TO BE ENJOYED - A GOOD PHILOSOPHY; IT GOES BEYOND THE COPING AND THE STRUGGLE TO A FEELING OF HOPE, IF NOT JOY; SANDRA FOUND AN OUTLET FOR THIS HOPE IN THE WORK THAT SHE DID; SHE WAS PRESIDENT OF THE SHAKER SQUARE ASSOCIATION AND HEAD OF THE VOLUNTEER BUREAU OF MENORAH PARK; SHE WAS DETERMINED NOT ONLY TO HELP BUT TO HELP THOSE WITH WHOM SHE WORKED TO BE AS HAPPY AS THEY COULD BE AND SHE SUCCEEDED MAGNIFICENTLY AS REPRESENTATIVES OF THE HOME PRESENT TODAY CAN AMPLY TESTIFY;

SANDRA WAS A GOOD FRIEND, AN INTERESTING AND THOUGHTFUL COMPANION AND A GOOD CONVERSATIONALIST; MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, THERE WAS A SMILE IN HER EYES AND HUMOR IN HER SPEECH AS WELL AS PURPOSE IN HER ACTIONS; SHE DRESSED WELL BUT WITHOUT OSTENTATION; HER HOME WAS A PLACE OF BEAUTY WHERE HER FRIENDS WERE MADE WELCOME; HER WORLD WAS POPULATED WITH INTERESTING PEOPLE WHO BECAME INTERESTING FRIENDS;

A WISE MAN WROTE, "WHAT LIES BEHIND US, WHAT LIES BEFORE US, ARE TINY MATTERS COMPARED TO WHAT LIES WITHIN US;" THE ROOT OF SANDRA'S SOUL LAY IN A GREAT KNOT OF GENEROSITY AND OF COURAGE AND IN FAITH IN GOD'S WILL; THE POET'S SIMPLE LINES FIT HER WELL: "LIFE IS MERELY FROTH AND BUBBLE/
TWO THINGS STAND LIKE STONE/KINDNESS IN ANOTHER'S TROUBLE/
COURAGE IN YOUR OWN;

SANDRA GREW OVER THE YEARS FROM A LOVING, YOUNG BRIDE INTO A COMPETENT, TALENTED WOMAN, AND BECAUSE OF THE BREADTH OF HER INTERESTS SHE WAS ABLE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MANY OPPORTUNITIES; STRENGTH SUGGESTS CERTAINTY OF PURPOSE; SANDRA SOUGHT CERTAINTY AND, LIKE ALL OF US, NEVER QUITE FOUND IT; SHE WAS DETERMINED TO UNDERSTAND AS MUCH AS CAN BE GRASPED OF THIS CONFUSING WORLD OF WHICH WE ARE ALL A PART;

SANDRA WAS AN INTERESTING PERSON, A GOOD AND WELCOME COMPANION, A LOYAL AND CARING FRIEND; SHE HAD NO USE FOR SMALL TALK, BUT SHE MET PEOPLE EASILY AND WAS ALWAYS EAGER TO LEARN THROUGH THEM; A STRONG WOMAN, SHE LOVED TO GAMBLE MODERATELY AND TOOK GREAT PRIDE IN HER WINNINGS, AND SHE USUALLY DEFIED THE ODDS;

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

JANUARY 5, 1988

ABOVE ALL, SHE SOUGHT AND FOUND FULFILLMENT IN THE INTIMATE RELATIONSHIPS OF FAMILY; A LOVING DAUGHTER, SHE HELD SACRED THE TIES OF FAMILY; DAVID, SANFORD AND ANDREW WERE HER JOY; SHE REJOICED IN THEIR GROWTH; SHE PRAYED FOR THEIR HAPPINESS; SHE REJOICED TO BEAT THEM AT THEIR GAMES; SHE TAUGHT HER SONS TO RESPECT CIVIC ACTIVITY, TO FIND THE EXCITEMENT IN LIFE; SHE WAS PROUD EACH WENT HIS OWN WAY, A GOOD AND PURPOSEFUL WAY, A WAY WHICH COULD BRING THEM ENJOYMENT OF THE SPIRIT AS WELL AS A LIVELIHOOD;

NO BLESSING MEANT MORE TO HER THAN THE CONSTANT SUPPORT AND CARE OF HARLAN WHO PROVIDED FOR HER AN UNFLAGGING DEVOTION THROUGH THE YEARS; SHE DID NOT HAVE TO FACE HER ILLNESS ALONE; HE WAS A TRUE HELPMATE, ALWAYS THERE, SENSITIVE TO HER NEEDS, THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR;

THE MYSTICS OF OUR PEOPLE TAUGHT THAT THOSE WHO HAVE NOT TASTED THE BITTER DO NOT KNOW THE TASTE OF THE SWEET; I WOULD LIKE TO THINK THAT OVER THE COURSE OF THESE LAST BITTER MONTHS AND DAYS TWO FINE PEOPLE TASTED SOME OF THE TRUE SWEETNESS OF LIFE AS THEY SHARED ALL THAT CAN BE SHARED;

SANDRA AND I TALKED ONCE ABOUT LIFE AND DEATH; I CAME TO UNDERSTAND THAT AS MUCH AS SHE VALUED LIFE, SHE DID NOT FEAR DEATH; I KNOW THAT SANDRA WOULD BEGRUDGE HER DEATH ONLY IF IT SHADOWED THE LIVES OF THOSE WHOM SHE LOVED, WHOSE HAPPINESS AND WELL-BEING WAS MORE PRECIOUS TO HER THAN LIFE ITSELF;

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

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

JANUARY 5, 1988

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

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

JUDAISM REMINDS US THAT THE MEASURE OF LIFE IS THE USE WE MAKE OF IT, NOT MERE LENGTH; AN HOUR CAN BE RICH IN ACHIEVEMENT OR HOLLOW AND EMPTY OF PURPOSE; SOME LIVE LONG HOLLOW LIVES; OTHERS CRAM INTO A FEW YEARS A FULL MEASURE AND MORE OF EXPERIENCE AND ACHIEVEMENT; THESE, THOUGH THEY DIE YOUNG, DIE FULFILLED; THEY HAVE COMPRESSED INTO A FEW YEARS MANY LIFETIMES OF ACCOMPLISHMENT;

I AFFIRM THIS TOO; DEATH IS NOT PAIN BUT THE CESSATION OF PAIN; DEATH IS NOT OBLIVION BUT THE TRANSLATION OF THE SPIRIT INTO THE DIMENSION OF MEMORY; SANDRA IS AT PEACE;

HER LONG TRIAL IS ENDED; MOST OF OUR TEARS TODAY ARE FOR THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN LEFT BEHIND; THEIR LONELINESS WILL BE A DAILY BURDEN; SHE IS AT PEACE; THE PAIN IS OVER; WE ARE BEREFT; SHE IS WITH GOD; WE ARE ALONE;

SANDRA STRUGGLED FOR MANY MONTHS AGAINST CANCER; HER DISEASE ULTIMATELY PASSED BEYOND CONTROL, BUT IN MANY WAYS SANDRA WAS THE VICTOR; SHE FACED EACH DAY WITH INCREDIBLE COURAGE AND DETERMINED WILL; EVEN WHEN SHE WAS WEAK AND IN PAIN SHE CONTINUED TO FILL AS BEST SHE COULD HER RESPONSIBILITIES AS A COMMUNITY PERSON, AS A WOMAN, AND AS A MOTHER; SHE CONTINUED TO REACH OUT FOR LIFE'S OPPORTUNITIES; SHE WAS NEVER DEFEATED BECAUSE SHE NEVER ALLOWED HERSELF TO BE DEFEATED; SHE SOMEHOW FOUND THE STRENGTH TO CARRY OUT EACH DAY; IT WAS A MARK OF HER SPIRIT AND HER WILL; SHE CONTINUED TO CARE FOR THAT SPECIAL BEAUTY WITH WHICH GOD HAD ENDOWED HER AND SHE NEVER LET HERSELF GO;

I HAVE ALWAYS DISCOVERED THAT IN DYING WE REPEAT THE PATTERNS OF OUR LIVES; SANDRA WAS A DO-ER, AN ORGANIZER, AN IMAGINATIVE VOLUNTEER AND THEN AN EQUALLY IMAGINATIVE PROFESSIONAL; HER CONCERNS REMAINED TO HER DEATH THE CONCERNS OF THE MENORAH PARK VOLUNTEER BUREAU; IT WAS HER BABY; IN 8 YEARS SHE HAD BUILT IT INTO A BUREAU OF SIZE AND CAPACITY, A HELPFUL AND SERIOUS ADJUNCT IN THE WORK OF THE HOME;

SANDRA'S BASIC PHILOSOPHY SEEMED TO BE THAT LIFE WAS TO BE ENJOYED - A GOOD PHILOSOPHY; IT GOES BEYOND THE COPING AND THE STRUGGLE TO A FEELING OF HOPE, IF NOT JOY; SANDRA FOUND AN OUTLET FOR THIS HOPE IN THE WORK THAT SHE DID; SHE WAS PRESIDENT OF THE SHAKER SQUARE ASSOCIATION AND HEAD OF THE VOLUNTEER BUREAU OF MENORAH PARK; SHE WAS DETERMINED NOT ONLY TO HELP BUT TO HELP THOSE WITH WHOM SHE WORKED TO BE AS HAPPY AS THEY COULD BE AND SHE SUCCEEDED MAGNIFICENTLY AS REPRESENTATIVES OF THE HOME PRESENT TODAY CAN AMPLY TESTIFY;

SANDRA WAS A GOOD FRIEND, AN INTERESTING AND THOUGHTFUL COMPANION AND A GOOD CONVERSATIONALIST; MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, THERE WAS A SMILE IN HER EYES AND HUMOR IN HER SPEECH AS WELL AS PURPOSE IN HER ACTIONS; SHE DRESSED WELL BUT WITHOUT OSTENTATION; HER HOME WAS A PLACE OF BEAUTY WHERE HER FRIENDS WERE MADE WELCOME; HER WORLD WAS POPULATED WITH INTERESTING PEOPLE WHO BECAME INTERESTING FRIENDS;

A WISE MAN WROTE, "WHAT LIES BEHIND US, WHAT LIES BEFORE US, ARE TINY MATTERS COMPARED TO WHAT LIES WITHIN US;" THE ROOT OF SANDRA'S SOUL LAY IN A GREAT KNOT OF GENEROSITY AND OF COURAGE AND IN FAITH IN GOD'S WILL; THE POET'S SIMPLE LINES FIT HER WELL: "LIFE IS MERELY FROTH AND BUBBLE/
TWO THINGS STAND LIKE STONE/KINDNESS IN ANOTHER'S TROUBLE/
COURAGE IN YOUR OWN;

SANDRA GREW OVER THE YEARS FROM A LOVING, YOUNG BRIDE INTO A COMPETENT, TALENTED WOMAN, AND BECAUSE OF THE BREADTH OF HER INTERESTS SHE WAS ABLE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MANY OPPORTUNITIES; STRENGTH SUGGESTS CERTAINTY OF PURPOSE; SANDRA SOUGHT CERTAINTY AND, LIKE ALL OF US, NEVER QUITE FOUND IT; SHE WAS DETERMINED TO UNDERSTAND AS MUCH AS CAN BE GRASPED OF THIS CONFUSING WORLD OF WHICH WE ARE ALL A PART;

SANDRA WAS AN INTERESTING PERSON, A GOOD AND WELCOME COMPANION, A LOYAL AND CARING FRIEND; SHE HAD NO USE FOR SMALL TALK, BUT SHE MET PEOPLE EASILY AND WAS ALWAYS EAGER TO LEARN THROUGH THEM; A STRONG WOMAN, SHE LOVED TO GAMBLE MODERATELY AND TOOK GREAT PRIDE IN HER WINNINGS, AND SHE USUALLY DEFIED THE ODDS;

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

JANUARY 5, 1988

ABOVE ALL, SHE SOUGHT AND FOUND FULFILLMENT IN THE INTIMATE RELATIONSHIPS OF FAMILY; A LOVING DAUGHTER, SHE HELD SACRED THE TIES OF FAMILY; DAVID, SANFORD AND ANDREW WERE HER JOY; SHE REJOICED IN THEIR GROWTH; SHE PRAYED FOR THEIR HAPPINESS; SHE REJOICED TO BEAT THEM AT THEIR GAMES; SHE TAUGHT HER SONS TO RESPECT CIVIC ACTIVITY, TO FIND THE EXCITEMENT IN LIFE; SHE WAS PROUD EACH WENT HIS OWN WAY, A GOOD AND PURPOSEFUL WAY, A WAY WHICH COULD BRING THEM ENJOYMENT OF THE SPIRIT AS WELL AS A LIVELIHOOD;

NO BLESSING MEANT MORE TO HER THAN THE CONSTANT SUPPORT AND CARE OF HARLAN WHO PROVIDED FOR HER AN UNFLAGGING DEVOTION THROUGH THE YEARS; SHE DID NOT HAVE TO FACE HER ILLNESS ALONE; HE WAS A TRUE HELPMATE, ALWAYS THERE, SENSITIVE TO HER NEEDS, THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR;

THE MYSTICS OF OUR PEOPLE TAUGHT THAT THOSE WHO HAVE NOT TASTED THE BITTER DO NOT KNOW THE TASTE OF THE SWEET; I WOULD LIKE TO THINK THAT OVER THE COURSE OF THESE LAST BITTER MONTHS AND DAYS TWO FINE PEOPLE TASTED SOME OF THE TRUE SWEETNESS OF LIFE AS THEY SHARED ALL THAT CAN BE SHARED;

SANDRA AND I TALKED ONCE ABOUT LIFE AND DEATH; I CAME TO UNDERSTAND THAT AS MUCH AS SHE VALUED LIFE, SHE DID NOT FEAR DEATH; I KNOW THAT SANDRA WOULD BEGRUDGE HER DEATH ONLY IF IT SHADOWED THE LIVES OF THOSE WHOM SHE LOVED, WHOSE HAPPINESS AND WELL-BEING WAS MORE PRECIOUS TO HER THAN LIFE ITSELF;

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

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

JANUARY 5, 1988

HENRIETTA BERGMAN

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

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

I do not want the gaping crowd
To come with lamentations loud,
When life has fled.

I do not want my words and ways
Rehearsed, perhaps with tardy praise,
When I am dead.

I do not want strange curious eyes
To scan my face when pale it lies
In silence dread.

Nor would I have them, if they would,
Declare my deeds were bad or good,
When I am dead.

I only want the steadfast few
Who stood through good and evil, too,
Through friendship's test.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

July 9, 1985



MARTHA JACOBSON

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

MEMORY, TOO, OUTLIVES DEATH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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


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

I LOVE YOU

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

I LOVE YOU FOR THAT PART OF
ME THAT YOU BRING OUT;
I LOVE YOU FOR PUTTING YOUR HAND
IN MY HEAPED-UP HEART AND PASSING
OVER ALL THE FOOLISH, WEAK THINGS YOU
CAN'T HELP SEEING THERE,
AND FOR DRAWING OUT INTO THE LIGHT
ALL THE BEAUTIFUL BELONGINGS THAT NO
ONE ELSE LOOKED FAR ENOUGH TO FIND.
I LOVE YOU BECAUSE
YOU ARE HELPING ME TO MAKE OUT OF THE
LUMBER OF MY LIFE NOT A TAVERN BUT
A TEMPLE;
OUT OF THE WORKS OF MY EVERY DAY
NOT A REPROACH BUT A SONG.

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

  DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

JULY 12, 1989

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

December 7, 1988



LOUIS2-BING

the strength and the courage to

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO ^{Sophia Knacke} ~~LOUIS BING~~

July 10, 1970

Death is a wound. Its name is grief.
Its companion is loneliness.
Whenever it comes - whatever its guise,
Even when there are no tears -
Death is a wound.

But death belongs to life -
as night belongs to day
as darkness belongs to light
as shadows belong to substance -
As the fallen leaf to the tree,
Death belongs to life.

It is not our purpose to live forever.
It is only our purpose to live.
It is no added merit that a man lives long.
It is of merit only that his life is good.

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

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

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

To the living -

Death is a wound. Its name is grief.

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

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

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

Recall what the poet divine, John Donne, wrote:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HELENE KAUFMAN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ALL THE BEAUTIFUL BELONGINGS THAT NO
ONE ELSE LOOKED FAR ENOUGH TO FIND.

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

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

I LOVE YOU

NOT ONLY FOR WHAT YOU ARE,
BUT FOR WHAT I AM WHEN I AM
WITH YOU.

I LOVE YOU,

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

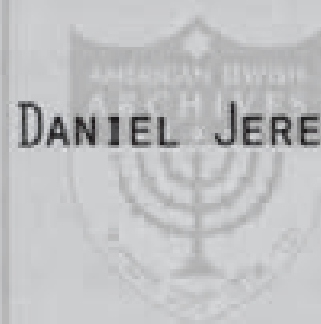
I LOVE YOU FOR THAT PART OF
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I LOVE YOU BECAUSE
 YOU ARE HELPING ME TO MAKE OUT OF THE
 LUMBER OF MY LIFE NOT A TAVERN BUT
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 OUT OF THE WORKS OF MY EVERY DAY
 NOT A REPROACH BUT A SONG.

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 LIVED BY A FINE AND RESPONSIBLE CODE. SHE HAD KNOWN THE LOVE AND
 JOY OF CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND GREAT GRANDCHILDREN. THIS
 GOOD LIFE IS NOW ENDED. HELENE WILL BE MISSED.



DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

DECEMBER 29, 1988

HELENE KAUFMAN

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

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

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 I LOVE YOU FOR PUTTING YOUR HAND
 IN MY HEAPED-UP HEART AND PASSING
 OVER ALL THE FOOLISH, WEAK THINGS
 YOU CAN'T HELP SEEING THERE,
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 GOOD LIFE IS NOW ENDED. HELENE WILL BE MISSED.

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

DECEMBER 29, 1988

Helene Kaufman

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

It was received under God's sheltering protection and abides, protected by His love.

Memory, too, outlives death.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

December 29, 1988

~~From the~~ Tillie Kender
GRACE GOLDBSTEIN

November 18, 1958

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Kender ^{was a} ~~was a~~ ^{very} ~~very~~ ^{kind} ~~kind~~ ^{person} ~~person~~ ^{She had many} ~~She had many~~ ^{friends & caused my friend} ~~friends & caused my friend~~ ^{to be} ~~to be~~ ^{very} ~~very~~ ^{happy} ~~happy~~ ^{in her home} ~~in her home~~

~~she~~ ~~her~~ ~~public~~ - she filled it with her love & her devotion
her love - her devotion - her career - her ~~future~~

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

