MS-4850: Daniel Jeremy Silver Papers, 1972-1993.
Series 3: The Temple Tifereth-Israel, 1946-1993, undated.
Sub-series A: Events and Activities, 1946-1993, undated.

Reel	Box	Folder
39	12	546

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

ADELINE KANE

Adeline was a gracious and graceful woman whose every thought reflected her concern for others and her caring and careful view of life. She came from an old-line Cleveland Jewish family and was an active member of our community and our Temple.

Adeline was a person who commanded respect and friendship. She commanded these qualities by virtue of her innate decency and the manifest pleasures that she took in life. Never one to speak ill of anyone, she managed a home which was an open house to her friends and to their children, a welcoming and warm place. She had many friends and deserved them.

Freda Kline

I have always thought of Ralph Waldo Emerson as a rather forbidding figure: as a typical self-reserved, disciplined, dour New Englander; but recently I've been reading a good bit of Emerson and I've come across a sensitive and empathetic side to his personality. Some time ago I came across an essay in which he wrote: "Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops on yourself." I thought of Emerson's observation when I heard of Freda's untimely death, for she had brought happiness to many with the good feelings that were instinctive to her, and the sweet grace of her deeds was returned to her in the secure intimacy of her life with Hayden. Life is never easy. Freda had faced many responsibilities and challenges. She had met each with quiet courage, and whenever we talked I sensed in her gratitude that it had all turned out well.

The Psalmist wrote: "Gladness of heart is the life of a person", and one felt that deep gladness in Freda's spirit. She took pleasure in each day; in the decency of others; and in all that passes for culture. She met each of us with a smile. Her spirit was open and generous. She was not given to the bitter word. Freda was the soul of courtesy. Meanness was foreign to her as were side and cant. She was instinctively sensitive to the needs of others.

God had blessed her with a unique eye for color and line and she developed her talent professionally. When her work responsibilities were over she built around herself a world that was harmonious, a reflex of her sense of beauty. She dressed with care but without ostentation. She walked lightly and carried her fragile beauty with consumate grace. Her manner was gentle and understated. There was nothing of the hail-fellow well-met about her. She had no need to strut on any public stage nor to intrude in another's life. She talked easily of books and ideas, and went frequently to the theater and to recitals. Freda loved culture but she was far more than a consumer. When asked, she responded. Her gifts were available to the worthwhile institutions of our city. When The Temple celebrated our Centennial, Freda designed the scrolls which commemorated our history.

Her faith was broad and rested on the basic decency of the human soul. Her religion was that of kindness and good deeds. She made the transition from her family's world to the world of her husband without loosening her ties to the one or feeling ill at ease or diffident in the other. Her values were decency, character and honesty.

Freda will be missed by close friends who valued her as she valued them for what she was: a courageous lady, a sensitive spirit, a feeling person, a welcome companion, a woman of quality.

It is not our right or our intention to intrude on the close ties of family and love, but surely this can be said and should be said. Freda's love was a full commitment of herself. She was a devoted mother and wife. Her way was the way of giving and caring, and in large measure her happiness was derived from the happiness of those she loved. She and Hayden shared nearly thirty years of rare intimacy.

Death came swiftly and unexpectedly. There was no time for preparation. There are no explanations. Words never justify. What we share today is a community of feeling and of sadness. One who is part of our world, a close and good friend, is dead. If there is any consolation it is in the fact that Freda did not suffer, that her grace was not damaged. She died as she lived, quietly, unobtrusively, proud in the accomplishments of her daughter and grandson, secure in the love of her family and her husband. The rabbis spoke of such a death as the kiss of God. It is hard to accept it that way now, but we recognize that God has taken back one of his own and we are grateful that he shared her with us.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

January 20, 1981

KLOPPER BROS., INC.

413 ST. CLAIR AVENUE, N.W.
CLEVELAND, OHIO 44113
216/621-1793

Dear Rabbi: Mar 1,1984

So soon after Mom's passing I find it difficult to speak about her and make these written comments instead.

She was and remains in our memory and memories a thoroughly lovely person,a good person,and a dear friend to us all.To her children,grandchildren,and even great-grandchildren she showed us all love,of course,but equally important,she treated us all with respect.As her grand-children grew up and went through the trying periods of beards,pot smoking,ridiculous clothing,and the many other manifestations of their "with it" life styles,their parents went wild with diapproval.But both she and Dad never said a word that wasn't supportive and kind.To three generations she extended this love and respect and three generations responded to her in kind with the same love and respect. Everyone will carry this feeling with himself in the years to come and will find some solace in knowing that this love and respect we all feel today we showed her while she was with us.

Bud

Dear
1st Mommy
Tuesday
Best Family Tribute

TILLIE KLIVANS

WE HAVE COME TO LAY TO REST THE BODY OF TILLIE KLIVANS, A GRACIOUS LADY, GREAT-HEARTED & KIND.

THERE WILL BE A FUNERAL WHEN THE FAMILY HAS A CHANCE TO ASSEMBLE. THIS IS SIMPLY A COMMITAL SERVICE IN WHICH WE PLACE THE BODY IN ITS GRAVE, ACCOMPANIED WITH A PRAYER.

O LORD, WHAT IS MAN, THAT THOU TAKEST KNOWLEDGE OF HIM; OR THE SON OF MAN, THAT THOU MAKEST ACCOUNT OF HIM! MAN IS LIKE UNTO A VANITY; HIS DAYS ARE AS A SHADOW THAT PASSETH AWAY. IN THE MORNING HE FLOURISHETH, AND GROWETH UP; IN THE EVENING HE IS CUT DOWN AND WITHERETH. THOU TURNEST MAN TO CONTRITION, AND SAYEST: 'RETURN, YE CHILDREN OF MEN!' O THAT THEY WERE WISE, THAT THEY WOULD CONSIDER THEIR LATTER END! FOR WHEN MAN DIETH, HE SHALL CARRY NOTHING AWAY; HIS GLORY SHALL NOT DESCEND AFTER HIM. MARK THE PERFECT MAN, AND BEHOLD THE UPRIGHT; FOR THE END OF THAT MAN IS PEACE. THE LORD REDEEMETH THE SOULS OF HIS SERVANTS; AND NONE OF THEM THAT TRUST IN HIM SHALL BE FORSAKEN.

THE LORD IS FULL OF COMPASSION & GRACIOUS,
SLOW TO ANGER, & PLENTEOUS IN MERCY.
HE WILL NOT ALWAYS CONTEND;
NEITHER WILL HE KEEP HIS ANGER FOREVER.
HE HATH NOT DEALT WITH US AFTER OUR SINS,
NOR REQUITED US ACCORDING TO OUR INIQUITIES.
FOR AS THE HEAVEN IS HIGH ABOVE THE EARTH,
SO GREAT IS HIS MERCY TOWARD THEM THAT
FEAR HIM.
AS FAR AS THE EAST IS FROM THE WEST,
SO FAR HATH HE REMOVED OUR TRANSGRESSIONS
FROM US.
LIKE AS A FATHER HATH COMPASSION UPON
HIS CHILDREN,
SO HATHTHE LORD COMPASSION UPON THEM THAT
FEAR HIM.
FOR HE KNOWETH OUR FRAME;
HE REMEMBERETH THAT WE ARE DUST.

AS FOR MAN, HIS DAYS ARE AS GRASS;
AS A FLOWER OF THE FIELD, SO HE FLOURISHETH.
FOR THE WIND PASSETH OVER IT, & IT IS GONE;
AND THE PLACE THEREOF KNOWETH IT NO MORE.
BUT THE MERCY OF THE LORD IS FROM
EVERLASTING TO EVERLASTING UPON
THEM THAT FEAR HIM,
AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS UNTO CHILDREN'S
CHILDREN;
TO SUCH AS KEEP HIS COVENANT,
AND TO THOSE THAT REMEMBER HIS PRECEPTS
TO DO THEM.

ALL FLESH IS GRASS, & THE GOODLINESS THEREOF AS THE FLOWER OF THE FIELD. THE GRASS WIETHERETH, THE FLOWER FADETH. THE BODY DIETH & IS LAID IN THE EARTH. DUST RETURNETH TO DUST, BUT THE SPIRIT RETURNETH UNTO GOD WHO GAVE IT. GOD GAVE & GOD TOOK AWAY; PRAISED BE THE NAME OF GOD!

MAY GOD SPREAD THE SHELTERING TABERNACLE OF HIS PEACE OVER.....NOW LAID TO ETERNAL REST. AND IN LOVE MAY HE SEND HIS HEAVENLY COMFORT UNTO YOU WHO MOURN. MAY HIS GRACE BE WITH YOU & BRING PEACE TO YOUR SORROWING HEARTS. IN THE NIGHT OF YOUR AFFLICTION, LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS UNTO HIM WHO IS THE SOURCE OF ALL LIGHT & ALL JOY.

HE WOUNDS & HE HEALS; HE CAUSES DEATH & HE GIVES LIFE. IN HIS HANDS ARE THE SOULS OF ALL THE LIVING & THE SPIRITS OF ALL FLESH. FIND CONSOLATION IN OUR HEAVENLY FATHER, & PRAISE HIS NAME IN WORDS SANCTIFIED BY MEMORY & GLORIFIED BY HOPE.

Mother come from a large and cohesive family. She, obviously, was the the last survivor of her generation at 97 years old.

In many ways she was the product of the great migration from Europe at the end of the 19th century. Her parents went to Oil City, Pa first where other members of her father's family lived and then they moved to Youngstown, OH. Allen and Tillie spent the first decade of their marriage in Youngstown and moved to Cleveland in 1922. First the family lived in Cleveland Heights, where Howard, Norman, and Natalie attended public schools at a time when public schools were very good. Then, they moved into a big rambling house in Shaker Heights which was always referred to as "The House"

While Allen and Tillie had only high school education, it was expected that all the children would go to universities. And that was it!!!

When World War II broke out, it was also expected that Howard and Norman, like other men of their generation would serve in the Armed Forces. They did. Allen tried to serve but was rejected due to his age, much to his chagrin.

For many years, the Klivans home was where both the Broida and Klivans families would gather on Sunday afternoons since there always was so much to talk about--usually remembrance of the past and how good it was now for everyone.

Typically, Mother was first of all a Mother and Wife. She participated with only those groups where there was a good reason. The Temple Womens Association, The Better Gardens Club (because she enjoyed gardening and the yard), The Society for the Blind where she copied books into Braille. She enjoyed going to the Thursday nite Symphony concerts at Severance Hall and Opera week was important to her. She was not a "joiner" of groups or organizations where she would be uncomfortable and could not be of help.

She always had a good feeling and affection for The Temple and both Rabbi Abba Silver and Rabbi Daniel Silver. And, altho she was raised in a more traditional home, there was no question or doubts about living in the more secular and liberal reformed environment.

(If more comes to mind, I'll share it with you later on.)

Don't know just how much Mel Harris will contribute to service. Music probably before and after the service but unlikely during. Howard and Norman would each like to say a few words about Mother.

TILLIE KLIVANS

WE HAVE COME TO PAY A PUBLIC TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO A TRULY GRACIOUS LADY, GREAT-HEARTED & KIND, TILLIE KLIVANS. TILLIE WAS OF THE SALT OF THE EARTH. SHE KNEW HER VALUES, SHE KNEW HER MIND. SHE DID WHAT SHE FELT WAS RIGHT AND AVOIDED RUNNING WITH THE CROWD. FROM OIL CITY TO YOUNGSTOWN TO CLEVELAND, TILLIE LED AN UNSELF-CONSCIOUS AND MEANINGFUL LIFE. SHE KNEW HER MIND. SHE KNEW HOW TO BUILD FRIENDSHIPS AND WHO WAS WORTH JOINING IN FRIENDSHIP. SHE DRESSED WELL, YET WITHOUT OSTENTATION. SHE LIVED WITHOUT PRETENSE OR POSTURING. SHE HAD MANY FRIENDS WHO RECOGNIZED HER INNATE WORTH, THE GRACIOUSNESS OF HER HOME AND OF HER HEART.

LIFE WAS GOOD TO TILLIE. IT ALLOWED HER TO MEET A MAN CUT OUT OF HER OWN CLOTH. SHE AND ALLEN SPENT THE FIRST DECADE OF THEIR MARRIED LIFE IN YOUNGSTOWN, AND THEN IN 1922 MOVED TO CLEVELAND. HER HOME WAS A BIG RAMBLING HOUSE IN SHAKER HEIGHTS WHICH ALWAYS SEEMED FULL: FULL OF LOVE, FULL OF GOOD ADVICE, FULL OF HAPPY PEOPLE. SHE AND ALLEN MADE THE HAPPIEST OF MARRIAGES AND HAD THE GREAT JOY OF SHARING TOGETHER A SET OF VALUES AND THE LOVE AND ATTENTION OF THEIR THREE CHILDREN, HOWARD, NORMAN AND NATALIE.

THERE IS AN OLD SAYING THAT THE APPLE DOESN'T FALL FAR FROM THE TREE. IN THE CASE OF THESE FINE PEOPLE, THIS PROVED TO BE TRUE. THEY WENT THEIR OWN WAY, SET VALUES WHICH WERE APPROPRIATE TO THEM, AND RETAINED THE VALUES OF HOME AND HEARTH.

THIS IS A CLOSE FAMILY, A GOOD FAMILY. EACH CHILD MARRIED A WORTHY SPOUSE AND IN THEIR TURN RAISED FAMILIES WHICH GAVE MUCH JOY TO ALLEN AS LONG AS HE LIVED, AND TO NATALIE UNTIL A FEW WEEKS AGO.

TILLE WAS A GOOD JEW, A FIRST-RATE WIFE, MOTHER AND GRANDMOTHER. SHE PARTICIPATED IN A VARIETY OF CIVIC INTERESTS INCLUDING THE TEMPLE WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION, THE SOCIETY FOR THE BLIND WHERE SHE COPIED BOOKS

INTO BRAILLE, BETTER GARDENS CLUBS WHICH WAS A REFLEX OF HER LOVE OF NATURE, OF FLOWERS, AND THE THURSDAY NIGHT SYMPHONY CONCERTS AT SEVERANCE HALL AND OPERA WEEK. THE THINGS OF CIVILIZATION WERE IMPORTANT TO HER.

TILLIE LIVED A LONG AND GOOD LIFE WHICH CAME TO AN End IN THE FULLNESS OF TIME AND IN AN ENVIRONMENT WHICH SHE HAD KNOWN AND GRACED ALL HER LIFE.

WHAT MORE CAN BE SAID?

WHAT MORE NEED BE SAID?

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

MAY 14, 1989

MARIAN A. KRAMER

MARIAN KRAMER'S FAMILY AND FRIENDS KNEW HER AS AN ABLE AND STRONG-MINDED, VITAL WOMAN WHO WAS CLEAR OF PURPOSE AND CERTAIN OF HER VALUES. THERE WAS ABOUT HER AN AURA OF ENERGY AND INTELLIGENCE WHICH MADE A SPECIAL IMPRESSION ON ALL THOSE WITH WHOM SHE MADE CONTACT. MARIAN DEMANDED THE BEST OF HERSELF, BUT SHE WAS NOT SEVERE IN JUDGEMENTS OF OTHERS. SHE KNEW OF THE POSSIBILITIES OF GROWTH AND CHANGE FOR SHE HAD SEEN THEM IN HERSELF. MARIAN WAS BORN INTO A STABLE HOME WHICH WAS FILLED WITH LOVE AND GOOD EXAMPLE. AS A YOUNG WOMAN SHE WAS A PLEASURE TO LOOK AT AND A RESPONSIBLE AND RESPONSIVE PERSON, NOT ONE WHO MADE FRIENDS EASILY OR WHO THOUGHT OF HERSELF AS HAVING NOTHING BUT A PRIVATE CAREER. SHE WAS FORTUNATE IN BEING ABLE TO LINK HER LIFE WITH ELMER WHOSE OUTWARD GRACE, GREAT ENERGY AND GREAT SKILL CARRIED THE FAMILY ALONG. TOGETHER THEY BUILT A HAPPY AND SOLID HOME IN WHICH THEY RAISED THEIR SON AND THEIR DAUGHTERS INTO COMPETENT ADULTHOOD AND TO APPRECIATE THE BASIC VALUES AND VIRTUES OF LIFE. IT WAS A GOOD AND SOLID MARRIAGE. MARIAN'S LIFE WAS FULL OF HAPPY MOMENTS. SHE HAD THE TIME TO INVEST HERSELF IN THE LIVES OF HER CHILDREN, TO CARE ABOUT THE UNDERDOG, TO RESPOND TO ANYONE WITH A PROBLEM, AND TO TAKE THE TIME TO BE WITH A CIRCLE OF LIFELONG FRIENDS WHOSE INTERESTS IN HER WERE PROVEN BY A LIFETIME OF LOVING CONCERN. SHE RECIPROCATED FULLY AND WELL.

SHE LOOKS WELL TO THE WAYS OF HER HOUSEHOLD. HER CHILDREN RISE UP AND CALL HER BLESSED.

WHETHER IT WAS A SCHOOL EVENT OR A SPORTING EVENT, AS LONG AS HER CHILDREN WERE PARTICIPATING SHE WAS THERE. SHE TOOK A DELIGHT IN THEIR GROWTH, IN THEIR FUTURE, IN HER GRANDCHILDREN WHO WERE COMING BEHIND AND FILLING OUT HER DAYS. WHEN ELMER DIED WELL OVER TWENTY YEARS AGO, MARIAN'S SOUL COULD HAVE SHRIVELED UP AND

DIED WITHIN, BUT SHE WAS MADE OF STERNER STUFF. WITHIN A FEW MONTHS SHE WAS OUT IN THE WORLD, WORKING AND VISITING FRIENDS, LISTENING TO THE ADULT PROBLEMS OF HER CHILDREN, LEADING A FULL AND ACTIVE LIFE. THIS WAS NO SHOW BUT LIFE ITSELF. SHE POURED HERSELF INTO THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF FAMILY, MARRIAGE, MOTHERHOOD AND GRANDMOTHERHOOD, RAISING OF HER SON AND DAUGHTERS, THEIR CHILDREN AND MOST RECENTLY THEIR GRANDCHILDREN WHERE SHE FOUND HER GREATEST JOY. THEIR WELL-BEING WAS ~~THE~~ A GREATEST CARE, THEIR SUCCESS A MATTER OF MOMENT AND PRIDE, THEIR HAPPINESS A FREQUENT PRAYER. MARIAN WAS DETERMINED NOT TO BE ALONE OR TO WITHDRAW FROM LIFE. HER LIPS WERE SEALED TO SELF-PITY. SHE WAS ALWAYS AN OPTIMIST WHO BELIEVED THAT IF YOU LOOKED YOU COULD FIND THE SUNSHINE IN EACH DAY.

MARIAN DISCHARGED THESE DUTIES OF LIFE WITH GRACE AND SKILL FOR MANY YEARS. INDEED, IT WAS NOT UNTIL THIS YEAR THAT AGE CAUGHT UP WITH HER AND DEALT HER A CRUEL BLOW. THE BODY BEGAN TO DIS-INTEGRATE, BUT ~~THE~~ HER MIND REMAINED PROUD AND SELF-CONFIDENT. SHE WAS NOT AFRAID OF DEATH. SHE MADE ALL THE NECESSARY PLANS FOR THE FUTURE. I AM CONFIDENT THAT IF MARIAN ORGANIZED HER THOUGHTS NOW SHE WOULD SPEAK TO US OF LOVE AND AFFECTION AND ASK THOSE WHO KNEW HER BEST TO REMEMBER SEVENTY-EIGHT YEARS OF HER LIFE RATHER THAN THE ONE YEAR OF HER DEATH.

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

SEPTEMBER 9, 1987

responsive chords in her soul. Particularly, she loved this congregation. She was happy to be part of the congregation, not only because you were her family and she had deep roots, but because the congregation was part of the ongoing community of Israel whose future was precious to her. Her faith was basic and broad - never parochial.

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 "aish," fire. A man and a woman are drawn together by the fire of love. What a great love was exalted between Leon and Hortense, but love is only the beginning and the passion. 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 a marriage then it is truly binding and joyous. These two wonderful people who served God all their lives were blessed by that service. God was in their hearts and in their homes and their lives had quality and worth. Their home was a place of warmth and encouragement, peace, health and happiness. Whatever the demands placed upon them by their busy lives, here were their roots, here was their refreshment of spirit and their strength and here they raised their son into fine manhood and rejoiced in his maturity and his family.

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

Life is an uncertain and demanding enterprise. Hortense brought courage and determination to bear on her life. She brought happiness and joy wherever she entered and the wisdom of good sense. Hortense knew that she was not immortal. She bore her last illness with a courage that we somehow in-

C. faced 2 ~~tragedies~~ narrow in her life. The death of her husband & the death of her beloved daughter Dorane. C never really got over S's death yet she continued to face each day w. steady courage.

Through all this unhappiness, C. maintained her love of family and her grandchildren. To a degree the bitterness of Dorane's death colored her relationships but she remained open to her grandchildren's love and particularly W. Stanly's children had a wonderful relationship.

Clare Rocco & Francesca in his life – The death of the beloved daughter Dorane, philosophy & the more devastating the death of the Colonel Douglas Stanwell – Clare really never recovered from this, yet she continued to face Family, & Tan and Brian and his ~~[illegible]~~ life

& personal world – Clare was a good Friend ~~[illegible]~~ Thereby

Surprise – author from crushed & overwhelmed – ~~[illegible]~~ relationship

what Tan. could do in his parents ~~[illegible]~~ generation – and from – also

a ~~[illegible]~~ NOLCM one in life.

stinctively expected of her - and that wisdom. I suspect she would begrudge her death only if it shadowed the lives of those whom she loved and whose happiness was more precious to her than life itself, if they did not turn back to the ways of the living and find the sunshine and the happiness - the light of God - which lit her life.

"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

BERDIE KYMAN

The 17th century English poet, John Milton, could not have known Berdie Kyman when he wrote Paradise Lost, but a great deal of the rare quality of her spirit is captured by his line, "Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye, in every gesture dignity and love."

Few people I have known have been as genuinely beloved. Berdie had a rare capacity for friendship. She had a genuine interest in others and a rare sensitivity to their needs. God had endowed her with physical beauty and beauty compels admiration; but it was the warmth and openness of her spirit that was her most salient quality.

An old man told me once that people can be divided into two classes: lifters and leaners. The leaners are takers. They demand and are quarrelsome. They are filled with self-pity and quite willing to impose their needs and feelings on others. Berdie was a lifter. She offered before she was asked. She knew her mind, but never imposed herself or her feelings on others. She was a dutiful daughter who rejoiced to be able to take her mother into her home. She was a thoughtful sister who was always there, ready and willing to provide and to encourage or simply to be with. To her wide circle of valued friends Berdie was an interesting, vital, sensitive and loyal companion whose spirit was both refreshing and respected. She dressed with dignity and without any need for display. Her home was a welcoming place. Her hospitality was genuine and warm. She was straight-backed but never unyielding, certainly never one to intrude herself into another's space or life.

sometime ago I came across a paragraph, I no longer remember who wrote it, which in its simple, uncomplicated way picked up

Berdie's way of looking at life. "I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do or any kindness that I can show, let me do it now for I shall not pass this way again." Berdie did not let pass by any opportunity to lend a helping hand or a listening ear. She gave of herself and her time freely to any number of worthwhile institutions and she did so without any need for office or rank, simply for the pleasure of service.

Berdie was raised in a traditional Jewish home and the age-old values of our people were part and parcel of her being: the centrality of the family, respect, for learning, the obligations of compassion and of service. She was a lifelong and active member of The Temple, a good friend of my family, a woman who was in no way old-fashioned but who, like the woman of valor in the Bible, looked well to the ways of her household, whose children rise up and call her blessed.

Deep within her soul Berdie seemed to have a particular vision of the beautiful which she expressed in her sensitive courtesy, in her open relationships with others, in the care with which she managed her surroundings and, most of all, in her great love of nature. Her garden was her delight. Here she could truly be a partner with God in the work of creation and make visible her vision of the world as she wanted it to be.

It was in the close circle of her ever growing family that Berdie found her greatest satisfaction. Fortunately, God blessed this open-hearted woman with the love of a good man. Together she and David built a solid marriage and established a happy, love-filled home in which they raised their daughter and their sons to respect their values and the fine talents which God had given them.

Berdie provided strong guidance and the freedom to become themselves and she knew no greater joy than that of seeing them become respected citizens of our community. Berdie rejoiced in family. She loved to have her children and their families at her table. The holidays were a special time for her. Providing for these days was a special joy for her. She saw these moments as bonds of love and continuity.

Some children see time spent with their parents as a duty. It is a tribute to the vibrancy and the joy of Berdie's spirit that this family competed to be with her. Everyone in each generation coveted her company on a trip or out for an evening.

We live in changing times and it takes both wisdom and flexibility for the older generation to accept the sometime startling attitude of children and grandchildren. Berdie seemed to have had that rare capacity. She might not agree, but she always gave others her full respect for the honesty of their views and feelings. She was to her grandchildren not only a kindly grandmother but a remarkably bright and wise confidant.

Berdie died quietly as she lived. Given the problems of protracted dying which are one of the hallmarks of our age, we must be grateful that she endured only a few months of illness and loss of capacity. Being the lifter that she was she never complained of pain or voiced her worries. That was not her way. She died as she lived, with dignity, concerned for the well-being of those closest to her. She died as she had lived, confident that the God in whom she completely trusted would be with her now as He had always been.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

September 18, 1985

Edith Labowitch

We use words skillfully. We use them to define our goals, to express our values and to explain our existence. Death shatters these words and scatters our sense of control to the winds. Can words reverse the flow of life or delay the tide of death? Can words explain the why and when - the mystery of death and its timing? A contemporary poet put it this way:

> There is a mystery too deep for words;
> The silence of the dead comes nearer to it,
> Being wisest in the end. What word shall hold
> The sorrow sitting at the heart of things,
> The majesty and patience of the truth!

At such an hour as this we sense anew the inadequacy of our vocabularies. We are born - we die. What more can be said? We can only accept. Here is a mystery too deep for words. This is the moment when man touches a truth too vast for his understanding. Here man comes face to face with his limitations - ultimately we have no recourse but to accept - to put as good a face upon our mortality as we can - to say with Job? "The Lord has given - the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

At this hour silence is wiser than language. Silence probes life. Silence opens the mind to the anxieties of the soul. In silence we become aware of the ultimate, and the inexorable - of the power divine. In silence we enter fear and move beyond fear to sense the awesomeness of God, who brought all this into being, who has given us life and opportunity, feeling and love, and who in time deprives us of life and opportunity and of those whom we love.

In silence we gaze into the precipice but we also find steadiness - the will to carry on. We say to ourselves: "I am bruised but I will find a way across. I, too, am part of God's reality. Life has its place for me. I cannot abandon my duty - those whom I love - my hope."

Silence breeds fear and silence breeds faith. We look straight on at life and we see more deeply into its meaning. We sense God and the God within. In silence we look beyond the moment. In silence we discover that death is not oblivion - a final and absolute end, but a translation of personality into a new dimension of meaning. In the silence, words spoken in wisdom re-echo in our hearts and love offered in complete trust touches again our soul. Silence teaches us how much they have become a part of us - of that inner life which is the real life.

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

We are met as a community of friends to pay our last public tribute of love and affection to a great and gracious lady who faced illness and death with the same consumate dignity with which she faced every challenge of life. Edith was a liberated woman long before there was a movement. Would that today's working women followed her example for she was not only talented and able - and successful; but she retained her charm, graciousness and femininity. Edith was always and ever a lady. It took an act of will to remember that Edith had been in the vortex of business and politics, secretary to a mayor, active in the vortex of the life of our city. She was unhurried, undogmatic, without arrogance or undue pride.

I often sat in this house and talked philosophically with Edith. This place and the moments which brought us together suggest such discussions. I found her always empathetic and sensible. She judged people by their quality and not by their pretensions, and her judgements were softly spoken and sound. Edith knew life for what it was, hard, uncertain, demanding, and felt keenly the responsibility to bear her own burdens without self-pity or complaint. There was always a smile in her greeting and happiness in the meeting. The test of life was a test of character. The texture of life was to surround one's self with that which was beautiful. Her eyes perceived beauty and her soul was filled with it, the beauties of nature, music, the arts, and the human spirit. Edith had a great capacity for friendship and love. Her friendships were carefully nurtured, life-long, satisfying. Edith was essentially a private person. She was happiest with Leonard, quiet in her hideaway in the cool of a summer evening. Her family was small, but cherished. She and Leonard had the most intimate and happiest of partnerships. The measure of your grief is a measure of your love - you have been truly blessed.

Edith and I spoke more than occasionally about funerals and eulogies. I once read a poem which Edith heard and approved - "that's it, that's lovely, that's for me." Let me read it now.

NELLIE LAMPL

When Jack spoke to me Tuesday night and told me that his mother was dying, my mind picked up a thought George Bernard Shaw spoke some years ago: "People are always blaming circumstances for what they are. I don't believe in circumstances. The people who get on in this world are the people who get up and look for the circumstances they want. If they can't find them they make them."

Until the death of Jack Sr., Nellie Lampl got on in the world because she had a mind of her own, a strong imagination and great determination. She was a gracious woman, a lady, but she knew her mind and went her way undeterred by changing facts or fashions or by the conventional attitudes of others. She kept her life under her control. Nellie was a fully shaped person who had no need to seek the approval of others nor did she demand that others conform to her opinions.

God had blessed her with a good eye and sense of color. She had a way with flowers and her home was not only a hospitable place but beautifully presented. Nellie enjoyed the good things of life but for their own value, not out of any desire or need for conspicuous display.

It is hard to think back to the early 1890's when Nellie was born into a large family - the car and electric street lights were still new. Some people who live long become frozen in time, but her friends knew her as a person who took pleasure in change and progress, who lived in the present rather than in the past. Nellie's ties to friends and family were precious to her, none more precious than those of her son, Carolyn and her two beloved grandsons. Their happiness and well-being assured hers.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

July 3, 1986

Bess Helen

~~Ruetta Gross~~

When death comes to a loved one a light is extinguished and another light is kindled. The light of memory shines in the shadowed world of our loneliness. Blessed, therefore, those who leave behind glowing memories for these bring unceasing comfort and keep away the darkest shadows.

It is the custom among our people to light this day a memorial lamp. In so doing we signal that our dead have not disappeared. Their day's work may be over, but their impact remains. Much as a rare song can be heard in our heart long after the silence has enveloped it, true love and real accomplishment continue to shine brightly and we are not alone.

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

In the death of ~~Ruetta Gross~~ Bess Helen her family and ~~our entire~~ community has sustained the loss of a vital and cherished spirit. ~~Ruetta~~ Bess was among ~~the most open hearted~~ a vibrant and ~~good-natured people I have known - and among the most~~ accomplished lady - as well as a gracious one who had been of some committed. She rejoiced in life. She rejoiced in her work as the opportunity of service. She rejoiced in her home, her friends and her family.

When I thought of ~~Ruetta~~ Bess a line from the book of Psalms often came to mind for its wisdom was instinctive to her, "Gladness of heart is the light of the human being." ~~Ruetta~~ Bess was alive to the joy of life, full of vital energy, willing and eager to pitch in and do, competent in all she undertook. Some think of the day as a burden. For ~~Ruetta~~ Bess each day presented a fresh opportunity. She found the possibility in every occasion and relationship, and she possessed a special capacity to communicate her sense of possibility and purpose. ~~There is hardly an organization~~ in our

Bess gave love - opportunity - life & joy - not will work - ed - music - cooked deals - ~~facilitator~~

community which was not strengthened by her wisdom and her efforts and by her gift of time and concern. Ruetta cared and she encouraged others to work along with her. Her enthusiasm was contagious. She made you feel that the good was indeed possible and that you wanted to share in the promise that she saw in life. Many are here today who first learned of the joys of service because Ruetta set an example which made them feel that here was work worth the doing.

Ruetta was a woman of deep faith. She was close to her God. We were proud that The Temple deserved her lifelong loyalty and, as you would expect, she shared willingly and effectively in our work. Ruetta served as President of our Women's Association and as head of our Religious School. Her service was her return to God for the gift of life and of love and she served graciously and sensitively.

Ruetta was a diminutive woman but her unflagging energy and her prodigious capacity for work made you forget her size. What I was always conscious of was her quality. A woman of dignity, she was utterly without arrogance. Master of her own mind she never imposed her will. She worked with effect and with grace. Her friendships were many, steady, and carefully tended. She saw the best in others and was utterly without side. Her home was as open as her heart. You were made welcome in its atmosphere of warmth and good feeling.

Ruetta laughed easily at the incongruities of life. She was joyous without being flighty; happy without being giddy. There was always a sparkle in her eye. Ruetta was the center of her world without ever being demanding nor was she one to intrude her own needs and anxieties.

Like the woman of valor who is blessed in our Bible, Ruetta looked well to the ways of her household. She and Joe established a true and fulfilling partnership, and for nearly six decades their marriage was a source of inspiration to us. Her family was the center of her world. Together they established an encouraging home in which their sons grew into their capacity and where they learned from their parents' example the requirements of responsible living. Her sons were her pride. Their families were her joy. Her grandchildren were her fulfillment. A woman who remained

young in spirit, Ruetta was particularly close to her grandchildren who knew that they could speak easily and openly to her and that she would understand their hopes and plans.

Death came in the fullness of years and in time. A woman of dignity, she never wanted to be a burden. Somehow, even in these ~~last months~~ ths of diminished strength and understanding, her dignity and her essential sweetness remained. She was then, as always, the same within as without.

Most of ~~Ruetta~~ Ruetta's lifelong friends predeceased her, but your presence here in such numbers testifies to her influence on succeeding generations. Of Ruetta's life we can all say with complete admiration: Here was nobility and grace; here was quality and fine accomplishment.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

November 10, 1980

Hedwin LeBKo-

[redacted]

The death of a good friend has shaken and saddened us all. Stanley's life was in its full tide when he was struck two years ago with illness. Disability came to him "as an arrow which flies by day and as destruction which wastes at noonday" and all of us took strength and encouragement in the courage and strength with which Stan faced each day. He was unbreakable and he remained open to the world, to his friends. They were concerned for him but he was even more concerned for them.

None of us has yet come alive from the stunning blow so as to be able to speak words of comfort to those to whom this loss is the closest. Only God can comfort them. Only their inner strength will sustain them and the knowledge that in death he whom they now mourn is completely worthy of their sorrow. As in life, he was of their love and aberration.

At this bitter hour I am reminded of the ancient counsel: "Seek not to explain God's ways to man for they are beyond your understanding." Life is a gift not of our choosing; death is a fact not of our willing. We do not schedule our birth. We cannot delay death. All that we have is but lent to us. It is not ours to explain the far mystery but to affirm the possibility which is life and make the most of this blessing. A day can be rich in achievement or empty of meaning. The greatest of poetry and art can be created in a few brief hours and there are those, not without talent, who live many years - hollow and barren years. Fortunately, there are those who live so nobly and so well that their every day brings blessing and is a joy. These, though they may die before life has run its full course, die fulfilled. Their life has yielded an abundant harvest.

This, too, I affirm: death is not pain but the absence of pain. Death is not oblivion but the translation of love into a new intimacy of memory. We cry today for ourselves. The loss and the pain are ours. He is at peace. He is with God. His peace is timeless. It is our loneliness that is a daily burden.

We meet here as friends and our sense of community does help to soften a bit the bitterness of this hour but there is no point in denying its cruelty and the

hurt. A precious life has been taken from us. A good friend was cut down in his prime and we all sense that he deserved more - goodness deserves life. But even as we say these words we recognize that there are no guarantees and that ~~Stan~~ Hewson used each day granted him fully and well. I knew him as one to whom courtesy and good spirits came instinctively. I knew him as one who kept his own counsel and faced his own problems ~~but~~ and who ~~was always willing to~~ faced each day with a cheerful counsel ~~spend time listening to another and encouraging~~ them in ~~their hour of need~~. There are private people who build walls against the world. ~~Stan~~ Hewson was affable, friendly, happy in conversation and in companionship, eager to please and to be pleasing, a hard worker who knew how to relax and how to make his friends and companions feel relaxed in his presence. He was a kind and loyal friend, warm and empathetic, willing to put himself out, courteous in a careful, almost old-fashioned, way. His heart was full of love and no service for a child or the aged was too much to ask of him. ~~He loved his work~~ [Surgeon]. He loved his play. He loved his friends. He made us appreciate the Psalmist's perception that gladness of heart is the life of a man and a man of joyous heart lightens every life fortunate enough to cross his. He had a talent for friendship. Many were delighted to call him friend but it was in the intimate world of his family that he found his greatest satisfaction. Their happiness was his. With ~~Betty~~ Mary he shared joy and sorrow, work and play, intimacy and fulfillment. He delighted in sharing with her and caring for her and being with her. Together they established a secure ~~home,~~ happy home founded on mutual understanding. Here they raised their ~~sons~~ daughters to know the good values and possibilities - to know they were respected and loved for themselves and into this home they welcomed their ~~daughters-in-law as daughters and their grandchildren who were the apple of their eyes,~~ grandchildren in whom ~~Stan~~ Hewson took such pleasure. ~~Stan~~ Hewson was the heart and spirit of his family. He had been close to his parents, brothers and sisters and his own, and though he never asked of them to return in kind he knew that he was loved and rejoiced in that love, and in these last months, I am sure, was sustained by it. To those whom he loved best I can say only this.

1

Ted

Anne M. Levine

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

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

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

In ~~the passing of Anne Levine~~ death Esther Chatman, her family and all ~~who knew~~ her have sustained a ~~deep and personal loss. The shock~~ of her death is still so deep that we are ~~numb~~ and know only that we have ~~lost a cherished spirit and a warm fr~~ Esther Chatman iend. Anne was an open-hearted and good-natured person. She rejoiced in life. She rejoiced in her home and her friends and, most of all, in her family. There is a line in the book of Psalms whose wisdom was instinctive to her, "Gladness of heart is the life of a human being."

Silence breeds fear and silence breeds faith. We look straight on at life and we see more deeply into its meaning. We sense God and the God within. In silence we look beyond the moment. In silence we discover that death is not oblivion - a final and absolute end, but a translation of personality into a new dimension of meaning. In the silence, words spoken in wisdom re-echo in our hearts and love offered in complete trust touches again our soul. Silence teaches us how much they have become a part of us - of that inner life which is the real life.

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

We are met as a community of friends to pay our last public tribute of love and affection to a great and gracious lady who faced illness and death with the same consumate dignity with which she faced every challenge of life. Edith was a liberated woman long before there was a movement. Would that today's working women followed her example for she was not only talented and able - and successful; but she retained her charm, graciousness and femininity. Edith was always and ever a lady. It took an act of will to remember that Edith had been in the vortex of business and politics, secretary to a mayor, active in the vortex of the life of our city. She was unhurried, undogmatic, without arrogance or undue pride.

[redacted]tch

We use words skillfully. We use them to define our goals, to express our values and to explain our existence. Death shatters these words and scatters our sense of control to the winds. Can words reverse the flow of life or delay the tide of death? Can words explain the why and when - the mystery of death and its timing? A contemporary poet put it this way:

> There is a mystery too deep for words;
> The silence of the dead comes nearer to it,
> Being wisest in the end. What word shall hold
> The sorrow sitting at the heart of things,
> The majesty and patience of the truth!

At such an hour as this we sense anew the inadequacy of our vocabularies. We are born - we die. What more can be said? We can only accept. Here is a mystery too deep for words. This is the moment when man touches a truth too vast for his understanding. Here man comes face to face with his limitations - ultimately we have no recourse but to accept - to put as good a face upon our mortality as we can - to say with Job? "The Lord has given - the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

At this hour silence is wiser than language. Silence probes life. Silence opens the mind to the anxieties of the soul. In silence we become aware of the ultimate, and the inexorable - of the power divine. In silence we enter fear and move beyond fear to sense the awesomeness of God, who brought all this into being, who has given us life and opportunity, feeling and love, and who in time deprives us of life and opportunity and of those whom we love.

In silence we gaze into the precipice but we also find steadiness - the will to carry on. We say to ourselves: "I am bruised but I will find a way across. I, too, am part of God's reality. Life has its place for me. I cannot abandon my duty - those whom I love - my hope."

Eulogy for ~~Dorothy Frankel~~ Adeline Eber - Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver - May 10, 1967

It is a ~~opening~~ sunken day but none of us have eyes for its beauty. ~~We stand~~ Stand SILENT BEFORE THE ~~in frozen silence before the unfolding tragedy~~ BURDEN OF death. The world is gray and cold, a bitter place. The tragedy which has befallen this family ~~— Dorothy's~~ has saddened us all sudden death — has shaken us all to our very depths ~~and left us spent and silenced~~. Our hearts go out to ~~her~~ Adeline's dear ones but we know that words can never adequately express our feelings — and we do not know what to say.

Our minds race on seeking some explanation, wondering why! There is no explanation. Nothing that we did or did not do could have averted this tragedy. Throughout the generations the grief stricken have exhausted themselves asking why. There is no explanation ~~offered~~ AVAILABLE to us. "God's ways are not our ways ~~and his thoughts are not our~~ thoughts."

Indeed what we need so desperately is not a theoretical understanding of the mathematics of life and death but the simple strength to face death face to face. What we need is the courage to pick up the broken pieces of our lives — to persevere. It is well at such a time as this to turn to our ancient faith and to seek its encouragement and wisdom. What is death? To us death is the end, a finality. Faith reminds us that death is also a beginning, the translation of the soul into a new intimacy with God. Death seems to obliterate — to blot out. Faith reminds us that memory lives on, that love is imperishable, that our beloved dead are near us — alive in our hearts and in our minds.

What consolation can I speak? I can only share with you a heart burdened by a profound sense of loss. I can only join with you in a community of sorrow. I can only remind myself, even as I remind you, that the measure of our grief is

A MEASURE OF OUR LOVE.

IT IS A GLORIOUS FALL DAY - UNUSUAL FOR OUR CITY - BUT NONE OF US HAVE EYES FOR THE BEAUTY. WE ARE NUMBED BY THE TRAGEDY WHICH HAS BEFALLEN THIS FAMILY. OUR MINDS RACE ON SEEKING SOME EXPLANATION, WONDERING WHY! THERE IS NO EXPLANATION. NOTHING THAT WE CHILDREN DID NOT DO WOULD HAVE AVERTED THE FATE OF DEATH. THROUGH THE GENERATIONS SERVANTS HAVE EXHAUSTED THEMSELVES ASKING WHY. THERE IS NO EXPLANATION. "GOD'S WAYS ARE NOT OUR WAYS.

I do not know what is it aht allows some people like Esther to live in such an uncomplicated and great-hearted way - it is a trait which can only be a gift of a kind God - but I do know that Esther was vigorous of spirit, uncomplicated in her feelings, eager to pitch in and do, able to find the opportunity which each day presented. She met you with a smile. There was a lift in her voice and a welcome in her eyes. Yet, even in these last months of heartache, she did not allow the words of self-pity to cross her lips. She wanted to help as always, and not to be a burden. Esther had a special talent for friendship and for family. She saw the best in others. No demand in friendship went unanswered. Her home was as open as her heart. She filled her life with friends and because of her special quality these relationships were lifelong. She filled the days with gentle service, with acts of kindness which gave her life meaning. Every life has its dark moments - Esther had the ability to Anne ~~had known ill health~~ and, of course, the pain of these last months - but she faced each day with courage. For the most part ~~she~~ pushed out of mind the unwanted worry. She took life in hand and set out to make the most of it. Life was too precious to be wasted with fretting and complaining. Esther's friendships were many, steady and carefully tended. She was joyous without being flighty. She dressed with care without a taste of arrogance. She was the center of her world without ever being demanding. Esther had a talent for friendship and a commitment as well as a talent for family. Family was at the center of her being. She was fortunate in marriage and she established for her husband and her sons a g[illegible]me in which they were given encouragement and love. Her husband was her joy; her sons were her pride, their accomplishments her joy. Proud grandmother The girls they brought into ~~her home became~~ her daughters and her grandchildren were the center of her world.

Death came swiftly and unexpectedly, but it was a kind death. In the years ahead we will find some consolation in this woman of rare spirit who was not placed into a

situation which would corrode that spirit or narrow it. I am glad ~~that Anne~~ Esther's service could be held on a brilliant, sun-filled fall day, a reflex of the sunshine that was in her soul.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

October 17, 1978

Fan Luntz

I suspect that each of us has someone who represents to us the full dignity and promise of a human being, someone whose life seems to be what God intended when He created us. Fan Luntz was to me, and to many, that person. She was always the lady - always gracious - always great-hearted - always a person of quality and quiet dignity - always herself. Fan managed to walk life's way without ever seeming to break stride. There was always purpose in her actions, conviction in her words, and generosity in her spirit.

Of course, Fan was not a symbol but a vital, sensitive, charming and intelligent person. Hers was an inner as well as outer beauty. She was always reserved. Recently some have begun to make a virtue of pouring out everything that they feel. That was not Fan's way. She was always put together. She did not burden others with whatever pain or concern she may have felt. She was a woman of strong will and gentle way. Her voice was soft but her opinions were firm.

The old-fashioned term, gentle lady, fit her. Her values were basic; her spirit was willing; her heart was open; her way was straight; her heart was full of love. The warmth and good humor of her spirit were wedded to an abiding faith in the possibilities of life. She saw the best in others and brought out the best in everyone. Until these last unfortunate years of illness and disability, Fan walked with a becoming grace. She dressed with care, but without ostentation. Her words were firm but always spoken with tact. God had endowed her with musical sensitivity, her heart overflowed with song, and I always felt that she knew life as a grand symphony which was carefully shaped and full of well-developed themes. Fan enjoyed and understood the architecture of music and its careful shapes reflected the clarity and harmony of her mind. She took delight in art and all things of beauty. She read widely and wisely, and valued learning.

The phrase, gentle lady, is an old-fashioned term, but it describes Fan's manner and innate courtesy. Yet, Fan was not old-fashioned. She walked a steady way in a world full of change, but I never heard her criticize the fact that

changes were taking place. She was too wise for that. She was always willing to listen to fresh and interesting ideas, especially if these were presented by her children and grandchildren.

Fan was utterly without side. She judged each person by their accomplishments and not by the labels of race or religion that they bore. She was at ease with people from all levels of life. In her youth she had worked in a settlement house in the Lower East Side of New York where she learned to value those who came from less fortunate circumstances than her own and to appreciate the importance of citizenship and service - commitments which she maintained throughout her life. There is hardly a worthwhile institution in Canton or Cleveland which has not benefited from her interest and concern. Deeply committed to all that is essentially human, Fan raised her children to serve and took great pride as they and, in turn, their children reached out to serve their communities.

Fan enjoyed many privileges in her life, but she never became self-centered or demanding. An unassuming woman, she was always grateful for what she had and more than willing to share. Though active in innumerable civic works, Fan never allowed her outside interests to disturb the inner spaces of her life or diminish her central role as wife and mother. Her first priority was her home, her marriage and her children. Fan's home was a place of quiet beauty, a welcoming place full of warmth, good cheer and good feeling. Fan had a large circle of friends. Many delighted in her person and her conversation and Fan never treated friendship offhandedly. She was careful and caring in all that she did. You always felt that she took a real interest in your work and your interests and her kindnesses were always appropriate and thoughtful.

I have spoken of Fan as a woman in her own right because that is how I knew her. She was also quintessentially Abe's wife and helpmate. Their marriage was the central fact of their being, a love match which never cooled. Together always, they faced life's challenges. Together always, they served their

communities and raised their large family. There was always a generous peace in their home. Here fine values were taught by example and the close ties of love were carefully nurtured. Here was the table which expanded miraculously as the family grew and grew but never outgrew the love and encouragement with which Fan and Abe reserved for their family.

Abe was full of energy and drive, and Fan fully shared his many commitments, but I always felt that it was she who kept Abe's enthusiasms in bounds and their lives focused on those central loyalties which were precious to both of them.

Our families were close over many years and supported each other's activities. Abe and Fan shared my parents' commitment to the values of an open and just society, to decency and character and honor, to Judaism, The Temple, and Jewish people. It was a privilege to be close to Fan's world. To know her was to love her and to realize how closely she fit the model of the woman of valor in the Bible. "The woman who looks well to the ways of her household, who opens her mouth with wisdom, the law of kindness is on her lips whose strength and beauty are her clothing. She stretches out her hand to the poor. Her children rise up and call her blessed."

We were all blessed that God allowed us to share life with a woman of Fan's quality.

Amen.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

October 17, 1982

SARAH LYNN February 6, 1958

At this hour

WE THANK THEE ESPECIALLY, O LORD, FOR THE SOUL OF ~~SARAH LYNN~~ Goldberg, A WIFE AND MOTHER IN ISRAEL, A SPIRITED GENTLEWOMAN WHO WAS CHERISHED AND RESPECTED BY HER FAMILY AND FRIENDS, A GENEROUS LADY WHO GAVE FREELY OF HER TIME AND OF HER TALENT WHEREVER AND WHENEVER IT WAS NEEDED.

IT WAS NOT MY PRIVILEGE TO BE INTIMATE WITH MRS. LYNN. THE TESTIMONY OF FAMILY AND FRIENDS BESPEAKS A WOMAN OF STRENGTH, VIRTUE, OF LOVE AND COMPASSION. A LIFE WELL LED SHEDS ITS LIGHT IN MANY PLACES. MRS. ~~LYNN~~ Goldberg BRIGHTENED THE MANY YEARS WHICH SHE SHARED HAPPILY WITH HER HUSBAND AS THEY WORKED TOGETHER AND BUILT TOGETHER A FAMILY RICH IN LOVE AND STRONG IN COMMON PURPOSE. ~~SARAH LYNN~~ Goldberg NEVER SEPARATED HER WELL-BEING FROM THAT OF HER HUSBAND AND HER CHILDREN. SHE FULFILLED HERSELF THROUGH THEM. SHE BROUGHT ONLY JOY AND HAPPINESS TO THEM. SHE MADE THEIR HOME RICH IN LOVE AND FULL OF PEACE.

THERE WAS A BROAD SWEEP, HOWEVER, TO MRS. LYNN'S GENEROSITY. HER KINDNESSES WERE BROAD AND BROADLY EXTENDED. SHE WORKED WITH DETERMINATION AND SKILL FOR MANY OF THE IMPORTANT VOLUNTEER AGENCIES IN OUR COMMUNITY. NOT ONE TO SEEK OFFICE, SHE SOUGHT ONLY TO SERVE. SHE SERVED LOYALLY AND WELL. MANY A FRIEND OR ACQUAINTANCE HAS REASON TO BLESS HER GENEROUS SPIRIT AND TO THANK HER WISDOM AND GOOD COUNSEL.

PERHAPS OF ALL THE RICHEST BLESSINGS GOD CAN BESTOW UPON ANY OF US, THE BLESSING OF A FAMILY STRONG IN LOVE AND BOUND TOGETHER IN DEVOTION STANDS PARAMOUNT. WITH HER JOSEPH, MRS. ~~LYNN MADE~~ Goldberg THIS BLESSING COME TRUE.

CLAIRE MEISEL

Whole page

~~Eulogy~~ - Hortense Feuer

This is a leaden and difficult hour. We have been brought close to death, and INSERT 1 Even as we review and praise ~~the~~ Claire's grace and quality ~~of one who was~~ beloved ~~and precious~~ we protest the intrusion of death. ~~When a loved one dies in~~ the fullness of years ~~the hurt is raw and real~~. It is doubly ~~so when the beloved~~ dies before the full ~~span of years. Inevitably, we seek some~~ explanation, ~~not only of life's mathematics, but of life's justice.~~

INSERT 2 What understanding can be ours? I have no superior wisdom to share with you. I cannot solve for you the equations of God's mathematics nor justify to you God's decisions, though I affirm their justice. "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." This is the substance of faith. "Seek not to explain God's ways to man for they are beyond your understanding." This is the key insight of ancestral wisdom. Life is agift not of our choosing. Death is a fact not of our willing. We do not schedule our arrival. We cannot schedule our departure. All that we can do is affirm the opportunity which is life and to make the most of its blessing. An hour can be rich in achievement or hollow and without purpose. Years may be barren. The greatest of poetry and art can be created in a few house. There are some who live so sweetly that their every action brings blessing and happiness. [These, though they die young, die fulfilled. They have already passed along an overflowing measure of kindness and love.]

I affirm this also, that death is not pain but the absence of pain. Death is not oblivion but a translation of the soul into a new dimension of memory. We cry now not for those who have passed on but for those who have been left behind. The loss and loneliness is ours. Her pain is over. She is at peace.

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

What consolation can be ours? We cannot console ourselves with reason, but we do share a community of sadness and the consolation of faith. Our tradition insists that the righteous are living, even though dead. ~~Hortense~~ Clara was a woman of exceptional quality who graced her my years with a rare sweetness and fineness. She governed her relations with others by a law of tender concern. Her soul was responsive to ~~every good cause and to~~ every human need. She graced her relationships with sensitive tact and instinctive sympathy. ~~She~~ She bore herself with an unassuming dignity. ~~She thought before she acted, and her~~ deeds were always generous. ~~Her mind was wise and~~ her heart was open. She returned to her family a deep and abiding love and a warm and abiding devotion. Moses ibn Ezra, the medieval poet, described a woman who ~~another of exceptional quality~~ with these words: "Grace was in her soul, generosity in her heart, her lips were ever faithful." This was ~~Hortense~~ sense, goodness, modesty, judgement, vigor, grace of bearing, sensitivity, quiet self-control, warmth - such virtues were instinctive to her being. They live on and will live on in the memories of shared occasions.

I would remind you of the custom among our people which has us light a candle of remembrance at such an hour as this. At first glance this symbol seems strange. Would it not be more fitting to extinguish the taper, even as a life has been snuffed out? But it is the way of wisdom to remind ourselves that a precious life, a good, significant life, is never snuffed out. Significance is

immortal. View, you resolves, the many wonderful friends of Hortense who are here who will ever recall her generosity of self, her intelligence, her spiritual vigor, her energy, her wholesomeness, the pleasure we found in her friendship, the understanding she brought to her friendships. She listened patiently to young and old, offered herself in every relationship. These memories will echo through the long years. They bind us together across life and death.

The righteous are called living even when dead. Hortense was one of those fine human beings who not only has many friends, but deserves many friends. She was loyal, open, responsive, sensitive and never manipulative. She was of the salt of the earth, without pretense or posture. The Psalmist wrote "that gladness of heart is the life of a man" - and of this woman. There was a warm steady glow deep in her soul which allowed her to rejoice in every day and every opportunity. Where some drag themselves through life Hortense walked with a firm step, fully alive. She instinctively saw the opportunity in every moment, the best in everyone. Her friends were not only companions and neighbors, but family. Rabbis sometimes speak of "the Temple Family," hoping to create an organic relationship between disparate groups by the power of words alone. Hortense did not prate, but practiced. People of every age, the old settler and the latest arrival, rich and poor, were welcomed easily and humanity and made to feel at home. She was not only present at congregational functions, busy with plans and ever helpful, but she was there, open, approachable, not simply the rabbi's wife, a genuine human being. She loved people. She loved her people and those of quality and character among all groups. Her spirit was without snobbery or prejudice. She loved her God. Judaism's teachings and worship struck deep

Paulette Meyers

Death has again intruded into the circle of our friends. Paulette Meyers has been taken from us well before the expected three score years and ten. ~~There~~ There is a sense of incompleteness as well as sharp pain that this gracious and sensitive woman should have had to face d~~uring her years~~ the tragic loss of a daughter and the devastation of cancer. It seems so unfair, but what is fair? The author of the book of Job long ago reminded us that we must take life as it is given to us. No one knows the why's and wherefore's. There are no explanations, theological or otherwise. Life is not fashioned by us. All that we can do is to face each day with courage and meet our family and friends each day with love. All that we can do is to admire those like Pat who do manage the strength to face each day and do so without losing the sense of beauty and possibility of each occasion.

Whenever I walked into this home I came into a place full of good feelings, into a place lovingly tended by a woman who was careful of her surroundings, eager to provide an environment of beauty for her family. Pat had a special sense of line and form. Her eye saw and rejoiced in beauty. Her ear heard the melodies of each day and her hands could make the piano sing. Pat had a special sense of color and ~~design~~ design. In her younger days she had used these as the basis for a successful career in design and fashion. As you would expect, she dressed with flair and style - always tastefully, and without pretension. Pat had a great dignity about her and a friendly spirit. She was charming, a good and sensitive companion, easy to be with and talk to. Pat delighted in friendship. She enjoyed being out in the world, savoring ~~the~~ its music, ~~the~~ GOD TALK ~~the~~ theater, all its lights and sounds. Light of spirit, full of energy, Pat was a good and loyal friend and a good and loyal Jew - proud of the traditions of her upbringing and home. Pat lived in the larger world but her home was the center of her world. She was essentially daughter, sister, wife and mother. She and Ernie built a home which

was a calm and encouraging place. The companionship, the love which they shared, filled their home and provided the encouragement and the sustenance which allowed their daughters to grow easily and happily. All could be shared - the good times and the bad.

Because of the closeness of these ties, the pain of these last years, I know that grief rests heavy on this family and I know this too - Pat would not wish you to stall your lives in grief. She lived for you, for your happiness. She would have loved to live and share more - but she had no wish to live stripped by disease of her dignity and pride. She would have you keep bright the memory.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

March 8, 1978

Eulogy for Eleanor Meltzer July 25, 1968 by Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver

Eleanor Meltzer died before her life had reached its full fruition but it was not, therefore, an unfulfilled life. In a quiet way she had become one whose place among us will be long and lovingly missed. There was no demand on friendship which was not willingly made and more. Her way was not always an easy way but she walked it graciously and without turning in on herself. Her understanding, her warmth, her ability to accept life with all of its confusions happily and willingly are cherished memories. Eleanor was a considerate and welcome friend. She asked little. She gave much. Her interest in others was a buoyant one. Her life was one of wholesomeness and unassuming simplicity. She brought to her relationships genuine understanding, an open heart and an uncomplaining nature and a deep reservoir of patient good will. Home and family were closest to her and central to her being. She was a devoted daughter and sister and found her fulfillment in the happiness of those to whom she was bound. She was finally granted in her last years the great happiness of marriage and love. In all of these relationships which were deep and intimate she found happiness. She gave of herself happily. What more can be said? What more need be said?

Dorothy Mintz
~~Carol Taylor~~

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 heart - 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 ~~good~~ kind dies in the prime of life. I cannot resolve the euations 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, ~~as we can~~ [illegible]id, 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 ~~Carol~~ Bunny. She is at peace. She has been spared ~~the~~ Further indignity ~~of a mattress grave~~. 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. ~~Our loneliness will be a daily burden. [illegible] struggled these last months against~~ Cancer

Her death was swift — without prolonged pain

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 ~~[illegible]~~ indulged by her parents and her brother. She might easily have become ~~totally~~ 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.

Carol 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. Carol surmounted the challenges of life with courage and determination. 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

May 12, 1982

~~Anne Rosenberg~~ -
~~[redacted] MOORE~~

Rose Blumenthal

We are here in tribute and respect to a loved one whose presence will be lovingly missed. Our hearts are heavy. Our minds are close to the reality of death. Mystery looms before us. No one knows what lies beyond the bourne of time and space. We cannot mark the road our beloved now walks. Yet there is no fear in our hearts, for death is both an end and a beginning, a conclusion and a commencement. In death as in life we walk with God. As He sheltered and protected us in life, so does He sustain and encourage us unto eternity.

To think of death is to confront mystery. Death does not demand understanding, rather it demands that we reacquaint ourselves with life. For death underscores the value of life, the privilege of life, the imperative, 'use your lives wisely.' "Teach us, O Lord, to number our days, that we may get us a heart of wisdom." For each of us there is an allotted measure of days. What we do not accomplish within that time is forever undone. Some squander their time. The wise compress and compact into their days many lifetimes of accomplishment. What is accomplishment? Fulfillment of our talents, repayment of the debt of love that we owe to our family and friends, enlistment in the service of God. Accomplishment is not measured in fame but in deeds. Many strut proudly on the world stage but their lives are empty and vain. Others labor silently in the intimate circle of their families, yet it is they who sustain our world with love and devotion, and by their way of sacrifice and gentleness and kindliness.

Edith West

TRIBUTE TO [redacted]

~~read by Dr. Abba Hillel Silver~~

~~at the funeral services on Monday, December 5, 1960~~

The ~~sudden~~ death of ~~Harold Thorman~~ has left us all ~~saddened~~ and bereft.

There are men who pass out of life and their place is scarcely missed. There are others who, because of certain qualities of character and certain endowments of heart, so endear themselves to many members of their community and to a large circle of friends, that their passing creates a keenly-sensed and deeply mourned void. ~~amongst them~~. It is as if a dear friend has suddenly departed, never to return -- a lovely pattern of association had been permanently disrupted and a sweet harmony had been sharply broken.

Rose Blomberg

~~Harold Thorman~~ belonged to those who will not soon be forgotten, for ~~he~~ she left a cherished memorial for ~~himself~~ herself in the affection of those who knew him, who felt the warmth of ~~his~~ her personality, and who admired ~~his~~ her energy / mind / indefatigable spirit integrity and ~~his~~ her inherent human kindness and faithfulness. Grace was in ~~his~~ her soul and generosity was in his heart.

We need not erect memorials for the righteous -- say our sages --; their lives and their deeds perpetuate their memory.

Harold Thorman was the direct descendant of the first Jewish settler in Cleveland -- Simson Thorman. He was born, reared and educated here, and his ~~active~~ business career was spent here. In all of his business relationships he was always a man of fairness,

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

Edit

Marguerite ~~understood this wisdom.~~ lost She lived each day to the full - completely, but never grossly. She knew the meaning of work, hard work. She enjoyed her work, she found fulfillment in it. She was good at it. I doubt that she ever begrudged for a moment the far less demanding routines enjoyed by many with whom she associated. ~~Marguerite came of pioneer stock. Her family was among the oldest Jewish settlers in our city and there was something of the sturdiness and steadiness of the frontier about her.~~ She was always ready to pitch in, willing to share, optimistic of the future, pleased by the success of others, skillful in her ~~trade~~ profession. The joy of life was truly in her soul and happiness never far from her eyes. She came of hardy stock and she was a hardy person. Early in her adult life Marguerite suffered what might have been for another a soul crippling illness, but she neither whimpered nor complained but set out to make a full and rich life for herself. She seemed to bear God admonish Israel "Be strong and of good courage".

She enjoyed life more wholeheartedly than most people

Edit

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

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

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

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

Jennie Neuman

Death is the inevitable complement of life. Death is of life's most elemental nature. "Dust we are and dust we return." Death is universal. Death is our destiny, but death does not consign us to oblivion. It does not return to the earth as it was. The spirit returns to God Who gave it. Though 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. The spirit is received under God's sheltering protection and abides there protected by His love.

Memory, too, outlives death. Physically, our loved are no longer with us, but an abiding remembrance of their quality continues long after their death. The words they spoke in love are ~~never~~ not forgotten. They live on in the good and gentle acts which we learned to respect ~~and, admiring, to emulate~~. Those who fill their days with ~~gentleness, kindliness and~~ helpfulness leave behind an imperishable legacy.

Such is the memory of Jennie Neuman, a woman of great dignity and quiet strength whom God has taken back on to Himself. Jennie lived a quiet life. 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 Jennie was ever close and ever helpful. As wife she was full of love and encouragement, a woman of valor. As a young widow she met a new set of responsibilities with strength and determination. Her lips were sealed to self-pity. ~~As a mother she was open~~ and ~~loving and ever close.~~ As a grandmother she was friend and a joy to be with.

~~This is a close-knit family, both by conviction and~~ circumstance. It ~~must~~ is be hard even now to lose a mother and grandmother even though our minds tell us that having come to the fullness of age, life no longer had any life. Jennie was a woman of great dignity and she had enjoyed unbroken good health most of her long life.

These last months were not pleasant to 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 central, close and dear.

It is the wisdom of our people at times such as this to remind ourselves that the measure of our grief is a measure of our love and that the measure of our love is a measure of gratitude to God for allowing us to share our existence with a person of quality. God gave ~~Jennie~~ Dr. Neuman physical strength and a calm spirit. He blessed her with a good mind and determination, and a good bit of instinctive human wisdom. Jennie was a woman of faith. Whatever happened to her she had faith in life, in tomorrow and in 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. Until she could no longer master the strength, she faced each day bouyantly and with courage and she made those with whom she had the privilege of sharing life with happy with her presence.

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

May 31, 1978

Stella Newworth

This memorial service is dedicated to a vital and [redacted] for n[redacted] a hundred years, [redacted] each of life's inevitable challenges and responsibilities willingly and with grace. Born into a large family, the youngest of her family, [redacted] was nurtured to respect the rights of others and to take pleasure in the interests and achievements of others. Throughout her life she found her greatest pleasure in human contact and friendship.

Stella was a lifelong citizen of Cleveland, a fact which suggests continuity and steadiness. When we remind ourselves of how [redacted] world [redacted] from the world [redacted] she knew in her youth, we recognize the measure of the adjustments which she faced, [redacted] I can only marvel at the spirit [redacted] with which she adapted to her changeful world. Stella was born into a world which had not yet invented most of the machines and conveniences which we take for granted, but she was able to accept the world of speed and noise, appliances and automobiles, without changing her values and while remaining true to herself, [redacted] a remarkable degree of resilience and [redacted] deep-seated confidence in her values and convictions. [redacted], but each of us was the loser who was not raised in the kind of [redacted]. Each [redacted] every [redacted] relationship has its limitations and drawbacks, but [redacted] learned [redacted] respect others and themselves.

Stella, I am told, was a determined woman. She knew her mind. Her convictions [redacted] but she also knew the art of friendship and the importance of supporting others who are near and dear. Forced by interest and circumstances to make her own way in the business world, she met her responsibilities energetically and competently [redacted] built with her sisters a strong, close-knit home [redacted] provided [redacted]r Edith the warmth and the encouragement which allows a child to grow into the fullness of [redacted]r potential. [redacted] life might have been narrow and limited but she

saw to it that it was ~~broad~~ and full, ~~and~~ she had no fear of facing each day, ~~and~~ indeed, she took delight in discovering its possibility.

With the exception of Edith and her children, those who were nearest and dearest have gone before. Stella ~~was one of those~~ who in a sense has outlived her own funeral. But not of her family's devotion, recognized after ~~She clearly was~~ a woman of valor in a remarkably modern way, a woman of independent spirit and great determination who ~~still~~ looked well to the ways of her household and ~~who~~ is remembered by all for blessing.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

December 22, 1983

Helen Orlean

We meet in the presence of sudden tragedy. Our hearts are burdened with the finality of an unexpected death. Our minds busy themselves seeking some explanation. There are no explanations. We do not know another's pain. Life is not easy. There are some who are capable of bearing heavier burdens than others. Some folk have a higher tolerance to pain. The life that one person might find bearable becomes to another a living hell. Some are imprisoned in their minds by their fears. Others are trapped by emotional ill health just as others are born invalid and handicapped. Each of us struggles each day to face the day. In the struggle some succeed, others do not. When one we love finds life overwhelming no one can sit in judgement. All that we can do is to recognize the humanity that we share, to rejoice in the good moments that were ours and to pray that they have found peace.

Each of us is here because we were bound close by the ties of friendship and family to Helen Orlean. Each of you recalls moments of happiness shared, the strength and clarity of her mind, her gentleness and basic decency and the courage of her struggle with the shadows.

A person is born with a given emotional skeleton. Helen certainly wished for more equanimity and balance, but she could only be what she was. At all times her feelings were genuine and honest. She was neither manipulative nor cruel. Her love was honest and unselfish. Her basic values were humane and kindly. She prized the ties of family with her own parents, brother and sisters, and the husband that she loved and their two fine sons, but she could not always ~~see the~~ ~~forgiving enough~~ or manage the moment.

I do not know what Helen would have us say at this moment, but I do know that in her own way she loved deeply and fully, that she never meant to hurt. She certainly did not mean to leave scars behind. She would not have wanted those who were closest and dearest to bear any sense of guilt. They did in love all that could be done even as she acted in love with whatever strength was hers. More than that no one can do.

I sometimes wish we were more honest with our children about the real nature of life. To live is to be bruised. To love is to lose. At times all of us walk close to the edge. There is more ~~fear~~ anxiety to life than we allow ourselves to admit. At times Let us ~~take~~ deal with our grief openly and deal with it courageously. We share this moment in community of love and community of sorrow and somehow in that sense of shared feeling we must find the comfort and consolation. May it come to us.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

Aline Kilmer: After Grieving

When I was young I was so sad!
  I was so sad! I did not know
Why any living thing was glad
  When one must some day sorrow so.
    But now that grief has come to me
    My heart is like a bird set free.

I always knew that it would come;
  I always felt it waiting there:
Its shadow kept my glad voice dumb
  And crushed my gay soul with despair.
    But now that I have lived with grief
    I feel an exquisite relief.

Runners who knew their proven strength,
  Ships that have shamed the hurricane:
These are my brothers, and at length
  I shall come back to joy again.
    However hard my life may be
    I know it shall not conquer me.

Frederick Lucian Hosmer: My Dead

I cannot think of them as dead
  Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of life I tread
  They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair
  Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are His, and here or there
  Are living unto Him.

And still their silent ministry
  Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walked with me
  And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine;
  What they to me have been,
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
  Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
  Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to Love to keep
  Its own eternally.

Ruth Paller

Not long ago a courageous woman came into this room. She knew that she had cancer. She knew her days were numbered. She had come to choose a fitting place for this service. Ruth was not afraid. She spoke to me a few days later quite openly of her impending death. If she had any fear it was of dying, not of death. Dying can be painful. Death means an end of pain.

She looked about this room, its quiet, its majesty, not unlike the Art Museum - a treasure house of beauty she loved so well. She saw here intimations of many deaths and I think she drew strength from death's universality, the sense that all die and that death is a natural part of life.

My life brings me often into the presence of death and I have spoken more times than I care to number with the dying. I have rarely known anyone with as much strength and sense of reality as Ruth. From the early days of her life when she had assumed the responsibilities of the eldest child in a depression family Ruth had faced each of life's many responsibilities deliberately, openly, graciously - no word of self-pity crossed her lips. These last months Ruth gave courage to those w ho wanted to encourage her, even as throughout her life she had served without asking much in return.

A few days after her visit here Ruth and I talked of life and death, and of her life and her death, and this moment. She wanted a simple, unvarnished service. She wanted me to speak to you, her loving, her large family, her friends, of the intimacies that you had shared, of the joys that you had given her. She was not resigned to her death in the sense that she had no regrets. She did regret the foreshortening of the years she could spend with her sons and with all of you, other little things; but she knew that we do not set the timetable of our lives. Others might have

railed against the fates, Ruth went within and sought to understand herself and her feelings.

I thought of many things that should be said, of a dutiful daughter, of a fine mind, of talented hands, of simple hopes - of a loving, sacrificially devoted mother - but in the end the eulogy that ought to be spoken of Ruth is her own - the words drawn out of the wisdom of her life, carefully sculpted words, written with the special sense of language that she possessed, speak for her. She had thought all the thoughts that we could possibly consider and she had found a consolation which can encourage us.

Friends Await Me

My going will all the easier be
Having made of late a discovery.
For surely the souls which float above
Shall greet me with smiles - shall
  protect with this love.

They are released from bodies of pain
Free of earthly cares they do disdain
They are free of woe, their tasks are none
They have time for love, their lives are done.

Their domain of smiles - in heavenly grace
Comfort the living in warm embrace.
Unfettered, unshackled of life's trials and cares
They are here to assist God in earthly affairs.

My discovery, thru, would seem to unfold
The larger plan - its magnitude bold
A shrine that's devised to insure His grace - giving,
Through souls who will care and who will
  comfort the living.

We have come to add a last page to

My Soul And I

I think it time, my soul and I
To free this body - wasted and ill.
It answers not to our cries of pain
Its mind now stronger than you and I.

My soul, we weep to lose control.
We fashioned dreams for now and though
Our hopes, our plans are not to be
Our steadfast purpose to no avail.

My soul and I, companions now,
Will take those lifelong gossamer dreams
We will leave this hurting body here,
Give up the fight - not to be won.

My soul, we will weave both hope and joy
For those we love - to see no more
We will pray for them - we will cast a spell.
We will shelter them with our love and our care.

We are stronger now, my soul and I
Our battle, though lost, brought us closer together.
Though sad I am and not afraid - for I go not alone.

Drops of Remembrance

The rain pelts less furiously
The sewers hold the moisture
The sodden earth around my grave
Contains the tears of many.

Someone's mother, another's sister,
A husband old and weary
A child whose gay affection's stopped
A mother's love no more spoken.

I'd like to think each tiny drop
Of rain that falls on earth
Is a cry of remembrance each who stay
Sends out to those who leave.

Ruth Rosenbaum Perskin

We have come to add a last public tribute of love and affection for a vital and genuine person, a spirited lady, Ruth Rosenbaum Perskin. In our world so full of pretense and posturing Ruth lived in honest simplicity. She accepted life for what it was. She was of the earth, essential, basic, person-centered, sensitive to other's needs. She was of the earth and she loved the earth - and knew how to make it bloom. Ruth came of a large family and she learned to adjust to many natures and personalities. Her father died when she was young and Ruth early learned to accept the shadows as well as the sunshine. She took great pleasure in doing well the basic things, the human things. An old man told me once that there are two kinds of people - there are lifters and there are leaners. Ruth was a "lifter." Deep in her soul there was a remarkable source of joyous energy which never ceased to bubble up. Hers was the quiet word, not the heavy word. Some plod their ways through life. Ruth danced. Some fumble, Ruth's fingers skillfully embroidered beauty and made objects that were pleasing to the eye. Ruth had hands and a spirit which could make flowers blossom.

Ruth was a private person in the sense that she did not seek fame or notoriety. She was private, but not reclusive. She delighted in friendship. She enjoyed being out in the world, savoring its music, its theater, all of its sights and sounds. Light of spirit, full of energy, Ruth was a good and loyal friend who joined others in quiet service to our community and our Temple; but, most of all, Ruth was daughter, sister, wife and mother. She took great pride in her home and great pride in her person, her dress and her bearing, but she took greatest pride in the happiness and health of her family. She worked for them, sacrificed for

them, counseled them, badgered them a bit, prayed for their well-being and rejoiced in their happiness and their closeness. She and Sam established a home in which there was support, encouragement, love, energy and a sense of shared purpose. Loving woman that she was, when life took her soul mate, Ruth stayed open to life and again found companionship. I do not know what Ruth would wish to have spoken at this moment. She was not a woman to regret a death that came in the fullness of age, with the waning of strength. She certainly had little pleasure these last months as the person that she was disappeared under her weakness. She had lived long. She had lived well. She had lived graciously and I am sure she would want her daughter and her son and their families to remember her in her strength, to remember the fine moments they shared, to remember that she sought only their happiness.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

January 8, 1976

Miriam Pollack - Euology

Miriam was one of the first people I met thirty years ago when I came back to Clevealnd and was responsible for organizing the Temple school. She was ~~on our musical and theatrical staff and~~ I found her to be bright, forthcoming, contagious ~~and open~~ person who was not only extremely ~~musically~~ talented, but, infinitely patient with the youngsters. They responded instinctively to her warmth and to her person and ~~she helped us~~ we produced a number of bright and attractive programs which were enjoyable in the viewing and the doing.

It was only latter that I came to know that Miriam, ~~who~~ not only ~~had~~ the instinct and the compassion to ~~relate~~ relate to children, but the calm patience required to work with the elderly. ~~As you know~~ She came from a large family, and home must have been a comfortable and loving place ~~because her~~ personality reflected ~~a generosity and spirit which only~~ the love and warmth of the parents and a good home can ~~overcome~~ unlock in the human heart. Throughout here life Miriam was what another generation would call a good woman. Considerate, full of good spirit, always able to see the good in ~~another~~ others. She made friends easily and there was not demand on her time or anything went unanswered.

Someone once told me that each human soul has its own particular music. Sometimes that music is ~~and in other people the music seem to~~ tempestuous - sometimes it is mild be muted. Miriam's soul was full of joyous melody. ~~A very joyous tune~~ - and for a while long. She ~~delighted to~~ danced to that tune. Indeed I'm told her home was filled with trophies that he had when on the dance floor. I suspect that her immediate basic response to the melody of life began in the ~~inner soul~~ son of her heart.

As you would expect this great hearted and generosity spirited woman was a loving daughter and devoted sister. Her life was graced with the love of two fine men and these last years were blessed by a relationship with Morris which was steady and happy, full of trust and travel. A truly and fully satisfying ~~[illegible]~~ companion. The end of life can be sometimes painful and lonely. Miriam died knowing she was loved in the fullness of hers having gained the respect of the community.

Never once who had any desire to appear on the public stage, Miriam life was more on the quiet . She was a gentle woman, one of those who was willing to do the gentle deeds. God has recalled one of his own and we are grateful for all her life meant to us.

Adelaide Patman
~~Barbara Shepard~~

We come here with heavy hearts to pay our last tribute of affection and respect to a good friend, a life-loving woman, Adelaide Patman.

Death is always a blow, but experience and a tendency toward the philosophic supports us when we face the death of those who have reached a full age. Their lives had a certain symmetry and there is a sense of completion. But when someone is taken from us who has just reached the second half of the fabled four score years which the Psalmists spoke as the measure of a full life, we protest angrily the intrusion of a death which seems so unfair.

Can any understanding be ours? Our tradition wisely counsels, "Seek not to explain God's ways to man for they are beyond your understanding." There is no benefit in vainly trying to resolve the equation of life. Life is a gift not of our choosing. Death is a fact we cannot bend to our will. We do not schedule our birth. We do not determine the length of our life. All that we can do is to affirm the opportunity which is life and make the most of its blessings. This hour calls not for explanation but for faith: "The Lord has given. . . ."

Judaism reminds us to measure life by the use we make of it, not by mere length. An hour can be rich in achievement or hollow and empty of purpose. A day can be well spent or wasted. There are some who live long, hollow lives and there are some who cram into each day a full measure and more of experience and achievement. These, even though they die young, die fulfilled. They have compressed into their years many lifetimes of accomplishment.

I affirm this too. Death is not pain but the absence of pain. Death is not oblivion but the translation of the spirit into the dimension of memory. We cry now not for Adelaide, her long trial is ended. She is at peace. We cry for those who have been left behind. Their loneliness is a daily burden. Her pain is over, she is at peace. We are bereft. She is with God. We are alone. Her peace is timeless.

Adelaide struggled these past months against an implacable cancer. Her disease passed ultimately beyond control, but in many ways it was Adelaide

who was the victor. She faced each day with courage and determined will, ~~and~~ ~~through these years of pain and anxiety~~ She continued not only to fulfill her responsibilities as a woman and as a mother but to reach out eagerly for life's experiences. She was never defeated because she never allowed herself to feel defeated. After a talk with ~~Barbara~~ Barbara I often thought 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 to press on."

When we spoke of her illness, of death and dying, ~~Barbara~~ Barbara never complained or 'why me.' ~~There are some who endure silently. Barbara spoke of her feelings. What was remarkable was that she did not let them embitter her spirit.~~ She was grateful to those who nursed and cared. ~~She made friends in every service of the hospital.~~ Whenever she ~~left her hospital bed~~ could, she took up eagerly the many threads of her life. It would have been understandable had she withdrawn, but again, that ~~was not Barbara's~~ was her way. ~~She remained upon the periphery. She did not~~ nurse her hurt behind closed doors. ~~She remained alert to the feelings of others as well as to her own needs.~~ She continued to walk with the dignity and grace which had always been instinctive to her and she continued to care for the special beauty with which God had endowed her. ~~I found her increasingly around the Temple, seeking to understand more about life and faith.~~ I don't know where she found the strength to pull herself together ~~as she did,~~ but I do know that she did.

Most of us tend to deny the unwanted or the unpleasant. Barbara tried to understand all ~~that~~ she could about her illness. She ~~became~~ medically informed, and though this knowledge ~~probably~~ robbed her of the encouragement of false hopes, it allowed her to retain her sense of her own dignity and control. Barbara was determined to be master of her situation. She was ~~not~~ one to surrender life's decisions to another.

~~As we talked, a phrase which I can no longer properly ascribe often came to mind.~~ "What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us." A great knot of courage and strength ~~lay within~~

SIMPLE LINES FIT HER WELL " LIFE IS MOSTLY FROTH AND BUBBLE/
TWO THINGS STAND LIKE STONE/ KINDNESS IN ANOTHER'S TROUBLE/
COURAGE IN YOUR OWN".

Barbara possessed an unquentionable zest for life. She had a questing spirit which reached out to experience and to understand. She rejoiced in these and in nature. Her garden was her delight and the care which she lavished on it was a reflection of the care she brought to every task.

Barbara's strength seemed to derive from a strong sense of self which had been honed during the years when she had faced the complications of youth and the pressures of the outside world largely on her own and in the long years when she had nursed her mother. Folk wisdom tells us that "adversity introduces a man to himself," and certainly Barbara was both a stronger and more self-reliant woman from having faced some of the shadows of life early on.

Strength conjures up an image of physical size and prickly independence. I do not mean to suggest these qualities at all. I speak of an inner grace, a quiet assurance, an acceptance of the unpredictable in life, a determination to understand as much as can be grasped of this confusing world of which we are all a part, an understanding that one must shoulder burdens without complaint, a respect for others born out of one's own self-respect.

Always active and enterprising, Barbara was a good and welcome companion, a loyal and caring friend. Your presence here in such numbers testifies to the wide reach of the circle whose lives Barbara touched. She met people easily and was always eager to learn through them. With it all, she fulfilled herself most fully in the intimate relationships of loving and caring. A loving daughter, the importance of the ties of family were impressed upon her by the events of childhood and she held these sacred. Children were her joy. She rejoiced in their growth. She prayed for their happiness. She looked forward expectantly to the major events of their lives and she encouraged them always to be themselves and to find in life the excitement which she found there.

Barbara and I talked often of life and death. I came to understand how much she valued life and that she did not fear death. She feared dying because of the implicit loss of dignity, and I thank God that death came while she was

opening overtures up to climax – to unknown. Adrianne's vitality pulses
her in many directions as she searched for no fellow expression
of her talents and her soul. She knew not to rouse out is
to count no possibility of stunting – yet she also knew that
not to seek was never to find.

Nadia and Lenfranchi and he shared as Rabbi and student as
Rabbi and Friend – the good times and the bad, ~~[illegible]~~ over no young
the never lost that ~~[illegible]~~ special vitality and zest for life
and which it first had as a child.

still herself. If she had any regret it was that she would not share the great moments of her children's lives, but she knew that no one can have all their wishes fulfilled and was always the first to say, 'I have had many blessings.' Barbara brought courage and determination to bear on her life. She brought happiness and joy to a wide circle of friends and she set an example of courage and good sense which moved us all. She bore her illness with a courage we somehow instinctively expected of her. I know that she would want Leon, Emily, Reuben and Justin to remember her life rather than her death. I suspect Barbara 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.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

October 19, 1984

FOR MORE THAN TO
STRENGTH AND SUPPORT CLOSE FRIEND
TO HER — HARRIS WALLACE WE
LEARN OVER AND BEYOND ADVERSITY

" " ADVERSITY INTRODUCES
US TO OURSELVES

YOUR PAIN IS THE BREAKING
OF THE SHELL THAT ENCLOSES YOUR UNDERSTANDING

WHOEVER HAS FELT TASTED
WHAT IS BITTER, DOES NOT
KNOW WHAT IS SWEET

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

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

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

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

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

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

[illegible] AND GIVEN TO US OF OUR DEAD – THE THOUGHTS OF LIFE OVER DEATH

Adrienne Ratner

We come here with heavy hearts to pay a public tribute of affection and respect to a good friend, Adrienne Ratner.

Death is always a blow, but experience and a tendency toward the philosophic supports us when we face the death of those who have reached a full age. They had experienced each of life's seasons and there is a sense of completion. But when someone is taken from us who has barely reached the mid-summer of her life, we protest the intrusion of death.

Our protests, of course, cannot change the circumstance; so our tradition wisely counsels, "Seek not to explain God's ways to man for they 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 make the most of its blessings.

Judaism reminds us to measure life by the use we make of it, not by mere length. An hour can be rich in achievement or hollow and empty of purpose. A day can be well spent or wasted. Some live long, hollow lives. Others cram into a few days a full measure and more of experience and achievement. These, even 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 absence of pain. Death is not oblivion but the translation of the spirit into the dimension of memory. Adrienne 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. Her pain is over. She is at peace. We are bereft. She is with God. We are alone.

Adrienne struggled for many months against cancer. Her disease ultimately passed beyond control, but in many ways it was Adrienne who was the victor. She faced each day with incredible courage and determined will. Even when she was weak and in pain, she continued to fulfill as best she could her responsibilities as a woman and as a mother and to reach out eagerly for life's experiences. She was never defeated because she never allowed herself to feel defeated. She somehow found the strength to carry off each day. It was a mark of her spirit and will that she continued to care for the special beauty with which God had endowed her. She never let herself go. Over these months I often thought 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 to press on."

We spoke often of illness, yes, and of death and dying. Adrienne rarely gave in to self-pity. Sometimes she was a bit rueful. "Isn't this a bummer," but she never slipped into despondency. I don't know where she found the strength to pull herself together, but more often than not there was a smile in her eye and humor in her speech. She was grateful to those who nursed and cared. She met everyone who came to visit with a warmth. It would have been understandable had she soured on life, but it was not her way to nurse hurt behind closed doors or impose her pain on others. The poet's simple lines fit her well: "Life is mostly froth and bubble/Two things stand like stone/Kindness in another's trouble/ Courage in your own."

A wise man wrote: "What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us." At the root of Adrienne's soul lay a great knot of courage and strength. Her strength of will may have been a natural endowment, but having known Adrienne in her youth I am convinced that her spirit was honed during the years when she had to face both the strong and conflicting emotions of finding herself in the adult world and the death of her mother. It is through adversity that we are often introduced to ourselves.

Whatever their source, her will and zest for life were so much a part of her that they could not be submerged by the stormy waters.

Strength conjures up an image of physical size and heavy musculature. I do not mean to suggest either of these qualities. God endowed Adrienne with physical grace and beauty. She dressed well but without any need for the conspicuous display. She carried herself lightly, her straight back a reflex of her spirit.

Strength suggests certainty of purpose. Adrienne sought certainty, but 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. She was eager to reach out, experience and understand. She delighted in travel, in the give and take of friendship, in the variety of challenge of business. She had a questing spirit. To reach out is to open ourselves to unexpected feeling and unpredictable emotions. Her search for the fullest expression of her talents and for a deeper knowledge of herself pulled her in many directions, but she knew that not to seek was never to find; and, despite the possibility of stumbling, she persevered.

Adrienne was an interesting person, a good and welcome companion, a loyal and caring friend. She met people easily and was always eager to learn through them. She was also an essentially religious person for whom Judaism was more than a comfortable set of colorful rituals. She felt close to The Temple where she had been raised and confirmed. Over three decades we shared, as rabbi and student, as rabbi and friend, the good times and the bad. Judaism, I believe, came to represent to Adrienne a vision of the full and fulfilling life and the set of standards which made such a life possible.

She sought and found fulfillment in the intimate relationships of family. A loving daughter, the importance of the ties of family were impressed upon her by the events of childhood and she held these sacred. Kevin, Rachel and John were her joy. She rejoiced in their growth. She prayed for their happiness. She looked forward expectantly to the major events of their lives and she

encouraged them always to be themselves and to find in life the excitement which she found there. If she had any regret it was that she would not share more of the great moments of her children's lives, but she knew that no one can have all their wishes fulfilled and she was always the first to say, 'I have had many blessings.'

No blessing meant more to her than the constant support and careful care Chuck provided her during these last hard weeks and months. She did not have to face her trial alone. There was someone there who would watch over her needs and who could sustain her spirit. 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 bitter days, two fine people tasted some of the true sweetness of life as they shared all that can be shared. When I had the privilege of remarrying them, there was a palpable feeling of spiritual grace - of the holy in that hospital chapel.

As Adrienne and I talked of life and death, I came to understand that much as she valued life, she did not fear death. If she had to die she hoped it would be without great pain or loss of dignity and in that, at least, she was fortunate. I know, too, that Adrienne 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. Keep close her memory and find in yourselves the will and the courage to press on - let her example be yours. God has reclaimed one of His own.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

March 4, 1985

Ellen Reitman

It is a dismal day and, in a sense, appropriate to the moment, for our spirits are ~~gray, overcast~~ by Ellen's death and by her life. Never have I sensed more keenly the wisdom of our sa~~ge who taught~~t: "Seek not to explain God's ways to man for these are beyond your understanding." It is to the credit of our religious tra-dition that it has never glossed over the apparent injustices and inequities of life. The book of Job occupies a central place in Scripture. That tortured man challenged God's justice ~~openly~~. His fate bore little relationship to what he deserved.

I do not know why some are born in sunlight and others have a half lit existence which ~~cannot comprehend the fullness of opportunity~~. Someone observed that we should not measure another's frustrations by what we would feel if we were in the same situation. Those who visited Ellen found her generally of a happy spirit. Perhaps she was spared some of life's bitter frustrations.

The wise have long recognized that if we have not tasted the bitter we cannot appreciate the sweet, that pain is the breaking of the shell that encloses understanding. Through storms we grow. I do not claim understand of God's design but I have noticed again and again that those who have faced heartbreak and suffering gain, in the process, a quality of spirit and patience, openness to human suffering and sensitivity to the need of others which inevitably adds to the ~~sum total of human happiness~~. They become those who give life to the living. Their compassion and their empathy inevitably help many others.

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

Ellen Reitman was of us but she did not live her life among us. She was of God. Now she is again with God, at peace. May God give peace of mind to her parents and sister and all who visited with her and cared for her and brought them joy.

They did all that ~~can~~ could be done. What more can be asked of any of us? ~~When we can say that about our human relationships nothing more can be asked of us.~~

Daniel Jeremy Silver

April 9, 1979

OUT OF THE EARTH, THE ROSE,

OUT OF THE NIGHT, THE DAWN,

OUT OF my HEART, WITH ALL THE WORD

HIGH COURAGE TO PROCEED ON.

HARRIET ROTH

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

HARRIET WAS NOT ONE TO BLAME CIRCUMSTANCES. SHE KEPT HER LIFE UNDER HER CONTROL. SHE WAS A GRACIOUS WOMAN, A LADY, BUT SHE KNEW HER MIND AND WENT HER WAY UNDETERRED BY CHANGING FADS AND FASHIONS OR BY THE ATTITUDES OF OTHERS. HARRIET WAS A FULLY SHAPED INDIVIDUAL WHO DID NOT NEED THE APPROVAL OF OTHERS.

A GOOD AND LOYAL JEW, HARRIET WAS ONE OF THE IMPORTANT FIGURES OF OUR TEMPLE RELIGIOUS SCHOOL WHEN I CAME BACK TO THE TEMPLE THIRTY YEARS AGO. I FOUND HER THEN--AS I ALWAYS FOUND HER TO BE--A NO-NONSENSE, PRACTICAL PERSON WHO KNEW WHAT IT MEANT TO ROLL UP HER SLEEVES AND GET DOWN TO WORK--AND WAS NOT ABOUT TO BE OVER-AWED BECAUSE A 28-YEAR OLD WHO BORE THE TITLE RABBI MIGHT HAVE AN OPINION DIFFERENT FROM HERS.

LATER, I WAS TO MARVEL AT HARRIET'S STRENGTH AS SHE FACED THE INEVITABLE DARK DAYS. WHEN SAM DIED, THE HUSBAND OF HER LOVE, SHE FACED THE LOSS AND WIDOWHOOD WITH REMARKABLE COURAGE. I HEARD HER SPEAK OF THEIR LOVE BUT NEVER A WORD OF SELF-PITY. WE ALL SAW HER COURAGE AGAIN THESE LAST MONTHS AS SHE FACED ILLNESS AND THE INEVITABILITY OF DEATH.

HARRIET WAS A LADY, AN INTELLIGENT AND EFFECTIVE WOMAN; A PRIVATE PERSON WHO KNEW HER OWN MIND; A CONCERNED CITIZEN WHO WAS SENSITIVELY AND WHOLE-HEARTEDLY COMMITTED TO A VISION OF A WORLD OF DECENCY, JUSTICE AND PEACE; AND A HARD WORKER WHO WAS AN ACTIVE PARTNER IN THE WORK OF THE TEMPLE.

HER BROAD AND ENCOMPASSING FAITH IN GOD AND GOODNESS COMMITTED HER TO THE IMPERATIVE OF DOING JUSTICE, OF LOVING MERCY, AND OF WALKING HUMBLY WITH GOD--AND SHE WORKED IN THAT VINEYARD ALL HER DAYS.

IN THAT CLASSIC COLLECTION OF WISDOM AND INSIGHT WE CALL THE MIDRASH, THE STORY IS TOLD THAT AT THE BEGINNING OF CREATION THE BIRDS NOTICED THAT THE BRANCHES OF ORDINARY TREES SIGHED IN THE WIND, BUT THAT THE BRANCHES OF FRUIT-BEARING TREES MADE LITTLE, IF ANY, SOUND. CURIOSITY LED TO QUESTIONS. THE BIRDS ASKED THE FRUIT-BEARING TREES WHY THEY WERE SILENT. THE TREES REPLIED: OUR FRUITS ARE SUFFICIENT ADVERTISEMENT FOR US.

HARRIET'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS WERE MANY AND THEY SPOKE OF HER AND FOR HER. SHE WAS THE LAST PERSON TO SPEAK OF HER ACHIEVEMENTS SINCE SHE HAD NEITHER NEED NOR DESIRE TO STRUT ON THE PUBLIC STAGE. SHE SERVED BECAUSE SHE WAS GREAT-HEARTED AND CARING, AND SHE SERVED EFFECTIVELY. SOME ARE MOVED BY ERRATIC IMPULSE. HARRIET PLANNED AND THOUGHT OUT AND FOLLOWED THROUGH. TO THOSE OF US WHO SAW HER EFFICIENTLY ORGANIZING HER HUSBAND'S WORK OR SEEING TO THE SUCCESS OF A PROGRAM OR TUTORING A CENTER CITY CHILD IT WAS SOMETIMES DIFFICULT TO RECOGNIZE THAT SHE WAS THE PRIVATE PERSON WE KNEW WHO SEEMED MOST COMFORTABLE WITHIN THE INTIMATE CIRCLE OF CLOSE FRIENDS AND FAMILY.

HARRIET WAS BORN INTO A CLOSE AND LOVING FAMILY WHICH VALUED THE FREEDOMS OF THIS LAND THE TRADITION OF LEARNING OF OUR PEOPLE. SHE LEARNED EARLY THAT LIFE MUST BE LED FOR GOALS BEYOND THOSE OF PERSONAL BENEFIT. FROM YOUTH TO AGE, HER LIFE WAS OF A PIECE. HARRIET WAS REMARKBLY UNTOUCHED BY THE MATERIALISM OF OUR TIMES. SHE DRESSED CAREFULLY, WITHOUT ANY NEED FOR CONSPICUOUS DISPLAY. HER HOME WAS A PLACE OF WELCOME AND COMFORT, WHERE IT WAS CLEAR THAT PRIORITY WAS ON LIVING AND SHARING RATHER THAN HAVING.

AS YOU WOULD EXPECT, THIS WOMAN OF INTELLIGENCE, WHOSE MIND WAS WELL-FURNISHED AND WHOSE HEART WAS SENSITIVE TO HUMAN NEEDS, WAS A WELCOME COMPANION AND FRIEND. THERE WAS NO LEGITIMATE DEMAND ON HER TIME THAT SHE DID NOT RESPOND TO WILLINGLY. HER ADVICE WAS OFTEN SOUGHT, ALWAYS GIVEN, AND ALWAYS SOUND.

HER KINDNESSES WERE LEGION. MANY HAVE COMPANIONS WITH WHOM THEY TEMPORARILY SHARE TIME, SPACE AND INTERESTS. HARRIET'S RELATIONSHIPS WERE CLOSER AND BASED ON TRULY SHARED INTERESTS.

THERE ARE THOSE WHO SERVE THE LARGER COMMUNITY BUT IN DOING SO NEGLECT THE INTIMATE TIES OF MARRIAGE AND FAMILY. MARRIAGE AND FAMILY WERE THE HEART OF HARRIET'S WORLD. SHE WAS BLESSED WITH A GREAT LOVE. SHE WAS A HELPMATE IN EVERY WAY TO HER BELOVED SAM.

THEY WORKED TOGETHER AND TOGETHER THEY FOUND HAPPINESS AND BUILT A SOLID HOME IN WHICH THEY ENCOURAGED THEIR SONS AND DAUGHTER, WITH LOVE AND WISDOM, TO FULFILL THEIR CAPACITIES AND UNDERSTAND THE GOOD AND ESSENTIAL VALUES TO WHICH THEY WERE COMMITTED. NOTHING BROUGHT HARRIET GREATER PLEASURE THAN THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF HER CHILDREN, EXCEPT PERHAPS THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE GRANDCHILDREN WHOSE SPECIAL TALENTS SHE CHERISHED AND IN WHOSE GROWTH, CAPACITY, AND MATURITY SHE TOOK SUCH PRIDE.

I DO NOT KNOW WHAT HARRIET WOULD WANT US TO SAY AT THIS TIME. A PRIVATE PERSON, SHE KEPT HER DEEPEST FEELINGS TO HERSELF, BUT HER ACTIONS REVEAL SOMETHING OF HER FEELINGS. A PROUD WOMAN ALWAYS, SHE DID NOT--I AM CONFIDENT--BEGRUDGE DEATH WHICH LIBERATED FROM THE THREAT OF INCAPACITY.

A WISE WOMAN ALWAYS, SHE WOULD--AGAIN, I AM CONFIDENT--ASK THOSE CLOSEST AND DEAREST THAT THEY HONOR HER MEMORY THROUGH THE QUALITY OF THEIR LIVES, BY KEEPING CLOSE THE TIES OF FAMILY AND BY OFFERING THEMSELVES IN SERVICE.

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

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

MARCH 13, 1988

HARRIET ROTH

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

HARRIET WAS NOT ONE TO BLAME CIRCUMSTANCES. SHE KEPT HER LIFE UNDER HER CONTROL. SHE WAS A GRACIOUS WOMAN, A LADY, BUT SHE KNEW HER MIND AND WENT HER WAY UNDETERRED BY CHANGING FADS AND FASHIONS OR BY THE ATTITUDES OF OTHERS. HARRIET WAS A FULLY SHAPED INDIVIDUAL WHO DID NOT NEED THE APPROVAL OF OTHERS.

A GOOD AND LOYAL JEW, HARRIET WAS ONE OF THE IMPORTANT FIGURES OF OUR TEMPLE RELIGIOUS SCHOOL WHEN I CAME BACK TO THE TEMPLE THIRTY YEARS AGO. I FOUND HER THEN--AS I ALWAYS FOUND HER TO BE--A NO-NONSENSE, PRACTICAL PERSON WHO KNEW WHAT IT MEANT TO ROLL UP HER SLEEVES AND GET DOWN TO WORK--AND WAS NOT ABOUT TO BE OVER-AWED BECAUSE A 28-YEAR OLD WHO BORE THE TITLE RABBI MIGHT HAVE AN OPINION DIFFERENT FROM HERS.

LATER, I WAS TO MARVEL AT HARRIET'S STRENGTH AS SHE FACED THE INEVITABLE DARK DAYS. WHEN SAM DIED, THE HUSBAND OF HER LOVE, SHE FACED THE LOSS AND WIDOWHOOD WITH REMARKABLE COURAGE. I HEARD HER SPEAK OF THEIR LOVE BUT NEVER A WORD OF SELF-PITY. WE ALL SAW HER COURAGE AGAIN THESE LAST MONTHS AS SHE FACED ILLNESS AND THE INEVITABILITY OF DEATH.

HARRIET WAS A LADY, AN INTELLIGENT AND EFFECTIVE WOMAN; A PRIVATE PERSON WHO KNEW HER OWN MIND; A CONCERNED CITIZEN WHO WAS SENSITIVELY AND WHOLE-HEARTEDLY COMMITTED TO A VISION OF A WORLD OF DECENCY, JUSTICE AND PEACE; AND A HARD WORKER WHO WAS AN ACTIVE PARTNER IN THE WORK OF THE TEMPLE.

HER BROAD AND ENCOMPASSING FAITH IN GOD AND GOODNESS COMMITTED HER TO THE IMPERATIVE OF DOING JUSTICE, OF LOVING MERCY, AND OF WALKING HUMBLY WITH GOD--AND SHE WORKED IN THAT VINEYARD ALL HER DAYS.

IN THAT CLASSIC COLLECTION OF WISDOM AND INSIGHT WE CALL THE MIDRASH, THE STORY IS TOLD THAT AT THE BEGINNING OF CREATION THE BIRDS NOTICED THAT THE BRANCHES OF ORDINARY TREES SIGHED IN THE WIND, BUT THAT THE BRANCHES OF FRUIT-BEARING TREES MADE LITTLE, IF ANY, SOUND. CURIOSITY LED TO QUESTIONS. THE BIRDS ASKED THE FRUIT-BEARING TREES WHY THEY WERE SILENT. THE TREES REPLIED: OUR FRUITS ARE SUFFICIENT ADVERTISEMENT FOR US.

HARRIET'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS WERE MANY AND THEY SPOKE OF HER AND FOR HER. SHE WAS THE LAST PERSON TO SPEAK OF HER ACHIEVEMENTS SINCE SHE HAD NEITHER NEED NOR DESIRE TO STRUT ON THE PUBLIC STAGE. SHE SERVED BECAUSE SHE WAS GREAT-HEARTED AND CARING, AND SHE SERVED EFFECTIVELY. SOME ARE MOVED BY ERRATIC IMPULSE. HARRIET PLANNED AND THOUGHT OUT AND FOLLOWED THROUGH. TO THOSE OF US WHO SAW HER EFFICIENTLY ORGANIZING HER HUSBAND'S WORK OR SEEING TO THE SUCCESS OF A PROGRAM OR TUTORING A CENTER CITY CHILD IT WAS SOMETIMES DIFFICULT TO RECOGNIZE THAT SHE WAS THE PRIVATE PERSON WE KNEW WHO SEEMED MOST COMFORTABLE WITHIN THE INTIMATE CIRCLE OF CLOSE FRIENDS AND FAMILY.

HARRIET WAS BORN INTO A CLOSE AND LOVING FAMILY WHICH VALUED THE FREEDOMS OF THIS LAND THE TRADITION OF LEARNING OF OUR PEOPLE. SHE LEARNED EARLY THAT LIFE MUST BE LED FOR GOALS BEYOND THOSE OF PERSONAL BENEFIT. FROM YOUTH TO AGE, HER LIFE WAS OF A PIECE. HARRIET WAS REMARKBLY UNTOUCHED BY THE MATERIALISM OF OUR TIMES. SHE DRESSED CAREFULLY, WITHOUT ANY NEED FOR CONSPICUOUS DISPLAY. HER HOME WAS A PLACE OF WELCOME AND COMFORT, WHERE IT WAS CLEAR THAT PRIORITY WAS ON LIVING AND SHARING RATHER THAN HAVING.

AS YOU WOULD EXPECT, THIS WOMAN OF INTELLIGENCE, WHOSE MIND WAS WELL-FURNISHED AND WHOSE HEART WAS SENSITIVE TO HUMAN NEEDS, WAS A WELCOME COMPANION AND FRIEND. THERE WAS NO LEGITIMATE DEMAND ON HER TIME THAT SHE DID NOT RESPOND TO WILLINGLY. HER ADVICE WAS OFTEN SOUGHT, ALWAYS GIVEN, AND ALWAYS SOUND.

HER KINDNESSES WERE LEGION. MANY HAVE COMPANIONS WITH WHOM THEY TEMPORARILY SHARE TIME, SPACE AND INTERESTS. HARRIET'S RELATIONSHIPS WERE CLOSER AND BASED ON TRULY SHARED INTERESTS.

THERE ARE THOSE WHO SERVE THE LARGER COMMUNITY BUT IN DOING SO NEGLECT THE INTIMATE TIES OF MARRIAGE AND FAMILY. MARRIAGE AND FAMILY WERE THE HEART OF HARRIET'S WORLD. SHE WAS BLESSED WITH A GREAT LOVE. SHE WAS A HELPMATE IN EVERY WAY TO HER BELOVED SAM.

THEY WORKED TOGETHER AND TOGETHER THEY FOUND HAPPINESS AND BUILT A SOLID HOME IN WHICH THEY ENCOURAGED THEIR SONS AND DAUGHTER, WITH LOVE AND WISDOM, TO FULFILL THEIR CAPACITIES AND UNDERSTAND THE GOOD AND ESSENTIAL VALUES TO WHICH THEY WERE COMMITTED. NOTHING BROUGHT HARRIET GREATER PLEASURE THAN THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF HER CHILDREN, EXCEPT PERHAPS THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE GRANDCHILDREN WHOSE SPECIAL TALENTS SHE CHERISHED AND IN WHOSE GROWTH, CAPACITY, AND MATURITY SHE TOOK SUCH PRIDE.

I DO NOT KNOW WHAT HARRIET WOULD WANT US TO SAY AT THIS TIME. A PRIVATE PERSON, SHE KEPT HER DEEPEST FEELINGS TO HERSELF, BUT HER ACTIONS REVEAL SOMETHING OF HER FEELINGS. A PROUD WOMAN ALWAYS, SHE DID NOT--I AM CONFIDENT--BEGRUDGE DEATH WHICH LIBERATED FROM THE THREAT OF INCAPACITY.

A WISE WOMAN ALWAYS, SHE WOULD--AGAIN, I AM CONFIDENT--ASK THOSE CLOSEST AND DEAREST THAT THEY HONOR HER MEMORY THROUGH THE QUALITY OF THEIR LIVES, BY KEEPING CLOSE THE TIES OF FAMILY AND BY OFFERING THEMSELVES IN SERVICE.

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

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

MARCH 13, 1988

Bea Sacks
~~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. 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 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.

BEA SANDS

Bea was a gracious, generous-spirited and most especially a gracious woman. In her 90 years she faced a full share of life's reverses, but her lips were sealed to self-pity. She was a strong, determined, energetic woman who did not have the time to feel sorry for herself. Bea had within her an unusual reservoir of strength and of dignity. Where others might have spent their days bemoaning their fate, she somehow took in stride the death of her beloved husband, her 2 sons who were more precious to her than life itself, a daughter-in-law and a grandson and, of course, her beloved brother.

Yet, she seemed never to falter and she continued to find possibility in life. When life turned against her she didn't bemoan her fate but looked ahead to the opportunities which remained to her. Emphysema took its toll, but she was not one to be daunted. Until the very end she maintained her positive attitude towards life.

A great friend to many, Bea possessed a warm and compassionate heart. She deserved the lifelong friendships that she made. She relished her friendships with the younger generation. She had no truck with those who sit back and simply watch themselves growing old. Life was to be lived fully and well. She lived it just that way.

In her youth she had been a tennis player of note; in middle age a spirited citizen, an active volunteer worker at The Temple and elsewhere, a charming hostess, mistress of a fine home. She loved to travel and she remained to the end zestful and eager for life, eager to seek out the world's secret beauties.

A good woman, a strong woman, she set an example for all of us. A wise woman, Bea was not one to live with regrets. She cared deeply but was not defeated by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Her way was to return to the card table, in her younger years to volunteer work and to travel there to refresh herself with these disciplines.

Bea was a woman who dressed well but without ostentation. Her home was a place of beauty and gentility; yet, it was not a refuge from the world. Her home was open, as her heart was open, to people of all walks of life. Bea was utterly without side or pretense. She saw people as they were rather than by the arbitrary definitions of skin color or race.

She took pride in our city. She worked with Chester Koch and others and saw to it that holidays were properly observed, and the memory of those who lost their lives in the wars remembered.

I don't know if Bea knew these sentences by George Bernard Shaw, but their spirit certainly speaks of her spirit.

: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 circumstances they want, and, if they can't find them, make them."

Daniel Jeremy Silver

December 9, 1988

Theresa Serber
~~FRANCES BOGRASS~~ April 19, 1961

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

Whenever death comes, it comes unexpectedly. Even if our departed has enjoyed a full measure of years, we are never prepared for the open wound, the aching emptiness, which death leaves behind. We can never accept that our beloved's warm vitality, so dear to us, will now and forever be missing.

Even when death comes at its expected season, it is difficult to accept God's purpose. Though we acknowledge that a full and rich life is its own reward, and that it is a blessing to be spared the half-life of lingering, hopeless disability, it is always difficult to adjust to death.

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

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

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

In death, life assumes a more sharply defined character. Pretense disappears ~~while~~ the truly worthwhile gains new stature. We come to see

Isabel Schiffer

None of us understand the mathematics of life. To live long, to have one's capacities and dignity nearly to the end is a kind gift of a gracious God. Isabel Schiffer was born nearly 95 years ago and God was gracious to her in health, spirit, and in her person. Some are granted such good fortune by God and do not know how to use their blessings wisely. Isabel was a loving woman. I did not have the privilege of really knowing her, but those who knew her well spoke of a warm and agreeable person, generous of spirit and heart, a loyal and thoughtful friend, a loving and devoted daughter, sister and wife.

When David spoke to me yesterday of his mother, he spoke of a woman who had taken him into her home and into her heart and bound him close with a thousand acts of kindness and of thoughtfulness. She was always encouraging and supportive, fiercely loyal. To respond to a child in need, to sense that one can overcome that child's loneliness and heal it with love, is to do God's work. I can only feel that our lives are blessed when they are touched by such a person.

Isabel has, in a real sense, outlived her funeral. Certainly, she has outlived her generation. Those who knew her best can testify to her fine qualities, but we live on in our deeds, and in these last months and years Isabel knew that her son and the daughter that he had brought into her life returned love for love freely and willingly. There must have been a wonderful sense of fulfillment even as her strength ebbed and her health began to give way.

11/14/84

Isobel Dettelbach Schnabel

We have come to pay a memorial tribute of friendship and respect to a lifelong friend and neighbor, a strong-minded and high-minded woman, Isobel Dettelback Schnabel. Isobel's family roots run deep into our community. She had about her a great deal of the energy, the spirit of enterprise and neighborliness, which marked these early families. She walked straight and she accepted every burden of life with the same spirit of perseverance, the same unshakable commitment to basic principles which characterized those who, like her family, had founded the institutions which make for the economic strength of our community. Isobel had a warm heart. She was always ready to help those whose lives were close and dear to her. She was a woman of her own mind, who walked her way and shouldered her burdens and did what she felt was right and necessary. There was nothing about her of the hail-fellow-well-met which typifies much of our society. She was essentially a private person who did the right according to her likes and kept her counse. Her standards were set from within and not for others.

An only child who came from a background of privilege, her life might easily have become one of indulgence. She enjoyed many advantages denied to others. She was not spoiled by her opportunities. She rejoiced in things of beauty and never forgot that the essential values are human values. Whenever I met Isobel I found her immaculately put together, having obviously taken pains with her dress and her person. She was conscious of herself. She understood instinctively the old rabbinic teaching that the body was a gift of God and should be carefully tended. There was nothing vain about her dress. It was not done for display. It was a reflex of the sense of her own worth. You put yourself together and took hold of yourself before you went out to face the world, and this sense of her own dignity stood her well during these last months of illness. Illness sometimes diminishes a person. Isobel sealed her lips to self-pity. She pulled herself together and remained what she had always been, a self-reliant, proud woman.

Today many display a rather pathetic need to be petted and encouraged by others. They live outer-directed lives. Isobel lived within her own principles and her own sense of self. If I were to choose any adjective to describe Isobel's spirit it would be resolute. She was resolute in her convictions, unshakable in her judgments. She was not one who took pleasure in ceremonies and rituals of our tradition, but she respected the prophetic element in our tradition, its emphases on dignity and honor and family. It was simply that she identified ceremony with display and in the sense of display her soul rebelled.

I remember when she first heard the poem that Ken has just spoken. It was the first time she had heard it and she came up to me and asked for a copy. It spoke to her and of her, a woman who needed to do the right and did not need the approval of others. Her life was coherent, all of a piece. She did not court friendship. She was warm, open and loyal to those whom she respected and delighted and always willing to help. She had a vision of lifewhich had to do with order and harmony and beauty and she sought to build in her home and world a miniature of this vision. She was conscious of what she wore and eager that there be beauty in her physical surroundings. Remember the lines that Keats wrote about a Greek vase:

> A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
> Its loveliness increases; it will never
> Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
> A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
> Full of sweet dreams, and health,
> and quiet breathing.

I know that Isobel often shared the pleasure of beauty that Keats wrote about. Her home was put together with care and there was evidence of color and line and fierce pride in providing an appropriate setting for her family.

When I heard of Isobel's death I was grateful that God had given her a death which had not diminished her dignity. I thought, too, that Isobel would not begrudge death, she was a realist, and had the strength to face whatever life had in store. Never did she show that more than in these last months. I was grateful that God had given her close friends and a good home, the love of two fine men, the

pleasure of watching her sons and daughter grow into competence and enlarge their lives to include wives and husband, grandchildren, who were close and precious. She raised her children in the values that were central to her. She rejoiced in their happiness and found the pleasure that only a mother and grandmother can derive from solid marriages and close relationships of the generation of their own and all of the promise of the grandchildren.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

October 7, 1981

Helen Schwerner
~~Peggy Bowman~~

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

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

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

In the passing of Helen Lyons ~~Peggy Bowman~~, her beloved family and those nearest to her have sustained a deep and personal loss; but all of us, as well, have suffered the loss of a vigorous and cherished spirit and warm friend.

Helen ~~Peggy~~ was among the most open-hearted and loving people I have known - ~~and among the most committed~~. She lived her life with a rare joy ~~rejoiced in life~~. She rejoiced in her garden and in her home, in Every ~~the~~ opportunity To be helpful ~~of service~~, in the company of lifelong friends and, most of all, in the intimacy her ~~of~~ family. There is a line in the book of Psalms whose wisdom was instinctive to her, "Gladness of heart is the life of a human being." Helen ~~Peggy~~ was alive with the joy of life, full of vital energy, eager to

pitch in and do, possessed of an optimistic spirit which knew each day as a fresh opportunity. Peggy found the possibility in every occasion. She met you with a smile. There was a sparkle to her eye. She wanted you to be at ease and happy and to feel welcome.

Peggy had a special capacity to communicate her sense of beauty. She loved flowers. Her home was always full of natural color. Her garden was a delight and her joy. She could not resist surrounding herself with beautiful things. She dressed with care but had no need for conspicuous display. Her home was a place of gracious beauty - a reflex of the beauty she knew in her soul. She would have been pleased this was such a sunshiny day. Peggy took pleasure in her environment.

Peggy had a special talent for friendship and for family. Her friendships were many, steady and carefully tendered. She was joyous without being flighty. She saw the best in others. She was utterly without side. No demand of friendship went unanswered. Her home was as open as her heart and all who were made welcome rejoiced in the aura of warmth and good feeling which pervaded every space. She was the center of her world without ever being demanding. Peggy was loyal, sensitive and empathetic. She was there to help. She was not one to intrude her own needs and anxieties.

Strong-willed, Peggy took life in hand and set out to make the most of it. She had no time for fretting and complaining. There was always anticipation in her plans and laughter in her voice, a willingness to serve: to be eyes to the blind, a help to the needy. She was not one for regrets. Among her notes was a well-loved, often-quoted phrase, "while the heart grieves for what it has lost, the spirit exalts for what it has had."

Peggy was a woman of deep, instinctive faith in God and in others. She was a lifelong member of The Temple who served our congregation and people in many ways. She was a good Jew whose prayerbook was often in hand. Peggy was conscious of the beauties of our tradition, conscious of her place in that tradition,

glad when she ~~could serve,~~ ready to give of herself.

~~Family was at the center of her being.~~ Peggy was born into a large ~~and close family and she remained close and near throughout her days.~~ Her home was ~~theirs. Her support was always at hand. Peggy was fortunate in marriage to Bill~~ ~~which was a true partnership,~~ she was always a helpmate. ~~She established for Bill~~ ~~and her son a good home in which there was love and encouragement. Her growing family~~ ~~was her pride, her grandchildren were her fulfillment. No moment was more precious~~ ~~than a family celebration, no value more carefully tended. Peggy~~ remained through-

out life what she had always been, a genuine, unpretentious, strong-minded and lov-

ing human being.

Death came to ~~Peggy in the fullness of~~ years. I know that she did

not begrudge the leaving. A ~~woman of great dignity, she had no wish for invalidism~~

and ~~would have hated to be a burden.~~ ~~Peggy~~ knew life had been good to her. She had

known the springtime of youth and of expectation, the joys of marriage and mother-

hood; a long summer of health and ~~friendship~~ in which she was free and able to en-

joy and share her good fortune; a ~~long autumn of gentle aging, secure within~~ the

~~bosom of her family, rejoicing in the achievements of her son and his family.~~ Win-

ter ~~came.~~ These last ~~years~~ were hard, but against the full measure of her life they

represent but an instant. And as we expected, her lips were sealed to self-pity and

the graciousness of her spirit shone through.

I shall miss ~~Peggy~~'s spirit. Her soul seemed to be made of sunlight.

How else account for the unflagging ebullience, the warmth and joyousness and gen-

erosity of her person. ~~Peggy occupied a special place in my heart even as she~~ had

a special place in the life of my family and of The Temple. My every thought of

her is associated with largeness of spirit, happy anticipation, a deep pleasure in

life.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

November 8, 1981

A hundred times more worth a woman's love,
Than this, this — but I waste no words upon him: 609
His wickedness is like my wretchedness —
Beyond all language.
(*To* Harold.) You — you see her there!
Only fifteen when first you came on her,
And then the sweetest flower of all the wolds,
So lovely in the promise of her May,
So winsome in her grace and gaiety,
So loved by all the village people here,
So happy in herself and in her home —
Dobson (*agitated*). Theer, theer! ha' done. I can't abear to see her.
[*Exit.*
Dora. A child, and all as trustful as a child!
Five years of shame and suffering broke the heart 620
That only beat for you; and he, the father,
Thro' that dishonor which you brought upon us,
Has lost his health, his eyesight, even his mind.
Harold (*covering his face*). Enough!
Dora. It seem'd so; only there was left
A second daughter, and to her you came
Veiling one sin to act another.
Harold. No!
You wrong me there! hear, hear me! I wish'd, if you — [*Pauses.*
Dora. If I —
Harold. Could love me, could be brought to love me
As I loved you —
Dora. What then?
Harold. I wish'd, I hoped
To make, to make —
Dora. *What* did you hope to make?
Harold. 'T were best to make an end of my lost life. 631
O Dora, Dora!
Dora. *What* did you hope to make?
Harold. Make, make! I cannot find the word — forgive it —
Amends.
Dora. For what? to whom?
Harold. To him, to you!
[*Falling at her feet.*
Dora. To *him!* to *me!*
No, not with all your wealth,
Your land, your life! Out in the fiercest storm
That ever made earth tremble — he, nor I —
The shelter of *your* roof — not for one moment —
Nothing from *you!*
Sunk in the deepest pit of pauperism, 640
Push'd from all doors as if we bore the plague,
Smitten with fever in the open field,
Laid famine-stricken at the gates of Death —
Nothing from you!
But she there — her last word
Forgave — and I forgive you. If you ever
Forgive yourself, you are even lower and baser
Than even I can well believe you. Go!
[*He lies at her feet. Curtain falls.*

CROSSING THE BAR

This poem first appeared in the 'Demeter' volume of 1889, but is placed here in accordance with Lord Tennyson's request that it might be put at the end of all editions of his poems. See the 'Memoir,' vol. ii. p. 367.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

ANNA REDER Feb. 17, 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 OVERIN FAITH -- IN THE FAITH THAT A KIND GOD AND FATHER, WHO HAS GIVEN TO US LIFE, WILL NOT FORSAKE US IN DEATH. AS HE WELCOMED US INTO THIS LIFE AND PROTECTS US HERE, SO WILL HE SHELTER US AND SUSTAIN US UNTO ETERNITY. THAT HE WILL BE NEAR US WE WILL BE SURE. WE NEED NOT FEAR, FOR HEAVEN WILL SUPPORT US.

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

WE ARE MET TO PAY A LAST TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO A GENTLE LADY AND BELOVED FRIEND. MRS. JACOB REDER WAS A WOMAN OF ABOUNDING LOVE AND PROFOUND COURAGE. ~~XXXXXXXX~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ SHE WAS A WOMAN OF INDEPENDENT SPIRIT ~~AND~~ yet pleasantly GENTLE, ~~DEEP-RUNNING DETER-~~ MINATION. HER LIFE WAS NOT ALWAYS EASY, YET SHE WALKED AMONG US LIGHTLY AND WITHOUT COMPLAINT. HERS WAS AN INDEPENDENT SPIRIT, AND SHE WORKED OUT HER OWN DESTINY. SHE NEVER BURDENED OTHERS WITH HER PROBLEMS. MRS. REDER BROUGHT TO HER LARGE CIRCLE OF FRIENDS A WARM, DELIGHTFUL PERSONALITY. SHE HAD KNOWN AS A CHILD THE HURT OF LONELINESS, AND SHE FILLED THE LIVES OF OTHERS WITH A THOUSAND PLEASANT SERVICES. PEOPLE DELIGHTED TO BE WITH HER, AND SHE DELIGHTED IN PEOPLE. SHE NEVER BEGRUDGED THE TIME

OR THE EFFORT WHICH FRIENDSHIP AND CONSIDERATION EXACTED.

MRS. REDER WAS A WOMAN OF PROFOUND INTEGRITY AND CHARACTER. SHE KNEW THE MEANING OF HARD WORK. SHE UNDERSTOOD WHAT IS BASICALLY VALUABLE IN LIFE AND WHAT IF PURELY SUPERFICIAL. HERS WAS A DEEP AND LOYAL RELIGIOUS FAITH. SHE WAS PROUD OF HER JUDAISM. SHE WAS ATTENTIVE TO ITS DISCIPLINES. SHE WAS UNDERSTANDING OF ITS MORAL COMMANDMENTS. SHE WAS A MEMBER OF WHOM THE TEMPLE FOR MANY YEARS WAS MOST PROUD.

TO HER HUSBAND MRS. REDER BROUGHT ABOUNDING LOVE, FAITHFULNESS AND DEVOTION. THOUGH THEIR MARRIAGE WAS NOT CROWNED WITH CHILDREN IT WAS BLESSED WITH THE DEEPEST AFFECTION AND WHEN GOD CALLED HER BELOVED JACOB, MRS. REDER WALKED THE WAY OF WIDOWHOOD WITHOUT BURDENING OTHERS WITH HER GRIEF, PROUDLY DETERMINED TO MAKE A FULL AND SATISFYING LIFE. TO HER BROTHER SHE LEAVES THE MEMORY OF A GENTLE, LIFE-LONG FRIEND.

IT IS GIVEN TO SOME TO LEAD OUT THEIR LIVES IN THE PUBLIC EYE. OTHERS, LIKE MRS. REDER, LIVE MORE PRIVATELY, YET NO LESS NOBLY. THEY BRING A FULL MEASURE OF LIGHTNESS AND LAUGHTER, BLESSING AND BRIGHTNESS INTO THEIR WORLD. THEY BRING WITH THEM LOVE AND GENTLENESS, PERSEVERANCE, CHARACTER, DIGNITY -- ALL THE QUALITIES WHICH ARE PRECIOUS TO GOD AND TO MAN.

Rose Jones
~~Birdie Meshmaxer~~

We have come to present our eulogy of love and respect to a gracious lady, an exceptional human being, Rose Jones, Rose ~~Birdie Meshmaxer~~. ~~Birdie always reminded~~ me of the Biblical matriarchs ~~for like them~~ she was a woman of fine spirit, consideration and family, and at the same time a woman of independent spirit, verve and high purpose.

Rose ~~Birdie~~ was the same within as without, utterly without pretense or side, open - Empathetic - Kind - open to the needs of their near & dear quiet, ~~forceful, disciplined; yet, patient, empathetic and open to another's~~ need. Birdie possessed a vigorous and quick mind, ~~yet she weighed her words and her judgements.~~ OF TEMPERAMENT

~~She walked quietly among us, yet you were always conscious of her presence~~. A sense of purpose emanated from her, yet you knew that her first thought was for others. She was energetic, yet quite feminine. | Rose overcame her physical limitation which confined

Rose ~~Birdie~~ was born into love, but not into wealth. She learned early to accept responsibility and did so willingly. As a young woman Rose ~~Birdie~~ had ~~to sacrifice~~ some of her ~~personal dreams to make a home and to hold her large family together~~; she did so with grace and success. Many would have complained. Rose ~~Birdie did what had~~ to be ~~done with an open heart, and felt only joy as her siblings went out into the world~~ and made their way. Her ~~time would come.~~ In the meantime, it was for this that she was placed on earth.

Rose ~~Birdie~~ was not given to question obligations or duties. She did what was needed, always with a willing spirit. She was not one to impose her whims or her needs on others. It pleased her that her life was led within a close web of loving relationships. Her reward was her family's happiness and her sense of the appropriateness of her life. Rose ~~Birdie~~ was a woman of valor, but the image of a woman sitting at home weaving her cloth and taking care of her table, which the Bible develops as its description of such a noble woman, is not Rose ~~Birdie~~'s portrait. Her home was well-kept and evidenced

her sense of beauty and the calmness of her spirit; but she was not limited by the traditional roles of wife and mother. Her home lay at the center of her being, yet it was not the whole of her world. Her judgements were sound and people of all ages turned to her for advice. Birdie was at peace with herself and with her God. She knew what was right. She had faith in life, in herself and in God. She was concerned with the fate of the Jewish people. The Temple was proud that we commanded her life-long loyalty. She came. She worshipped, and you knew that she understood.

How can I draw Birdie's picture? Though she had to give up her chance for advanced formal education, her mind was remarkably well-stocked. Birdie read, attended, listened, watched, thought. She dressed with care, but never out of vanity. She walked with dignity, but without any trace of arrogance. Friendship was a lifelong commitment, open, close; yet independent, a sharing of opportunity rather than the huddling together of support. Life was too full of significant challenge to be involved in the petty.

> Life is too brief between the budding and the falling leaf
> Between the seed time and the golden sheaf for hate and spite
> We have no time for malice and for greed
> Therefore, with love, make beautiful the deed
> Fast speeds the night.

Birdie was a delight to be with - but she was never one to court popularity. Here was a great capacity for love. She was mother to many - her large family and many others. Fortunately, this woman of wisdom and love was granted a great love. She and Herman shared joy and challenge. Through long years they worked side by side to build a business and to build a family, and they were magnificently successful at both. Together they built a home which was solid, stable and secure, where they raised their daughter and their son to decency, to independence, to respect the right,

Poem

Marie Schol

Nora Garson

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

Blessed, indeed, is the woman whose life does not end in the dust but continues creatively in other lives and abides in the grateful remembrance of those who were strengthened and ennobled by her influence and example. In this world we establish our own immortality. There are those who die and their passing is scarcely noted. They have made little impression on the roll of life. Others, in their death, leave behind an imperishable legacy and a void which is long and deeply felt. In the death of Nora Garson, her family and those nearest to her have sustained a deep personal loss. But our community as well has suffered the loss of a most valued and valuable citizen and a good friend. Our Temple has lost a close and honored member and all of us will long miss a loyal and cherished friend.

Mrs. ~~Nora~~ was an intelligent, strong-minded and principled woman. She was always clear in purpose and certain of her values. She demanded the best of herself but was not prone to harsh or critical judgements of others. ~~When I heard~~ of Nora's death I found myself surprised, ~~though I knew she was of my mother~~'s generation and had passed the fabled four score years. ~~It is a testimony~~ to her vigor and vital presence that we continued to think of her as if she was still in the fullness of her strength. Nora had retained that quiet and clear determination that there was a right way, a good way, the way that she would go. She was not one to cut corners or to shade the truth. The term that comes to mind is rectitude. Nora was certain of purpose, yet utterly devoid of self-righteousness. She did willingly what she knew needed to be done.

Nora was a good and lifelong friend to many. Courteous always, ~~she was a~~ welcome companion ~~for she possessed a good mind and was well~~-read. Friendship was a gift of self. Her spirit was generous and she willingly gave of herself

to her friends and in volunteer service to our community. Her home was a welcoming place which reflected the simple beauty and dignity of her spirit.

Nora personified the woman of valor who is described in the poetic tribute which closes the Book of Proverbs: "Strength and dignity were her clothing/she stretched out her hand to the needy/she opened her mouth with wisdom/the law of kindness was on her tongue/she looked well to the ways of her household/she did not eat the bread of idleness."

Life is never easy and because she was the woman she was Nora faced the inevitable dark days with courage and quiet confidence. Self-pity was foreign to her nature. Whatever happened she walked straight and stood tall. God graced her life with the love [redacted] and she graced [redacted] with intimacy, kindness and love. To her daughters she was a tower of strength, an unfailing source of love and a compelling example [redacted] now.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

August 4, 1983

EDITH [redacted] SHIELDS

LIFE QUICKENS US ALL, GIVES US OUR HOUR OF SUN AND ECSTASY, AND THEN WEARS US DOWN THROUGH SADNESS, SICKNESS, AND DEFEAT INTO THE DUST.

BLESSED, INDEED, IS THE PERSON WHOSE LIFE DOES NOT END IN THE DUST BUT CONTINUES CREATIVELY IN OTHER LIVES AND ABIDES IN THE GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF THOSE WHO WERE STRENGTHENED AND ENNOBLED BY THEIR INFLUENCE AND EXAMPLE. NO ONE KNOW WHAT, IF ANYTHING, LIES BEYOND THIS LIFE; BUT WE DO KNOW THAT HERE ON EARTH WE CAN ESTABLISH A MEANINGFUL IMMORTALITY. SOME DIE AND THEIR PASSING IS SCARCELY NOTED. THEY HAVE MADE LITTLE IMPRESSION ON THEIR COMMUNITY OR FAMILY. OTHERS LEAVE BEHIND AN IMPERISHABLE LEGACY. THE RIPPLES OF THEIR INFLUENCE CONTINUE TO MOVE ACROSS THE SPACE IN WHICH OTHERS LIVE. WE CONTINUE TO HEAR THE WORDS OF LOVE WHICH THEY SPOKE, TO BE ENCOURAGED BY THE STRENGTH OF THEIR EXAMPLE, AND TO FEEL THEIR SPIRIT COMMANDING US TO LIVE BY THE VALUES AROUND WHICH THEY SHAPED THEIR DAY.

EDITH SHIELDS [redacted] WAS A VITAL, STRONG-MINDED AND ABLE WOMAN WHO WAS CLEAR OF PURPOSE AND CERTAIN IN HER VALUES. THERE WAS ABOUT HER AN AURA OF INTELLIGENCE AND ENERGY WHICH MADE A SPECIAL IMPRESSION ON ALL WITH WHOM SHE HAD CONTACT.

HER ROOTS RAN DEEP INTO THE SOIL OF OUR COMMUNITY. SHE CARRIED WITH HER THROUGHOUT HER LIFE A STRONG SENSE OF FAMILY AND AN INSTINCTIVE COURTESY WHICH WE ASSOCIATE WITH THE OLDER GENERATION. EDITH WAS A STRAIGHT-BACKED WOMAN WHO CARRIED HERSELF WITH DIGNITY. SHE DRESSED WITH CARE BUT WITHOUT OSTENTATION. SHE KNEW THE WORLD AS A FASCINATING PLACE WHICH SHE WAS EAGER TO EXPLORE AND TO KNOW. EDITH HAD A QUICK MIND WAS WELL-READ. HER FRIENDS KNEW HER AS A PLEASANT AND RELIABLE COMPANION AND AS A LOYAL AND HELPFUL FRIEND. SHE LOVED TO BE OUT DOING, AND SHE DELIGHTED TO WELCOME PEOPLE INTO HER HOME.

HER MARRIAGE WAS A HAPPY AND FULFILLING ONE. WHEN SHE FACED THE SHADOWS--WIDOWHOOD--EDITH DID NOT RETREAT INTO SECLUSION. TO THE VERY END SHE REMAINED ACTIVE AND OPEN TO THE WORLD. FRIENDSHIP WAS AN ESSENTIAL PART OF HER BEING.

I DON'T KNOW IF SHE KNEW A LINE IN THE PSALMS, BUT IT SPEAKS OF HER: "GLADNESS OF HEART IS THE LIFE OF A HUMAN BEING." BY "GLADNESS" THE BIBLE DOES NOT MEAN GIDDINESS OR ABANDON, BUT AN INSTINCTIVE AND ABIDING PLEASURE IN PEOPLE AND FRIENDS, IN ONE'S TIME AND ONE'S WORLD. EDITH LOVED COMPANY, THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE, THE COLORS OF LIFE. HERS WERE THE INTERESTS OF A QUESTING SPIRIT.

EDITH WAS [redacted] A DEVOTED SISTER AND DAUGHTER, AND A LOVING HELPMATE. HER RELATIONSHIP WITH HER SISTER, ALICE, WAS A THING OF BEAUTY, A TRUE SHARING OF SELF. ALFERD AND EDITH WERE A GOOD PAIR--HE WAS THE PROVIDER AND SHE WAS THE PROVISIONER. THEIR HOME WAS A WELCOMING PLACE IN WHICH THEIR SON ALLEN WAS GIVEN EVERY OPPORTUNITY AND ENCOURAGED HIS [redacted]

HIS HAPPINESS WAS, I AM SURE, HER MOST FREQUENT PRAYER. ~~SOME SMOTHER WITH THEIR LOVE. FOR ALL HER DETERMINATION, EDITH PRAYED MUCH FOR THE INDEPENDENCE OF HER OWN.~~

A GOOD JEW, A LIFELONG MEMBER OF OUR CONGREGATION, EDITH FELT CLOSE TO GOD. THERE IS A TIME TO BE BORN AND A TIME TO DIE. GOD WAS KIND TO EDITH. SHE HAD KNOWN LOVE AND BEEN SPARED PRIVATION. SHE HAD ENJOYED THE PLEASURES AND EXCITEMENT OF YOUTH, THE SOLID SATISFACTIONS OF MARRIAGE AND MOTHERHOOD, A LONG AUTUMN IN WHICH SHE REJOICED WITH HER FRIENDS.

AND AS THE WINTER ADVANCED, EDITH MET EACH DISABILITY WITH REMARKABLE STRENGTH. SHE WOULD NOT BE DEFEATED OR ROBBED OF HER DIGNITY. DEATH CAME IN THE FULLNESS OF YEARS. HER LIFE HAD BEEN GOOD AND HER DEATH WAS QUICK. I AM SURE SHE KNEW THIS WAS THE TIME TO LET GO. MOREOVER, SHE HAD FAITH IN GOD'S WISDOM AND SHE KNEW THAT SHE HAD MET LIFE'S STANDARDS--AND THAT SHE WAS LEAVING A FAMILY WHO WOULD CONTINUE TO LIVE BY THE STRAIGHT-BACKED VALUES THAT SHE CHERISHED.

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

DECEMBER 19, 1988

DOROTHY SILBER

At a time like this the mind reaches back beyond the years of illness to the warm, gracious, competent woman, the Dorothy whose energies and achievements we so admired. We see inour mind's eye a fine and sensitive lady whose warm spirit made her the center of a large circle of friends and whose willingness to serve earned for her the gratitude of our community.

Life is not fair. No one should have to endure eighteen years of crippling disability, particularly someone as decent and good as Dorothy. Misfortune and illness try the soul. Some who suffer turn sour and become embittered. Until quite recently, Dorothy faced each day in good spirits and did the most that she could. She was a woman of rare courage who continued to welcome her friends into her life and to take an active interest in their lives and families. From her apartment, Dorothy continued to organize the hours of the volunteers who served at Mt. Sinai's snack bar. She had every reason to be angry, but the disciplines of a lifetime, the disciplines that made her the lady that she was, gave her the strength to remain open-hearted and itnerested in all that life offers. I do not know where Dorothy found the capacity to remain open to life, but I know that she did and I admire and bless her for it.

Dorothy was gracious of manner. There was always a warm smile on her face and kind words on her lips. She was the soul of courtesy. I never heard her speak acidly of another. Her humor was good-natured. She had a fine sense of herself but was totally unpretentious. Cultivated and interested in many things, Dorothy was a down-to-earth person. She lived without pretension. She judged others for what they were, not the accidental qualities of birth or social status.

A woman of energy and a quick mind, Dorothy was willing to say yes to responsibility. The Temple, Mt. Sinai Hospital and many other of the fine institutions of our community were strengthened by her efforts. When Iz died she went to work and soon established for herself a reputation for competence and capacity. She was a doer and a natural leader, one of the finest presidents our Women's Association has ever had. People enjoyed working with her. They knew her as a good, loyal friend and a pleasant companion. Dorothy had a rare capacity for friendship. She was a loyal friend, considerate, an easy and welcome companion, someone who gave herself fully to those she cared about. Her values were straight and judgement sound. Dorothy did not seek public acclaim. She served not for publicnotice but because there were tasks which should be done.

Dorothy came out of good stock, the youngest and only girl in a large and devoted family. As a child she knew what it meant to be loved and in later life she was able to return love in full measure. She was proud of her family and remained close all her life. She rejoiced in their achievements, shared their happy moments and sadness, and was always there to lend a helping hand. Family was at the center of her being.

Dorothy was blessed with a ahppy marriage to a good man. She and Iz built together a good life and enjoyed an intimate partnership. Dorothy was the homemaker, the mother. She made her house into a warm and welcoming place where friends were entertained in an atmosphere of quiet and calm reign. She looked well to the ways of her household and she looked well to the needs of her son and daughter. Avery and Nancy were raised withlove, opportunity and encouragement. A high standard was set for them and they were encouraged to appreciate the good values which were the foundation

of this home. Dorothy took great pride in their persons and accomplishments, to know that another generation was growing into maturity who understood the values which Dorothy cherished.

Those who are a blessing should be blessed and Dorothy was blessed. Nancy was here to be with her and to offer her the attention and love which brightened the day. She saw to it that Dorothy was never alone. I remember Dorothy's pride when Nancy, in turn, became president of our association.

Dorothy was a fine human being, good Jew, an unassuming woman whose values were sound - one of God's finest creatures. We wish that these last few years could have been happier for her, but at least now she is at peace and we are encouraged by the remarkable example of courage she set for us as well as by her lifetime of gracious and upright life. Dorothy was a small woman who walked tall.

July 8, 1987

Estene Silber

When I heard of Estene's death a vignette from the Jewish tradition came to mind. The birds, it seems, noticed that when the wind blew the branches of ordinary trees sighed in the breeze, but the branches of the fruit-bearing trees were silent. Curiosity led the birds to ask the fruit trees why they did not make any noise. The trees replied, our fruits are sufficient advertisement for us.

Estene lived quietly ~~and she let~~ her husband, then daughters and their families were her advertisement. She did not live through them, so much as for them. It was her love, her encouragement, her attention to their well-being which allowed them to move out successfully into the larger world. Their achievements were her pride, to a ~~very~~ large extent her doing. In this liberated world it is increasingly rare to come across anyone whose life closely corresponds to the woman of valor described so beautifully in the last chapter of the book of Proverbs. ESTENE MUST HAVE BEEN THE POETS INSPIRATION

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her and he hath no lack of gain. She doeth him good and not evil all the days of her life."

For nearly 60 years Joe was supported, encouraged and sustained in his judicial work and many other activities ~~in our community and the Jewish people~~ by Estene's love and care. Theirs was a close and ~~[illegible]~~ unflawed intimacy, and estene ~~she~~ was truly the helpmate. ~~The [illegible] they [illegible]~~ The home that she maintained was a place of welcome and refreshment of spirit, a haven after a hectic and demanding day. Estene had a good and loyal friend ~~generous heart~~. She was a soul of courtesy. You felt her essential sweetness and kind ~~but~~ she was predisposed to see the good in everyone. I don't ~~never~~ recall ever heard a bitter or unkind word cross her lips. A generous-hearted and devoted friend, Estene was not one who mixed aggressively in a social situation. She preferred her own world and a close circle of familiars, and to these she gave herself fully.

"She looked well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed." It must have been truly a blessed experience to be raised by someone who was not of the "me" generation,

who ~~was not eager~~ had no desire to be part of some imaginary, exciting world out there, whose every interest centered on ~~the~~ your well-being, ~~of her daughters, their~~ your needs, ~~their~~ your hopes, ~~their~~ your special qualities and talents. I have never been one that believed the meek shall inherit the earth, but I do believe that those of modest spirit and great heart ~~are these close relationships add to the sum total of human happiness and~~ give us whatever hope we have for a more secure and abundant future.

"She stretches out her hand to the poor, she reaches forth her hand to the needy." Estene possessed a generous and sympathetic heart, ~~and in every one-to-one situation~~ on ~~S~~ she was always ready and prepared to give of herself. She was sensitive but not unworldly, and she knew that it takes a great deal of time and attention and effort to build and sustain and secure a happy marriage, to encourage the sound growth and development of one's children. Estene ~~She~~ took pride that "her husband is known in the gates where he sitteth among the elders of the city." She took pride in the growing family which was hers and in the tender care and support with which they returned love for love.

In a noisy and aggressive world Estene, by her life, reminded us of grace and civilization.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

June 11, 1984

Memorial Tribute to

[redacted] LOTTIE SIMAK

December 20, 1964

We are here in tribute and respect to a loved one whose presence will be lovingly missed. Our hearts are heavy. Our minds are close to the reality of death. Mystery looms before us. No one knows what lies beyond the bourne of time and space. We cannot mark the road our beloved now walks. Yet there is no fear in our hearts, for death is both an end and a beginning, a conclusion and a commencement. In death as in life we walk with God. As He sheltered and protected us in life, so does He sustain and encourage us unto eternity.

To think of death is to confront mystery. Death does not demand understanding, rather it demands that we reacquaint ourselves with life. For death underscores the value of life, the privilege of life, the imperative, 'use your lives wisely.' "Teach us, O Lord, to number our days, that we may get us a heart of wisdom." For each of us there is an allotted measure of days. What we do not accomplish within that time is forever undone. Some squander their time. The wise compress and compact into their days many lifetimes of accomplishment. What is accomplishment? Fulfillment of our talents, repayment of the debt of love that we owe to our family and friends, enlistment in the service of God. Accomplishment is not measured in fame but in deeds. Many strut proudly on the world stage but their lives are empty and vain. Others labor silently in the intimate circle of their families, yet it is they who sustain our world with love and devotion, and by their way of sacrifice and gentleness and kindliness.

She whom we recall at this hour lived a long, rich, full, and ~~amazing~~ GOOD ~~ful~~ life. God granted ~~Minnie Weinberger~~ LOTTIE SIMAK more than the promised ~~three~~ FOUR score

Sylvia Stemmler
Closing

We have come to pay our tribute of love and affection for a warm and genuine person and a gentle lady, Sylvia. In our world so full of pretense and posturing Sylvia lived with simplicity and sympathy, sweetly, seeking always to fulfill an obligation of love to her friends and family. She was of the earth, essential, basic, person-centered, aware of others needs. Sylvia had a dignity which was without affectation. She was whole-hearted, open, straight. She was interested in others, eager to serve and ready to help - - loyal always. In her quiet way she was a strong woman. No life is without its struggle nor the dark shadows, but Sylvia met each trial, illness, aging, without complaint. Her spirit did not know self-pity. Hers was the way of a giving love. She sought another's happiness, not to impose her worries and her cares.

Sylvia was a whole person without side or deviousness. She was utterly devoted to her family. They were a unit of love and support. She made their home a place of warmth, tenderness and encouragement. Sylvia was fortunate to find her true love early. For well over half a century she and Sylvia enjoyed a happy and meaningful intimacy. They rejoiced in their son and watched him with pride as they grew into the fine people which he and Sylvia made them. They took pleasure as their grandchildren in their turn grew into fine young adults. Their home was always a place of steady purpose, full of affection, one which reflected by example the basic human virtues.

What more can be said? What more need be said? Life is an undertain

Marian Smith
~~Jeanette Nicholson~~

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

Blessed, indeed, is the person whose life does not end in the dust but continues creatively in other lives and abides in the grateful remembrance of those who were strengthened and ennobled by their influence and example. No one knows what, if anything, lies beyond this life; but we do know that here on earth we can establish a meaningful immortality. Some die and their passing is scarcely noted. They have made little impression on their community or family. Others leave behind an imperishable legacy. The ripples of their influence continue to move across the space in which others live. We continue to hear the words of love which they spoke, to be encouraged by the strength of their example, and to feel their spirit commanding us to live by the values around which they shaped their day.

Marian Smith's family and friends knew her as a
I ~~know Jeanette to be~~ an able, strong-minded and ~~principled~~ loyal woman. She was always clear in purpose and certain in her values. There was about her a sense of energy and intelligence, and a quality of spirit which made a special impression on all with whom she had contact. She demanded the best of herself but was ~~never harsh or critical~~ not severe in her judgments of others. Her mind was active and strong willed informed. She tolerated fools gladly ~~Unlike many women in her day, she did not leave the interests of politics or the concerns of the day to men~~. She saw the world as a fascinating challenge and, being open minded, she was able to respond affirmatively to ~~great hearted, she instinctively responded to these causes~~ the changing culture and values which have marked our age, Her Grandchildren which were ~~helpful and humane~~.

Felt as she was young - ~~she had~~ heartfelt
With it all, she was a woman of ~~[redacted]~~ grace and infinite courtesy. ~~Though~~ Small of stature she carried herself carefully, but without ostentation. ~~Jeanette suffered from arthritis for many years.~~ She carried herself with dignity. There was always a smile in her eye. ~~Her [redacted] focused on the well-being of others~~. In good times and in more difficult ones, ~~Jeanette~~ Marian was the soul of generosity. ~~She gave wherever there was need, and she asked in return only the pleasure of giving~~. She gave not only of her time but of herself. When a friend or relative or a stranger needed to be heard out, when there was pain

which needed to be assuaged, ~~Jeanette~~ Maman, in her own special way, comforted and encouraged. Her lips were sealed to self-pity. Where others might have taken a jaundiced view on life, she was always optimistic. If you looked you could find the sunshine in each day.

There is a line in the Psalms which ~~Jeanette~~ Maman may or may not have known, but it certainly describes her. "Gladness of heart is the life of the human being." By gladness I do not mean giddiness or abandon but that special sense of abiding pleasure in people, in one's time and one's world which fills each day with a sense of blessing. ~~Jeanette~~ Maman loved ~~the theatre~~ Cinema. ~~She loved~~ the beauties of nature ~~and art, all the great and glorious things of our culture.~~ She was alive to life and hers were the interests of a sensitive spirit. ~~There was nothing vulgar~~ about ~~her interests~~.

~~Jeanette had been~~ Mamam was not born to privilege. Her ~~parents provided for her abundantly.~~ Early days were filled by the strength of her mother and from that day to the end of her life she found herself into the responsibility of family, caring for, nurtured and a grandmother. ~~Then came her father's death and the Depression, and suddenly much of what she had had was no longer there. Many become bitter under similar circumstances,~~ but ~~that was not Jeanette's way. She got to work. God had endowed her with an instinc-~~ tive sense of color and beauty and these, combined with her native business skills and hard work, brought success to the store which she and Ralph opened and which became for years the center of her active life. Jeanette had the rare capacity to make customers feel at home. The store was a welcoming place. She retained always a quiet and clear determination. There was a right way, a good way, the way that she would go. Jeanette was not one to cut corners or shade the truth. The word that comes to mind is rectitude.

Jeanette was certain of her purposes, but I always felt that she was utterly devoid of self-righteousness. She did willingly what she knew needed to be done. I was always pleased that The Temple occupied a central role in Jeanette's life. Jeanette belonged to our community for well over half a century. She was an active member and a good friend to my parents. The warmth of our faith and the strong prophetic teachings touched her spirit. The pulpit's respect for learning

her garden were carefully tended and managed, but her pride did not derive from physical or material possessions, but from the fact that her house was not a show place but a home - to be lived in. Her home was the center of her being, but she was not a stay-at-home. The world outside beckoned to her and she was always ready to share its exploration with her family. Her world was a broad place. Lillian loved good music, the arts and books, conversation and travel.

Lillian was an instinctively generous woman. She gave willingly of her time and energy to a number of good causes - in her own way - without fanfare or public acclaim, but it was as wife and mother, in the raising of her five cherished sons, that she found her greatest joy. She was there when they needed her, always full of encouragement, always ready with love and support. Their well-being was her greatest care, their happiness her most frequent prayer. Their friends were always welcome. She established an awareness of family as a central focus of their lives by making family a satisfying reality. The holidays, Seder, birthday, became occasions which brought all who could be assembled together to share easy, happy moments - and each other.

She and Hal were a good team. He was the provider and she was the provisioner. His energy and drive were balanced by her patience and calm. I know that her greatest sense of accomplishment came as she watched her five sons fulfill their promise, shape worthy and achieving lives and bring to her the women who became her daughters; and that her joy grew as still another generation followed on and, in turn, fulfilled its promise and began to rise another generation whom she could love and grow to know. As mother and grandmother and great-grandmother, Lillian managed what few women accomplish: to be deeply involved in the lives of her family without trying to impose her values and without intruding on their privacy. There is love that smothers and a love that frees and sustains. Lillian knew that the art of motherhood lies in helping your children learn that they do not have to lean on you.

There is a time to be born and a time to die. Marian's life had turned full cycle - more than four score years and ten. She had had a good run. God had been kind to her. She had known love and been spared privation. She had enjoyed the pleasures and excitement of youth and the solid, lasting satisfactions of marriage and motherhood, and during a long Autumn she had been able to rejoice in her handiwork. She surely recognized that the attention shown her by her family was genuine and not a matter of duty. In recent months Fall had given way to Winter. Age and duty had taken its toll and I am confident Marian did not resent death's visit. She knew that the time to let go was at hand and, as always, she had faith in God's wisdom.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

October 26, 1984

RECORD OF FUNERAL

NAME OF DECEASED MARIAN SMITH

DATE OF DEATH 3/20/85 JOINED 9/21/37

☐ NON-MEMBER DATE OF FUNERAL 3/24/85 AGE 82

☒ MEMBER RABBI OFFICIATING Daniel Jeremy Silver

CEMETERY Mayfield (Mausoleum Service)

TIME OF FUNERAL 1 P.M. FUNERAL HOME Miller-Deutsch

*Member SURVIVORS	RELATIONSHIP	ADDRESSES
Margery Kohrman	Daughter	2889 Eaton Rd.

Address correction!

FAMILY AT: 2889 Eaton Road

TEL. NO. 752-2132

There is a time to be born and a time to die. Lillian's life had turned full cycle - more than four score years and ten. She had had a good run. God had been kind to her. She had known love and been spared privation. She had enjoyed the pleasures and excitement of youth and the solid, lasting satisfactions of marriage and motherhood, and during a long Autumn she had been able to rejoice in her handiwork. She surely recognized that the attention shown her by her family was genuine and not a matter of duty. In recent months Fall had given way to Winter. Age had taken its toll and I am confident Lillian did not resent death's visit. She knew that the time to let go was at hand and, as always, she had faith in God's wisdom.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

October 26, 1984

ELEGANT
SMALL
TIGHT
ORDERLY
TWO SISTER
BRIDE

Marian Smith

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

Blessed, indeed, is the person whose life does not end in the dust but continues creatively in other lives and abides in the grateful remembrance of those who were strengthened and ennobled by their influence and example. No one knows what, if anything, lies beyond this life; but we do know that here on earth we can establish a meaningful immortality. Some die and their passing is scarcely noted. They have made little impression on their community or family. Others leave behind an imperishable legacy. The ripples of their influence continue to move across the space in which others live. We continue to hear the words of love which they spoke, to be encouraged by the strength of their example, and to feel their spirit commanding us to live by the values around which they shaped their day.

Marian Smith's family and friends knew her as an able, strong-minded and vital woman who was clear of purpose and certain in her values. There was about her an aura of energy and intelligence which made a special impression on all with whom she had contact. Marian demanded the best of herself but was not severe in her judgements of others. Her mind was active and strong-willed. She thirsted for new experiences. The world was for her a fascinating challenge; and being remarkably open-minded, she was able to respond affirmatively to the radical changes of culture and values which have marked our age. Her grandchildren felt that she was young.

Marian bore herself with grace and infinite courtesy. She dressed carefully but without ostentation. Small of stature, she carried herself with dignity. There was always a smile in her eye. In good times and in more difficult ones, she was the soul of generosity. When a friend needed to be heard out, when there was pain which needed to be assuaged, Marian gave not only of her time but of

herself. When she faced the shadows - widowhood - she did not retreat into seclusion but opened herself up to the world. Travel, meeting and making new friends were not easy for a sensitive woman alone, but Marian was determined not to be alone or to withdraw from life. Where others might have taken a jaundiced view on life, she was always optimistic. Her lips were sealed to self-pity. She believed that if you looked you could find the sunshine in each day.

There is a line in the Psalms which describes her: "Gladness of heart is the life of the human being." By gladness I do not mean giddiness or abandon but an instinctive and abiding pleasure in people, in friends, in one's time and one's world. Marian loved company, the beauties of nature, the colors of life; she was alive to life and hers were the interests of a sensitive spirit.

Marian was not born to privilege. Her early days were eased by the strength of her mother and following that cherished example, she poured herself into the responsibilities of family, marriage, motherhood and grandmotherhood. It was as wife and mother, in the raising of her daughter and son, that she found her greatest joy. Their well-being was her greatest care; their success a matter of moment and pride; their happiness her most frequent prayer. Their friends were always welcome. She established an awareness of family as a central focus in their lives by making family a satisfying reality.

She and Hal were a good team. He was the provider and she was the provisioner. His energy and drive were balanced by her patience and calm. She was there when he needed her, always full of encouragement, always ready with love and support. Her greatest satisfaction came as she watched her daughter and son fulfill their promise, shape worthy and achieving lives and bring to her the spouses who became her children. There was no greater blessing than to enjoy yet another generation following on and, in turn, fulfilling its promise by shaping meaningful lives in an exciting world. As mother and grandmother, Marian managed what few women accomplish: to be deeply involved in the lives of her family without having anyone feel she imposed her values and without intruding

on their privacy. There is love that smothers and a love that frees and sustains. Marian knew that the art of motherhood lies in helping your children learn that they do not have to lean on you.

There is a time to be born and a time to die. Marian's life had turned full cycle. She had had a good run - more than four score years. God had been kind to her. She had known love and been spared privation. She had enjoyed the pleasures and excitement of youth and the solid, lasting satisfactions of marriage and motherhood, a long autumn during which she had been able to rejoice in her handiwork. She surely recognized that the attention shown her by her family was genuine and not a matter of duty. In recent months fall had given way to winter. Age and disease had taken its toll. She knew that the time to let go was at hand and, as always, she haad faith in God's wisdom. I am confident Miriam did not resent death's visit.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

March 24, 1985

GLADYS STERNHEIMER

Yesterday, as Nancy, Lee, Herb and I talked, the conversation was full of happy memories. They spoke of a mother who did not talk easily or often of her feelings, but whose love and encouragement was manifested in every possible way. I was reminded of the midrash which tells that the birds noticed that when the winds blew, the branches of most trees sighed, but the branches of the fruit-bearing trees were silent. They had questioned the fruit trees about this strange fact and these trees answered: "We have no need to advertise ourselves. Our fruits speak for us." Gladys was a quiet person but a doer, and her deeds spoke volumes about her quality.

Gladys lived her whole life in this city. The beloved after thought, the perhaps unexpected bonus to her parents' marriage, Gladys was raised with love, to respect the values of service and citizenship as well as the traditional values of family. Raised as she was by energetic and capable parents, the much younger sister of talented brothers, Gladys might have been overwhelmed by those about her, but despite her size she made sure she was never overlooked. She had the strength and the ability to shape a life of meaningful achievement, to be her own person. Gladys was trained to be a social worker and in retrospect that choice seems to be a thoroughly appropriate one. In age, as in youth, she saw service as a privilege. Thoughtful concern for others, concern for the well-being of those who were part of her community, came naturally to her.

Never one to push herself forward or to be taken in by the vanities of society, Gladys sustained lifelong friendships with people whose values and quality reflected her own, people with whom

she could share the pleasures and challenges of life, a game of cards, good conversation, the activities of her children, her thoughts of the state of the world. Gladys had a good mind, wide-ranging interest in all phases of culture and an instinctively generous spirit. She always had time for the thoughtful acts of kindness on which friendship rests. She demanded the best of herself but was not prone to be harsh or critical in her judgements of others. She was not one to cut corners; certainly not one to pur herself on public display. Her sense of humor was full, never acid. She was utterly devoid of self-importance or self-righteousness.

Gladys's life was blessed in many ways. She was born into the opportunity and freedom of this land, into a home which could provide for her an education and a good name. As a young woman she found a man whose love commanded hers, whose values were at one with hers. Together they established a good marriage and a close family. As wife and mother, Gladys looked well to the ways of her household. She never mistook what was important and what was not. Her children remember her constant encouragement, respect for their individual talents, patient love and smile as they remember her limits in the kitchen. Nothing pleased Gladys more than to watch her children grow into their talents and capacities. She had the rare ability as her children matured to become their friend as well as their mother. She rejoiced when they established families of their own and took immense pleasure and pride in the achievements of her grandchildren.

Marriage is until death do us part. Gladys faced Leonard's death and the prospect of widowhood with the grace and courage others expected of her and respected in her. On her dresser she

kept a poem which speaks of her love.

We'll meet again some day, I know
beyond the distant blue...
but until then, my dearest one,
I'll always think of you...
When you departed from this life
the blow was so severe...
that deep inside my aching heart
there falls an endless tear...
For you could not bid me goodbye
before you went away...
And there were no ardent farewells
that you or I could say...
And so I live with thoughts of you
and all you meant to me...
And sometimes I can feel you near
if just in memory...
And though I may sound sad and blue
only those who lost can tell
just what it means to lose your love...
without a fond farewell.

Some who must say farewell withdraw from life and waste their days with self-pity. That was not Gladys's way. She remained open to life. She traveled broadly and far. She threw herself into the service of the elderly at Montefiore. She maintained a life of interests and activity with her friends. She was not one to give in and, fortunately, her energies did not give out.

Death came rather suddenly. I know that it must be hard for her family to accept what has happened, but I know that in the days ahead they will recognize how blessed they have been and are. They will always be inspired and encouraged by their memories; and some day they will see that they were blessed that this woman

of valor and great dignity, their mother, was spared the indignity of prolonged illness and capacity.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

February 28, 1986

Jennie Spitz

We are met today in a tribute of love and respect to a hard-working and great-hearted mother in Israel, Jennie Spitz. Jennie was truly a woman of valor. She made her way to this country and during her long and meaningful life, she took responsibility for herself and her daughter and labored long and intensely and lovingly for their well-being. Jennie was born in Hungary. As a child she mastered the skills of the home, skills of needle, the kitchen, of mothering and all her life these gave her great pleasure. She possessed an indomitable will and a great respect for learning which is instinctive to our people. She was determined that her daughter should have a profession and no sacrifice was too much to achieve that end. Theirs was the closest and most precious of relationships.

Jennie was a good Jew. She loved her God and her synagogue. She came often. She respected the virtues we taught and the very act of teaching. Though her own education had been interrupted, she never ceased reading. She was alert to her world and a delight to be with because her mind was always full and her conversation never petty. Jennie lived a long and full life. During it she met each responsibility with determination and will. In age there was a period of quiet happiness in the slow, not painful, slide into death.

God has taken back to Himself one of His own.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

May 19, 1978

STEIN

EDITH STEIN

S~~ARAH~~ HIRSCH

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

Blessed, indeed, is the person whose life does not end in the dust but continues creatively in other lives and abides in the grateful remembrance of those who were strengthened and enobled by their influence and example. No one knows what, if anything, lies beyond this life; but we do know that here on earth we can establish a meaningful immortality. Some die and their passing is scarcely noted. They have made little impression on their community or family. Others leave behind an imperishable legacy. The ripples of their influence continue to move across the space in which others live. We continue to hear the words of love which they spoke, to be encouraged by the strength of their example, and to feel their spirit commanding us to live by the values around which they shaped their day.

Edith Stein was ~~Sarah Hirsch's family and friends knew her as~~ a vital, strong-minded and able woman who was clear of purpose and certain in her values. There was about her an aura of energy and intelligence which made a special impression on all with whom she had contact. Th~~ough~~ her roots ran deep into the soil of our community, ~~[illegible] south and~~ she carried with her throughout her life the strong sense of family and ~~that~~ as instinctive courtesy which we associate with the old generation. ~~with that culture~~. ~~Sarah~~ Edith was a straight-backed woman, ~~who~~ she dressed with care but without ostentation, who carried herself with dignity. She ~~and who looked on~~ the world as a fascinating place which she was eager to explore and to know. ~~Sarah~~ Edith had a quick mind and

was well-read and she set a great value on the mind. Her friends knew her not only as a loyal companion but as a helpful friend and confidante. She loved to be out doing. Friendship was an essential part of her being. She delighted to welcome people into her home, and she was always ready and eager to be entertained herself.

When she faced the shadows - widowhood - she was not given to retreat into seclusion, and to the very end she remained active and open to the world. There is a line in the Psalms, which describes her. "Gladness of heart is the life of a human being." By gladness the Bible did not mean giddiness or abandon but an instinctive and abiding pleasure in people and friends, in one's time and one's world. Sarah loved company, the beauties of nature, the colors of life. Hers were the interests of a questing spirit.

Sarah was born into a world where a woman was expected to find her fulfillment through marriage and family. She was a devoted daughter, and grand-daughter and sister, and her relationship with her sister, Alice, was a thing of beauty and a joy forever. She and Sidney established a marriage which was strong and fulfilling. Their home was a welcoming place in which their daughters were given every opportunity and encouraged to lead full and active lives. Their well-being was her greatest care and their happiness, I am sure, her most frequent prayer. Their friends were always welcome and nothing gave her greater pleasure than the success of her daughters and the fine men that they brought into their family, their many successes and the generations which came behind. Sidney and Sarah were a good pair. He was the provider and she was the provisioner. She was there when she was needed. She was disciplined, organized and caring. Some smother with their love. For all her determination, Sarah prized and cultivated the independence of her daughters.

There is a time to be born and a time to die. S~~arah was graced~~ ~~by God with many many years which she filled with useful and satisfying activities, in which she discharged lifelo~~ ~~many obligations~~. God h~~ad been~~ kind to ~~her~~. She had known love and been spared privation. She enjoyed the pleasures and excitement of youth, the solid satisfactions of marriage and motherhood, ~~the~~ long autumn in which she ~~had been able to~~ rejoice with her friends ~~and to~~ explore ~~[illegible]~~ ~~hi~~ways ~~and byways~~. And ~~when~~ the winter ~~came she~~ met each disability with remarkable strength, ~~and she came to her end fully~~ ~~conscious~~. ~~Such a death as Sarah's is called, in our tradition, the~~ ~~kiss of God~~. It~~'s a quick~~ death in the fullness of time, ~~and without~~ ~~any loss of~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~dignity~~. ~~Sarah was wise and~~ I am sure ~~she~~ knew this was the time to let go. She had faith in God's wisdom ~~and~~ ~~she knew that death brought life and was essential to God's plan.~~

Daniel Jeremy Silver

September 13, 1985

Ruby Simon Stein

This memorial service is dedicated to a gracious lady who for over nine decades lived among us and met each of life's inevitable challenges and responsibilities with dignity and quiet courage. Mrs. Stein was a lifelong citizen of Cleveland. That fact suggests continuity and steadiness, but we introduce the dimension of a changing environment we recognize some of the adjustments which she faced.

Mrs. Stein was born to a world which had not yet invented most of the machines and conveniences we take for granted. Every decade she had to accept a new world of appliances and automobiles, radios, telephones, speed, noise. That she was able to do so without [illegible] testifies to her remarkable vitality and to her ability to adjust.

Mrs. Stein was not a schooled person, but she was well schooled in family [illegible], womanly dignity, and [illegible]. She was trained to be a lady and a lady she remained, in good times and in bad. There was within her a core of inflexible values which served her well, which she never betrayed, but her friends and those who knew her best knew that her standards were complemented by a generous spirit and loving concern. She was open-hearted, always ready to lend a hand, always present in another's need.

I did not have the privilege of really knowing Mrs. Stein, though she was a lifelong member of The Temple. She was already advanced in years when I returned, but again I heard often of the warmth and graciousness of her hospitality, of her love of music and of nature, of all things beautiful, of the quality of her friendship, and the fineness of her spirit.

Life is never easy. Born into a large family Mrs. Stein [illegible] learned early the challenges implicit in any human relationship. Friendship and family were always central elements in her life, and when a relationship was unsuccessful she had the courage to reach out and to remain open.

She faced death with courage and that death which is most cruel of all, the death of an only child. Some might have soured and become reclusive. [illegible] her

early training stood her in good stead. A lady turned to face the future. She bound close her step-daughters and their families with the same loving concern she would have shown to her own son. No life can be summed up in a few sentences, and surely it's no small matter to have lived with courage, to have accepted the duties and responsibilities of family, of marriage, parenthood, willingly and intelligently, to have brought a warm spirit to every relationship and to have lived long years with poise of grace. These last years could not have been easy, but even then her lips were sealed to self-pity and she faced death quietly and, I am sure, with faith.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

December 7, 1983

LORETTA STEARNS

LIFE QUICKENS US ALL, GIVES US OUR HOUR OF SUN AND ECSTASY AND THEN WEARS US DOWN THROUGH SADNESS, SICKNESS AND DEFEAT INTO THE DUST.

BLESSED, INDEED, IS THE WOMAN WHOSE LIFE DOES NOT END IN THE DUST BUT CONTINUES CREATIVELY IN OTHER LIVES AND ABIDES IN THE GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF THOSE WHO WERE STRENGTHENED AND ENNOBLED BY HER INFLUENCE AND EXAMPLE. IN THIS WORLD WE ESTABLISH OUR OWN IMMORTALITY. THERE ARE THOSE WHO DIE AND THEIR PASSING IS SCARCELY NOTED. THEY HAVE MADE LITTLE IMPRESSION ON THE ROLL OF LIFE. OTHERS, IN THEIR DEATH, LEAVE BEHIND AN IMPERISHABLE LEGACY AND A VOID WHICH IS LONG AND DEEPLY FELT. IN THE DEATH OF LORETTA STEARNS HER FAMILY AND THOSE NEAREST TO HER HAVE SUSTAINED A DEEP PERSONAL LOSS. BUT OUR COMMUNITY AS WELL HAS SUFFERED THE LOSS OF A MOST VALUED AND VALUABLE CITIZEN AND A GOOD FRIEND. OUR TEMPLE HAS LOST A CLOSE AND HONORED MEMBER AND ALL OF US WILL LONG MISS A LOYAL AND CHERISHED FRIEND.

LORETTA WAS AN INTELLIGENT, STRONG-MINDED AND PRINCIPLED WOMAN WHO WAS CLEAR OF PURPOSE AND CERTAIN OF HER VALUES. SHE DEMANDED THE BEST OF HERSELF AND WAS NOT PRONE TO HARSH JUDGEMENTS OF OTHERS. I REALLY DID NOT HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF KNOWING HER, BUT HER FRIENDS TELL ME THAT THOUGH SHE PASSED THE FABLED FOUR SCORE YEARS SHE had RETAINED ~~ABOUT HER~~ THAT QUIET, CLEAR DETERMINATION THAT THERE WAS A RIGHT WAY ~~AND A GOOD WAY~~ AND THAT WAS THE WAY SHE WOULD GO. WHEN THERE WAS DUTY TO BE DONE SHE DID IT - AS SHE SAW FIT. SHE WAS CERTAIN IN PURPOSE, YET, I AM TOLD SHE WAS UTTERLY DEVOID OF SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS. SHE DID WILLINGLY WHAT SHE KNEW NEEDED TO BE DONE.

LORETTA WAS A GOOD AND LIFELONG FRIEND TO MANY. COURTEOUS ALWAYS, SHE WAS A WELCOME COMPANION AND A LOYAL AND CONSIDERATE

FRIEND. SHE LOOKED ON FRIENDSHIP AS A GIFT OF SELF. HER SPIRIT WAS INSTINCTIVELY GENEROUS. SHE GAVE WILLINGLY OF HERSELF TO HER FRIENDS AND IN VOLUNTEER SERVICE TO OUR COMMUNITY. LIFE IS NEVER EASY AND BECAUSE SHE WAS THE WOMAN SHE WAS, SHE FACED THE DARK DAYS WITH COURAGE AND QUIET CONFIDENCE. SHE CAME TO THIS COUNTRY AS A CHILD FROM HUNGARY AND BROUGHT WITH HER SOMETHING OF THE GRIM DETERMINATION OF THE IMMIGRANT TO MAKE HER WAY AND TO SUCCEED. HERE SHE MET ~~HERE~~ A MAN WHO WAS DESTINED TO BE HER HUSBAND AND HELPMATE and TOGETHER THEY FORGED A GOOD AND STRONG LIFE. SHE FACED THE CRUELTY OF HIS DEATH WITH RARE COURAGE AND SHE TOOK ON HERSELF THE OBLIGATION OF CARING FOR THEIR SON.

WHAT SHE MEANT TO HER SONS THEY KNOW BEST AND I KNOW THAT HER MEMORY WILL ENCOURAGE THEM IN THE YEARS AHEAD.

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

AUGUST 12, 1987

Natalie Steuer

We are met to pay a tribute of admiration and respect to the spirit of an energetic and able woman who was a lifelong and always-respected member of our community. Natalie's roots go back to the earliest days of the Jewish community and she carried with her throughout life that industrious and questing spirit which characterized those who established the solid economic underpinnings of this city. I was aware of Mrs. Steuer in my youth, but I only came to know her when I returned here nearly 30 years ago and I have met few people who were able to face life's challenges with such unflagging optimism. Many turn away from life when they are widowed. Natalie pushed on. She traveled widely, participated actively in the cultural life of the city. She was alone but she never let life close in on her. Indeed, we met more often than either of us would have wished in the hospital and here again I found her, until just these last weeks, always cheerful, always ready to pick up again the threads of a full life.

Natalie grew up in a home which provided here not only love and encouragement but many opportunities. She was well educated and she never ceased to know about the cultures of the colorful and complex world out there. She read eagerly. She prepared herself thoroughly to make the most of her trips, regularly attended symphony, and visited the great museums of the world. In time her home became a miniature museum, stocked with reminders of her visits.

Her outgoing personality and full of knowledge made her a welcome companion and good friend. She knew her mind. She judged others for what they were, not by accidental and irrelevant qualities of birth. She graciously welcomed her friends into her home and made them feel welcome and wanted.

Her home and her garden were precious to her and she cared for them tenderly, and she did so not from any need for display but because it was in the home that she fulfilled all the loved duties of marriage and motherhood. Natalie was blessed with the companionship and love of a man whose mind, values and energy matched her own. They shared many interests and many simple pleasures - the weekly hours of dancing being simply the best known to others. Together

they raised their sons to value the basic virtues and to share their sense of pride in the freedom and justice of this land and their appreciation of the values of learning - and they watched with pride as they grew into competent manhood and established their own families, each in its special way, but each reflecting the values learned at home.

Natalie was of the generation which did not speak easily of private matters, but on my second last visit she spoke, for the first time, a bit wistfully of a lack of strength and of her uncertainties about the future. I reminded myself then, with some surprise, that she was already well past the four score years limit. Her vitality always belied her age, and I was grateful that God had allowed this woman of spirit to retain her spirit until death came gently.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

October 3, 1984

Sylvia Glassin Stonner
~~Libbie Goodrich~~

We are met to speak a public tribute of respect and love for a competent and vital woman, a good friend and a respected member of our community, ~~Libbie Goodrich~~, with whom it is still difficult to associate the fact of death. I did not know Libbie Goodrich well and I regret that fact. All who have spoken of her describe an intelligent, vital and determined woman, a person of many talents and great drive, a woman who liberated herself without waiting for a massive popular movement. Libbie knew her own mind and she went her own way. In an age of conformity she lived by the standards she knew to be right. She did not depend upon the approval of others but she walked her own way and it was a good way and a successful way.

Libbie grew up in a small town and she kept about her all her life that concern for community which is the hallmark of such a place. She was open and direct. She had no patience with people who put on airs and who could not tell you what was on their mind. You knew where she stood and what she felt. You knew that her standards were not those of birth or wealth or race but of quality and of character. She judged others by their actions as she asked to be judged herself.

Libbie possessed an inquisitive and vigorous mind. She learned from experience, she learned from books, she had no illusions about life and yet was fascinated by it. She was early attracted to the law. She delighted in its intellectual challenge. She understood the importance of law in protecting the rights and freedoms of our nation. Law was to her not only a way to earn a living but a profession, a service. It could not have been easy to be one of the few women lawyers in town at a time when the legal fraternity still was imprisoned by its chauvinistic prejudices. It could not have been easy to be a Jew working in the office of one of the most flamboyant men in her

profession in a world which still had not set aside religious prejudice, but Libbie made her way in that world by the force of her mind and on sheer energy and industry. She did so without ever compromising her honor or her person.

In her generation women who fought their way into the man's world left grace and sensitivity behind. Libbie was tough-minded but she remained herself. She walked proudly without being arrogant. She retained her interest in worthwhile political causes and candidates. Though she lived a public life she never became callous and though cruelty was not unknown in her world it was totally foreign to her nature. With it all in her private life she remained reserved, perhaps even a bit reclusive. Her natural instinct was to keep her deepest thoughts and feelings to herself and her mind was ever restless, eager to savor new contacts, new experiences and to explore its own possibilities. Though confident of her professional capacities, she found with maturity and marriage that she had developed new interests. She returned to school and to writing. When many would have settled into comfortable middle age Libbie went back to school and developed her writing talents and undertook the sweet challenge of motherhood. From law and politics to playwriting and the theater and painting Libbie found many ways to explore herself and to give expression to herself. Her life was never routine and always richly textured and I suspect that during these last years she must have said more than once to herself that hers had been a good life and a full life. Though she died far too early, just this side of the fabled three score years and ten, Libbie had lived far more intensely than most and knowing that she was not a woman to give in to self-pity, I doubt that she had any regrets.

What she meant to those closest and dearest they know best. The ties of family were important to her. She and Sam built a solid marriage. They were deeply involved in each other's lives and good for each other and devoted to their daughter.

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

January 26, 1977

Carol Taylor
Mar~~ion Sandman~~

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 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.

Almost unhidden a thought comes to mind. There is so much in our conventional wisdom which would have us believe that confidence and sunshine are the stuff of life. The unique prosperity and technology of our age has made us forget the older experience which knew life as freighted, shadowed and uncertain. The truth is that life is always a struggle with ourselves, with the situation in which we find ourselves and with dark voices within. Who of us sleeps easily and without care every night?

Another truth is that each of us is unique. Some are taller and others shorter. Some have a sturdy emotional frame while others are as sensitive as a spring flower. We must face life with what we are given and for some this is incredibly difficult. Life is full of unexpected turns and love does not conquer all. There are times when all the love and understanding a family can give cannot relieve the pain in another's soul. I often wish that we would talk to our children about the gray days as well as the sun-filled ones, about life as it is, with all of its uncertainty and confusion, about human need, as it is with all of its variety and complexity.

Life tests us all. Romantic innocents talk glibly of peace on earth, of joy unbounded and real security; but all honest philosophers insist that the way is hard, the burdens are many and nothing is certain. To live is to be bruised. No life is always calm and endlessly placid. At times we are pushed beyond our capacity to accept. At times we are driven by needs and passions we hardly understand and barely control. What may seem to an outsider a life of privilege may in fact be beyond our capacity to manage. It is well to keep in mind the old rabbinic saying: "Never judge another until you have stood in his place." Who knows the needs and fears which surge in another's soul? Who knows how another expresses his love? Ours is not to judge, only to grieve; to grieve a beautiful and sympathetic woman, to grieve one who tried to express her love and to meet her needs but found life beyond management.

Our tradition cautions against being too hasty in judging the moment. "Beware of desperate steps; the darkest day lived till tomorrow has passed away." Marcia acted in haste. We can empathize with the love and anguish that surged in her soul. She had sought help. She wanted desperately to find ways to express the feeling that surged within, her love for friend and family, her sense of the possibilities of life but she could not find the key that would unlock the door. All life is a search, a search for

ourselves. For some the way is long and fraught with danger. Some of us cannot translate our hopes into reality. All that can be asked is that we try. Marcia tried. She involved herself eagerly in the concerns of the community. She sought friendship and was always willing to extend herself for others. She possessed a deep sense of outrage at the injustices that exist in our society and worked to rectify these. She devoted time and attention to her home and especially to her daughters. She tried to make them realize the capacities that were innately theirs and to find the skills that would stand them in good stead in life.

We stand here united, a community of sorrow, good and lifelong friends who cared and tried, family who supported as best they could, her daughters, her commitment to the future, her joy and her pride. 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 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.

Feb. 22, 1978

Daniel Jeremy Silver

Bessie Verovitz

God sent His singers on earth

With songs of gladness and mirth

That they might touch the hearts of men

And bring them back to Heaven again

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Were I a musician I would tune my instrument and play a fugue. Music could speak more adequately than words the feelings that are in our hearts. The chords would vibrate with respect, love, grief for a good friend, the sense of the finality of death. There are feelings which do not yield to language. Bessie Verovitz would understand for there was music in her soul and she expressed many of her deepest feelings, the chords and harmonies and melodies of her talent. The major motif of the fugue would be one of tender recollection, a graci us and gentle lady and interwoven with these memories would be a message that time heals, that we will awaken from our grief. The music of a good life is never erased but echoes and reechoes in the soul.

Music expresses. It does not explain. How true. We seldom admit to this truth. Life has no explanation. We are. Life is a gift of God, not a result of our own decision. The test of life is whether our life gives off a spirit for melody or discord and disonance. A symphony is not a matter of chance. It must be composed and it reflects the art of the writer. A good life is composed. It reflects the spirit and talent of the human being. Bessie Verovitz could not only sit down at the piano and make it sing, but her life was a lovely composition which sang of decency and graciousness, friendship and generosity of spirit, of a concern for culture and of a love for all that was beautiful. Bessie Verovitz lived by the rule of honest simplicity. There was music in her soul, deep feeling, a sense of the infinite possibilities of life, a response to all that is civilized and moving. She had a good and vigorous mind. She was well read. She was a private person

but not reclusive. She delighted in friendship. Her interests were vital and varied. She enjoyed being out in the world, savoring its music, discovering its sights, responding to the people learning about various cultures and civilizations.

God had granted Mrs. Verovitz a special talent. She was careful to practice, to study, to discipline, to develop her musical abilities and then to use these not only for her own enjoyment but for the enjoyment of others. Some play for applause. Mrs. Verovitz played for the sheer joy of it. She delighted to bring others into the world which gave her so much pleasure. She was a good and patient teacher and there are many who now can express themselves musically because of her patient skill.

No life is without its dark moments. Mrs. Verovitz's sense of the possibilities of life overcame her anxieties. There were difficult days but she managed to find within them possibility - a pleasing sound. A good and loyal friend to many, Mrs. Verovitz was most of all daughter, sister, wife and mother. She was the center of a close family and she rejoiced in these intimacies. She and her beloved husband established a home which was a place of support and encouragement, of shared purpose and, of course, music. Here they raised their son and their daughter to the possibilities of life and there was no greater pleasure than to share their achievements and the growth and promise of their families. I do not know what Bessie would wish to have spoken at this moment. Probably she would simply have played a minor-keyed melody which spoke of love and shared moments, of her pride in her family and of her feeling that her life had run its course, that all the themes of the symphony had been drawn together.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

March 7, 1978

BEATRICE WALKER

The Book of Proverbs ends with a poem which praises those whom the writer calls "Women of Valor" - who looks well to the ways of their household. When I was informed of Bea Walker's death, two lines from that evocation came to mind,

> The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her
> and he has no lack of gain
> she does him good and not evil
> all the days of her life.

For years Bea was a loving, loyal and thoughtful helpmate. She was raised to value family and marriage and to accept the thesis that a woman fulfilled herself through the support and encouragement she provided her husband. When good fortune brought Bea the love of a truly good and capable man, she threw her considerable intelligence and determination into her wifely tasks. She shared with Herb not only the pleasure and responsibilities of work, but intimacy and joy, and an unshakable commitment to such values as rectitude and responsibility. There was never any doubt that they shared life fully and were at one in their goals. Their lives underscore the truth of an observation by the French essayist, Michel de Montaigne:

> A good marriage...is a sweet society of life,
> full of constancy, of trust, and of a number of
> profitable and solid offices and mutual obligations.

I knew Bea as an older woman, as a lady of the old school, gracious and mannerly, who greeted you with a smile and careful courtesy, who dressed well but without ostentation, a straight-backed and disciplined person who carried herself with quiet dignity and kept her private concerns to herself. In our times it has been something of a virtue for people to pour it all out. Bea kept a tight rein on self-pity. The old-fashioned word "lady" fit her well. Her world was that of her home and the close circle of lifelong friends who shared her values, were interested in ideas and institutions like child care which occupied her thoughts and her energies. The ladies of Child Care Association have taken the time and have published this tribute in Bea's honor:

A Tribute to Bea Walker
from
The Members of Child Care Association

"' A Woman of Valor, Who can Find?
For Her Price is Far Above Rubies.'

The worth of this woman of valor, Bea Walker, cannot be measured in terms of rubies or other material things. Surely, a person's worth is not measured by his or her life span, but only by the mark that is left on others on this earth. Bea was such a person.

She was an unusual woman, a born leader, and a lady in every sense of the word. She was most compassionate, loving and caring - and completely devoted to the philosophy and ideals of child care. Next to her family, child care played a great role in Bea's life. No task was too difficult for her, and what she accomplished was done with kindness and graciousness.

Bea has given child care a greater stature in the community. The several positions she held, from a five-year term as President to Vice-President of Program, served to carry out her complete belief in the function of child care - helping the sick and handicapped child.

Those who knew Bea respected and admired her and came to love her for all her qualities as a caring human being. Our lives have been enriched by knowing her. She will be sorely missed."

Her mind was active and richly stocked. She read. She enjoyed all that is beautiful. She was very much a part of the world even though she never allowed the world to disturb the inner spaces of her life. Something of the spirit of this family can be garnered by the lovely birthday tribute her grandsons gave on the occasion of her 67th birthday.

"Today we celebrate the birthday of a wonderful lady. For sixty-seven years she has brightened the world. Beatrice Walker is a very special person. She is special to everyone she meets. It is a combination of her radiant appearance, lovely personality, and heart-warming kindness.

I am proud to say that this woman of worthiness is my grandmother. Together we have shared countless precious moments. If I am depressed when I come to Grams, I am not when I leave. She always has a way of lifting my spirits. We often have meaningful conversations. She has always guided me in the right direction. We have discussed everything from tips for school to ways of impressing girls.

Grams is not only special, but she makes me feel special, too. Grams makes everyone feel special, for that matter. She has an adoring husband and grateful sons. Why, even her child care organization voted her 'Woman of the Year.'

I love Grandma immensely. She is <u>my</u> woman of the year <u>every</u> year."

Bea was a woman who had many friends because she deserved friendship. Her mind was sharp and clear and her advice was always helpful and to the point. She was generous and caring in a way

that was unobtrusive and helpful. Above all, she was a lady in every sense of the word. She was a good Jew and was helpful around the Temple. For six years she was social secretary of the Temple Women's Association. We were very proud to have a lady of such fine character as a member.

But it was as a private person and in the circle of her family that Bea came into her own. She and Herb established a sound marriage, a happy marriage, and they raised their two sons to share their values and their hopes. Their greatest joy lay in their sons' accomplishments and in the brides that they brought to the family and, in time the four grandchildren who show that the values of this family have not ended but continue on in memory and in act.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

January 6, 1988

A TRIBUTE TO BEA WALKER

FROM

THE MEMBERS OF CHILD CARE ASSOCIATION

"A WOMAN OF VALOR, WHO CAN FIND?

FOR HER PRICE IS FAR ABOVE RUBIES."

THE WORTH OF THIS WOMAN OF VALOR, BEA WALKER, CANNOT BE MEASURED IN TERMS OF RUBIES OR OTHER MATERIAL THINGS. SURELY, A PERSON'S WORTH IS NOT MEASURED BY HIS OR HER LIFE SPAN, BUT ONLY BY THE MARK THAT IS LEFT ON OTHERS ON THIS EARTH. BEA WAS SUCH A PERSON.

SHE WAS AN UNUSUAL WOMAN, A BORN LEADER, AND A LADY IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD. SHE WAS MOST COMPASSIONATE, LOVING AND CARING - AND COMPLETELY DEVOTED TO THE PHILOSOPHY AND IDEALS OF CHILD CARE. NEXT TO HER FAMILY, CHILD CARE PLAYED A GREAT ROLE IN BEA'S LIFE. NO TASK WAS TOO DIFFICULT FOR HER, AND WHAT SHE ACCOMPLISHED WAS DONE WITH KINDNESS AND GRACIOUSNESS.

BEA HAS GIVEN CHILD CARE A GREATER STATURE IN THE COMMUNITY. THE SEVERAL POSITIONS SHE HELD, FROM A FIVE*YEAR TERM AS PRESIDENT TO VICE-PRESIDENT OF PROGRAM, SERVED TO CARRY OUT HER COMPLETE BELIEF IN THE FUNCTION OF CHILD CARE - HELPING THE SICK AND HANDICAPPED CHILD.

THOSE WHO KNEW BEA RESPECTED AND ADMIRED HER AND CAME TO LOVE HER FOR ALL HER QUALITIES AS A CARING HUMAN BEING. OUR LIVES HAVE BEEN ENRICHED BY KNOWING HER.

SHE WILL BE SORELY MISSED.

Ann Weidenthal

We have come to pay a public tribute of love and respect to the memory of a gracious lady and grand human being, Ann Weidenthal.

Ann was a very special person, utterly without pretense, possessed of a vigorous and quick mind, calm of spirit, high-minded, determined, independent, a woman of many parts. Ann walked among us quietly, yet you were always conscious of her presence, of her effect. I am glad that the sun is shining today and the colors of the Fall are rich and full. Ann delighted in nature in her garden and her roses, in her home and her lake. Her soul was alive to beauty and yet, there was nothing vain about her. She dressed comfortably rather than stylishly. Her home lay at the center of her being, yet it was truly a home and not a show place.

I think I was the last person to talk with Ann. She spoke openly Tuesday of death and without fear. "So it's come to this, I had a good life, a quiet life. I lived with wonderful people. I." She was at peace with herself and at peace with her God. Ann was a believing Jew and a well read Jew. She never ceased studying Hebrew, the literature of our tradition. Ann lived by on what she knew to be the basic imperatives of her faith, human-sensitivity — learning — social concern alert and aware of the of life. She had no patience shoddy thinking and simplistic answers. In some ways it is too bad that in her choice course the full range of the law was not open to her because she was a woman. She had a careful mind and a neat mind. She had no need to assert her views, but when she spoke you listened. Ann's sense of self was balanced with a remarkable ability to be self effacing. She worked as effectively behind the scenes as in the public eye. She worked the long years with her beloved husband and doctor, man aging the office, freeing him for his ministry of healing. At one time or another every worthwhile organization

in our community ~~but~~ what turned to her ~~when the task was~~ complex and Ann was always ~~able to put together and make~~ do. With it all, she was a free spirit. She ~~never stopped~~ going to symphony, to ~~lessons~~, music, Hebrew lectures. She never stopped reading or thinking. The last thing she had me do, the last thing that was consciously on her mind, was to put out her dress for the Guaneri Quartet Concert Tuesday night. Music spoke to her soul and through her music her soul spoke.

A lifelong neighbor, Ann was part of the life of our community. She ~~was not~~ a ~~hail fellow well met person, but one who~~ chose her friends for their quality and ~~with whom~~ friendship was a lifetime commitment, ~~easy,~~ open, close, yet independent, a sharing of opportunity rather than a huddling together for support. She talked of things of significance rather than of the small things, and she had no patience with the small items of gossip. Life was too full of things of interest to be interested in the petty.

I do not know if Ann knew this short verse, but it speaks to her spirit:

Life is too brief between the budding and the falling leaf
Between the seed time and the golden sheaf for hate and spite
We have no time for malice and for greed
Therefore, with love, make beautiful the deed
Fast speeds the night.

Ann had a good life. She had known each of life's seasons. We found in her library the selected sermons and addresses of my father's which were published under the title A Word In Its Season, a sermon which he gave some twenty years ago on how to face death. The book was marked by one of her patented book marks, pressed flowers, from her garden. Perhaps the most fitting way I could close this eulogy is to read to you two of its paragraphs.

Death should be faced with as much courage as life itself. Without courage we cannot live decently, and without courage we cannot die decently. He who faces life courageously will know how to face death. "So live that when thy summons come to join the innumerable caravan which moves to that mysterious realm, where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death, Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night, scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

This is the meaning of "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." Some people fear death because they believe that they have not finished their life's work. Really no one's life work is ever finished. But, as the rabbis said: "Thine is not the duty to complete the work, but neither art thou free to desist from it." Thy duty is to do thy best and leave the rest to God who planned the whole and will see that the whole is completed. The famous sage Eleazar was sick unto death and his friend, Jochanan, called upon him. He found Eleazar weeping. "Why art thou weeping?" "Because I am about to die but my work is undone. There is so much good that I must still do in the world." The wise Jochanan reminded him of our forefathers in the wilderness. They gathered manna for food, and some gathered more and some gathered less, but when the manna was measured each had the same. And it is so with life, said Jochanan. It makes no difference how much you gather in, if only what you achieve, what you gather, is done in the name of God. It is the intent, the motives which guided your actions which are important, not so much your achievements.

The remembrance of our dead should be used for inspiration, for a strengthening of our lives. We must learn to rise upon the rungs of pain. The first man, Adam, when he saw the first sundown, believed, not knowing any better, that eternal night was setting upon the world - eternal darkness and eternal death. He was afraid. God told Adam to take two rocks, one called Death and the other called the Shadow of Death, and to strike them. In the smiting of these two rock, Death and the Shadow of Death, sparks of fire were made. A new light was revealed unto Adam and he offered his first prayer: "Blessed be God who creates light." All men need to learn from this how to bring forth the light of faith and trust, confidence and hope.

Ida Whitman

WHEN DEATH COMES TO A LOVED ONE, A LIGHT IS EXTINGUISHED AND ANOTHER LIGHT IS KINDLED. THIS LIGHT OF MEMORY SHINES INEXTINGUISHABLY IN THE SHADOWED WORLD OF OUR LONELINESS. HOW BLESSED, THEREFORE, THE LIFE WHICH LEAVES BEHIND IT A GLOWING MEMORY. SUCH A MEMORY BRINGS UNCEASING COMFORT TO THOSE WHO WOULD OTHERWISE BE UTTERLY BEREFT.

AT SUCH AN HOUR IT IS A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM AMONG OUR PEOPLE TO LIGHT A MEMORIAL LAMP. THROUGH THIS SYMBOL WE SIGNIFIY THAT THE DEAD HAS NOT VANISHED. THEIR DAY'S WORK MAY BE OVER, BUT THEIR LIFE IS NOT. THE FLAME CONTINUES TO BURN EVEN IN THE NIGHT OF DEATH, MUCH AS A RARE SONG CAN BE HEARD IN OUR HEART LONG AFTER THE SILENCE HAS ENVELOPED IT. FOR THOSE WHO KNEW TRUE LOVE AND TRUE COMPANION-SHIP THERE REMAINS THE LEGACY OF PLEDGED LIVES AND PRECIOUS REMEMBRANCE.

THEIRS IS A LIVING LEGACY & A BRIGHT ONE.

OUR LIVES ARE ALL TOO BRIEF. THE NIGHT COMES ALL TOO SOON, YET WE ARE COMMANDED TO LIVE FOR THINGS WHICH ARE ETERNAL--FOR JUSTICE & BEAUTY & LOVE-- AND TO REACH BEYOND OUR FRAIL LIMITATIONS TO A GODLY & GOODLY WAY OF LIFE. AT DEATH THOSE LIVES WHICH PARTOOK OF SELFLESSNESS AND SERVICE, THOSE LIVES DEDICATED TO THE IMPERISHABLE VALUES ~~OF LIFE~~, ENTER UPON A SPIRITUAL EXISTENCE THROUGH WHICH THEY REMAIN VITAL FOR THOSE WHO KNEW & LOVED THEM. THEY HAVE BECOME A SWEET BENEDICTION. IT IS AS OUR TEACHERS TAUGHT, "THERE IS NO DEATH FOR THE RIGHTEOUS."

IN THE DEATH OF IDA WHITMAN, HER BELOVED FAMILY & THOSE NEAREST TO HER HAVE SUSTAINED A DEEP & PERSONAL LOSS: BUT ALL OF US, AS WELL, HAVE SUFFERED THE LOSS OF A VITAL & CHERISHED SPIRIT & WARM FRIEND.

IDA WAS AMONG THE MOST OPEN-HEARTED AND LOVING PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN, AND AMONG THE MOST COMMITTED. SHE REJOICED IN LIFE. SHE REJOICED IN HER HOME, IN HER FAITH, IN THE OPPORTUNITY OF SERVICE, IN FRIENDS, IN FAMILY. THERE IS A LINE IN THE BOOK OF PSALMS WHOSE WISDOM WAS INSTINCTIVE TO HER: "GLADNESS OF HEART IS THE LIFE OF A HUMAN BEING." IDA WAS ALIVE WITH THE JOY OF LIFE.

yes AS ED, MARV, JOY, AND I SPOKE ABOUT THEIR MOTHER, A VIGNETTE FROM JEWISH LITERATURE CAME TO MIND. THE BIRDS, IT SEEMS, NOTICED THAT WHEN THE WIND BLEW THROUGH THE BRANCHES OF MOST TREES, THEY SIGHED AND THE RUSTLE COULD BE HEARD FOR SOME DISTANCE, BUT THAT FRUIT-BEARING TREES MADE NO SOUND. CURIOSITY LED THE BIRDS TO ASK THE FRUIT TREES WHY THEY WERE SILENT. THE TREES REPLIED: OUR FRUITS ARE OUR ADVERTISEMENT.

IDA LIVED A LONG AND USEFUL LIFE. SHE LIVED QUIETLY, WITH BECOMING GRACE AND WITHOUT THE LEAST NEED TO ADVERTISE HERSELF. GOD ENDOWED HER WITH A FINE MIND AND HER INTELLIGENCE MANIFESTED ITSELF IN THE SENSITIVITY WITH WHICH SHE CONDUCTED HER RELATIONSHIPS, IN THE QUALITY OF HER JUDGMENTS AND THE WARMTH OF HER HUMOR. SHE WAS A WISE WOMAN TO WHOM OTHERS TURNED INSTINCTIVELY & CONFIDENTLY.

FROM HER YOUTH SHE EXUDED A RARE STRENGTH AND A SENSE OF COMPETENCE WHICH DREW OTHERS TO HER AND MADE HER THE NATURAL FOCUS OF FAMILY LIFE--A ROLE SHE RETAINED EASILY & DISCHARGED WILLINGLY ALL HER DAYS.

WHEN I THINK BACK OVER THE CHANGES WHICH HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN OUR SURROUNDINGS SINCE SHE WAS BORN, I FIND IT REMARKABLE THAT SHE WAS ABLE TO ADJUST SO EASILY. SHE WAS NOT CUSTOM- OR HABIT-BOUND. SHE SAW THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE NEW WAYS, FOR SHE WAS NOT AT ALL FRIGHTENED BY LIFE.

IDA WAS BORN INTO A TRADITIONAL HOME AND SHE NOT ONLY LOOKED WELL TO THE WAYS OF HER HOUSEHOLD BUT REMAINED CLOSE ALWAYS TO HER GOD AND OUR TRADITION. I AM PLEASED TO THINK THAT SHE FOUND IN OUR ~~PULPIT AND~~ THE SPIRIT OF OUR TRADITION A REFLEX OF HER OWN STRONG COMMITMENTS AND VALUES, AND I KNOW THAT SHE VALUED THE SERVICE. SHE RETURNED TO HER COMMUNITY--TO BOTH WARREN & CLEVELAND--FINE VOLUNTEER SERVICES OF ALL TYPES.

A LOVING DAUGHTER, A CARING SISTER, A DEVOTED WIFE & HELPMATE, IDA WAS BLESSED WITH A GOOD MARRIAGE. SHE & GUS BUILT TOGETHER A LOVE-FILLED & SOLID MARRIAGE AND ESTABLISHED A HOME WHICH WAS FULL OF INTELLIGENCE, GOOD THOUGHTS--IN WHICH FRIENDS FOUND A WARM & SATISFYING WELCOME, & TO WHICH THEY BROUGHT THE 2 SONS & THE DAUGHTER WHO WOULD GIVE THEM SO MUCH JOY.

THEY RAISED EACH CHILD TENDERLY TO APPRECIATE THEIR SPECIAL TALENTS & THE FINE VALUES WHICH WERE CENTRAL TO THEIR LIVES. HER HOME WAS A FAMILY PLACE WHERE THE FAMILY, IN ALL ITS BRANCHES AND GENERATIONS, WERE WELCOME. HERE IDA ENJOYED THE ULTIMATE JOY OF WATCHING HER CHILDREN GROW INTO COMPETENCE, MARRY HAPPILY, AND IN TURN RAISE GRAND-CHILDREN AND GREAT-GRAND-CHILDREN IN HER TRADITIONS --EACH FULFILLING THEIR SPECIAL CAPACITIES AND SHARING IN THE FEELINGS WHICH BOUND THIS FAMILY CLOSE.

GOD WAS GOOD TO ONE OF HIS OWN. FAR LONGER THAN MOST, IDA ESCAPED THE WORST DEVASTATIONS OF AGE. WHEN IN THESE LAST MONTHS HER CAPACITIES & STRENGTH BEGAN TO EBB, BEING THE WISE WOMAN THAT SHE WAS, I AM SURE THAT SHE DID NOT REGRET THE APPROACH OF DEATH.

SHE DIED PEACEFULLY IN THE LOVING BOSOM OF HER FAMILY.

IDA, IN A SENSE, OUTLIVED HER OWN FUNERAL. THOSE WHO KNEW HER IN THE FULLNESS OF HER STRENGTH ARE NOT HERE TO TESTIFY TO THE QUALITY OF THEIR RELATIONSHIPS AND TO SPEAK OF THEIR RESPECT, BUT WE ARE KNOWN FOR OUR DEEDS AND THROUGH THOSE WHOSE LIVES WE HELPED TO SHAPE AND INFORM. IDA LIVES ON THROUGH THE QUALITY OF YOUR LIVES--WHICH IS, I AM SURE, AS SHE WOULD HAVE IT.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

February 29, 1988

IDA WHITMAN

WHEN DEATH COMES TO A LOVED ONE, A LIGHT IS EXTINGUISHED AND ANOTHER LIGHT IS KINDLED: THIS LIGHT OF MEMORY SHINES INEXTINGUISHABLY IN THE SHADOWED WORLD OF OUR LONELINESS; HOW BLESSED, THEREFORE, THE LIFE WHICH LEAVES BEHIND IT A GLOWING MEMORY: SUCH A MEMORY BRINGS UNCEASING COMFORT TO THOSE WHO WOULD OTHERWISE BE UTTERLY BEREFT;

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DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

FEBRUARY 29, 1988

ANNA WOLF November 3, 1959

We are met to pay our last tribute of respect to one of our midst who has passed from our sight. As always at such an hour we stand grief-laden before the curtain of death. We cannot draw that curtain aside. What awaits beyond is forever hidden from our view.

In time each of us will pass beyond this divide. When we do, we will not know what awaits us there. Yet we will cross over in faith -- in the faith that a kind God and Father, who has given to us life, will not forsake us in death. As He welcomed us into this life and protects us here, so will He shelter us and sustain us unto eternity. That He will be near us we will be sure. We need not fear for Heaven will support us.

To face death is to be reminded of life's swift passage. Our youth seems only yesterday, our days so few. To face death is to be reminded of the uses to which we must put our life. We do not know what lies beyond. We do know the nature of that service of love and kindness, of gentleness and courage, which we must tender here and now, and since we do not know when our hour may come, is it not folly for any of us to put off our generous instincts and our honest impulses, feeling that there may yet be time? There may never be time. We are not masters of our destiny. We do not determine when we are to die. To live our days, however long they be, ably and well is the burden and the challenge of life.

In our grief we draw close the mantle of memory. Lovingly we recall the strength of character, the pride of bearing, the unselfishness of person which was Julia Klose's ~~Anna Wolf~~'s. Here was a woman who gave infinitely more to her world than she took from it, who demanded but little for herself, and sought always to be of service and to be helpful. ~~The eldest of her brothers and sisters, she~~ accepted early a weighty burden of responsibility, and from her young adulthood to the fullness of her age she never relinquished this obligation. She never failed to discharge the duties which it demanded. Her unswerving ~~dedication~~ to the right, her vision, her

Eulogy - William Loveman

There is no death
What we call death
is but a sudden change. . .
Because we know
not where it leads.
Therefore it seemeth strange.

There is no death
What we call death
is but a restful sleep. . .
They wake not soon
who slumber so. . .
Therefore, we mourn. . . we weep.

There is no death
What we call death
is but surcease from strife
They do not die
whom we call dead. . .
They go from life. . . to life

Amen

Bill was a man of faith and these lines of faith given to me by Peggy express a faith which he and Peggy shared. Though by a modern hand, these verses reflect the traditional encouragement of our history. In death as in life we are close to God. Death is not extinction, but the translation of life to a new dimension of intimacy with God. God creates and God recalls to himself all that is created. Life and death are coordinate elements in the Divine plan. Bill neither feared death nor was he anxious about it. He had lived the promised three score years and ten. He had approached the "perhaps" years, the four score years. Like all men he longed for more time - the anniversary of a half century in business, a half century of marriage, but he was satisfied, he knew that his life had been full, that he had been fortunate beyond most. During these last days when he knew that death approached he accepted the inevitable with equanimity and faith.

as stark tragedy. When that life has been graced with rare intimacy and much love, with affection of the families and with the high regard of the community, such a life, even in death, brings with it a measure of solace.

A man is as great as the dreams he dreams
As great as the love he bears
As great asthe values he redeems,
And the happiness he shares.
A man is as great as the thoughts he thinks,
As the worth he has attained,
As the fountains at which his spirit drinks
And the insight he has gained.

A man is as great as the truth he speaks,
As great as the help he gives,
As great as the destiny he seeks,
As great as the life he lives.

Sam was blessed with a keen mind and quick smile - little passed him by. His work carried him far and he not only saw but learned, bearing with him always a basic respect for all, he was able to listen and appreciate what another was saying.

All that he meant and will continue to mean to those who were nearest and dearest - they know best and in that knowledge they will find in the years ahead solace and renewal of strength. Sam was a loving man - responsible and responsive within the ties of family. His legacy is a beautiful one and I am sure that the memories that remain are the memories that will sustain.

Eulogy
Betty Woll
May 12, 1983

We are met to pay public tribute and respect to the mother of a good friend, Rabbi Jonathon Woll.

Betty Woll came to our city with her son two years ago. She came shortly after the death of her husband and at a time of her life when the persistent cares and pressures and responsibilities had taken their toll of her physical and emotional strength. We cannot say we knew her. We can say she is known through her son and that his warmth and the quality of his person speak eloquently of her capacity as a mother and of her love.

When the sun is shining as it is today, we tend like the flowers to perk up and forget the darkness and the shadows, but life is full of shadows and not everyone is endowed with a strong enough constitution to plow continually and steadily ahead. All we can do is to face life with the strength that is given to us, with such understanding and wisdom as we possess--to try our best.

Betty's life was not an easy one. There were times when its demands seemed overwhelming, but she tried her best and she was privileged to see her son grow into a fine manhood and become a respected Rabbi and teacher in Israel.

Everyone of us has his dreams. Most of our dreams we keep private. We rarely speak of them to others; yet, they are the standards by which we measure our lives. I do not know what Betty's dreams might have been, but I hope and pray that she knew that she had handled life as well as she could and that she left to the living, in her son, a precious legacy. Few sons could have been more faithful or dutiful and caring. He has returned to her a full measure and more of the love she invested in him. May God grant him comfort.

night

Beatrice Shapero

We are met to pay a memorial tribute of love and respect to a gracious and intelligent woman, Beatrice Shapero. Bea's whole life was spent here among us and in her special quiet way she endeared herself to a host of neighbors and friends for she was a gracious lady who conducted her affairs with quiet dignity and great intelligence. Bea was a bright woman and extremely well-read. She possessed an unusually retentive memory. There were few issues that she could not discuss with understanding and sympathy. Her conversation was always informed. She knew her mind but felt no need to impose her views on others, and her friends looked forward not only to the information she brought to any discussion but to the style with which she expressed herself.

Bea lived a quiet life but she was not reclusive. When a public issue caused her some concern, she framed her thoughts with force and sent them off for publication as a letter to the editor. Because she expressed herself clearly, her letters were invariably published. She was not afraid of signing her name and having her opinions publically known.

Bea shared these interests with a fine group of lifelong friends who delighted in her company, found her attentive to their concerns, and a dependable companion who brought to their relationships warmth, tact, sensitivity, stimulating ideas and an interesting turn of mind.

Bea loved all that was beautiful and all that made for culture and civilization, and I suspect that her interests were a reflex of her soul. Bea had been raised in a family that prized the concerns of the spirit and which valued serious literature, great music, art, all the richness of our culture. Her home had been one which stood for honor and quality and Bea stood fast by these standards all her days.

Bea was, as I have said, a private person and though not physically strong and prone to illness, she brought to each day a remarkable degree of zest and energy. When she was strong enough, she traveled widely and delighted in the many

night?

colors of our world. Her humor was as warm as her spirit. She dressed carefully, but not for display.

This is a close-knit family who have been bound close throughout their lives. Her home - their home - was the center of her universe. In youth and age they shared common interests and concerns, a commitment to the high standards with which they were raised. Bea drew strength from these close ties and in her own special way she nurtured them carefully and helped to keep them solid and satisfying.

Death comes to all and we must be grateful that this woman of great dignity - whose mind was so clear and so strong - did not have to spend long years suffering loss of memory and dignity - enduring a half life on a mattress grave. We mourn her passing but we are grateful that she died in due time and, most of all, we are grateful that we were able to share our lives with one of such quality.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

April 1, 1983

Adele Joseph Yelson

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 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.

Almost unhidden a thought comes to mind. There is so much in our conventional wisdom which would have us believe that confidence and sunshine are the stuff of life. The unique prosperity and technology of our age has made us forget the older experience which knew life as freighted, shadowed and uncertain. The truth is that life is always a struggle with ourselves, with the situation in which we find ourselves and with dark voices within. Who of us sleeps easily and without care every night?

Another truth is that each of us is unique. Some are taller and others shorter. Some have a sturdy emotional frame while others are as sensitive as a spring flower. We must face life with what we are given and for some this is incredibly difficult. Life is full of unexpected turns and love does not conquer all. There are times when all the love and understanding a family can give cannot relieve the pain in another's soul. I often wish that we would talk to our children about the gray days as well as the sunfilled ones, about life as it is, with all of its uncertainty and confusion, about human need, as it is with all of its variety and complexity.

Life tests us all. Romantic innocents talk glibly of peace on earth, of joy unbounded and real security; but all honest philosophers insist that the way is hard, the burdens are many and nothing is certain. To live is to be bruised. No life is always calm and endlessly placid. At times we are pushed beyond our capacity to accept. At times we are driven by needs and passions we hardly understand and barely control. What may seem to an outsider a life of privilege may in fact be beyond our capacity to manage. It is well to keep in mind the old rabbinic saying: "Never judge another until you have stood in his place." Who knows the needs and fears which surge in another's soul? Who knows how another expresses his love? Ours is not to judge, only to grieve; to ~~grieve a beautiful and sympathetic~~ woman, to grieve one who tried to express her love and to meet her needs but found life beyond management.

Our tradition cautions against being too hasty in judging the moment. "Beware of desperate steps; the darkest day lived till tomorrow has passed away." Adele acted in haste, but we can empathize with the anguish and the love which surged in her soul. She wanted desperately to find ways to express the feelings that surged within, her sense of the beautiful, her love for friend and family, but she could not find the key that would unlock that door. All life is a search, a search for ourselves.

For some the way is long and fraught with danger. All that can be asked is that we try. Adele tried. She needed. She cared. Perhaps in the end she felt that she would spare others further grief.

Now we stand here united, a community of sorrow, good and lifelong friends who cared and tried, loving parents who were devoted and ever loyal, a husband who stood fast, whose love never broke, whose care was always supportive, her daughters her commitment to the future, her joy and her pride. 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 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

March 9, 1977

Frieda Yoelson

When John called with the news of Frieda's death, I spoke a silent prayer of gratitude that God had freed this competent, gracious and dignified woman from further indignity.

Frieda was a lady, an intelligent and effective woman, a private person who knew her own mind, a concerned citizen who was sensitively and whole-heartedly committed to a vision of a world of decency, justice and peace. Frieda was a close friend of my family's and an active partner in the work of The Temple. Her broad and encompassing faith in God and goodness committed her to the imperative of doing justice, of loving mercy, and walking humbly with God - and she worked in that vineyard all her days.

In that classic collection of insight and wisdom we call the midrash, the story is told that at the beginning of Creation the birds noticed that the branches of ordinary trees sighed in the wind, but that the branches of fruit-bearing trees made little, if any, sound. Curiosity led to questions. The birds asked the fruit-bearing trees why they were silent. The trees replied, our fruits are sufficient advertisement for us.

Frieda's accomplishments were many and they spoke of her and for her. She was the last person to speak of her achievements since she had neither need nor desire to strut on the public stage. She served because she was great-hearted and caring, and she served effectively. Some are moved by erratic impulse. Frieda planned and thought out and followed through. To those of us who saw her efficiently conducting a meeting, raising funds for some institution, or discussing plans for an agency or community project, it was sometimes difficult to recognize that she was the private person we knew who seemed most comfortable within the intimate circle of close friends and family.

Frieda was born into a close and loving family which valued the freedoms of this land and the tradition of learning of our people. She learned early that life must be led for goals beyond those of personal benefit. From youth to age her life was of a piece. Others gave an hour or two to volunteer service.

Frieda earned a professional degree in social work and focused those skills to the benefit of those institutions and agencies of our city which commanded her support.

Frieda was remarkably untouched by the materialism of our times. She dressed carefully, without any need for conspicuous display. Her home was a place of welcome and comfort, where it was clear that priority was on living and sharing rather than having. Skillful with her hands, Frieda's needle work reflected the orderliness and the harmony of her spirit.

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

There are those who serve the larger community, but in doing so neglect the intimate ties of marriage and family. Marriage and family were the heart of Frieda's world. She was blessed with a great love. She was a helpmate in every way to her beloved Uncle. It was her support and attention that allowed him to offer his finely honed skills so widely and unreservedly. Together they found happiness and built a solid home in which they encouraged their daughters, with love and wisdom, to fulfill their capacities and understand the good and essential values to which they were committed. Nothing brought Frieda greater pleasure than the accomplishments of her girls, except perhaps the accomplishments of the grandchildren whose special talents she cherished and in whose growth, capacity and maturity she took such pride.

I do not know what Frieda would want us to say at this time. A private person, she kept her deepest feelings to herself, but her actions reveal something of her feelings. A proud woman always, I am confident that she did not

begrudge death - certainly not a death which liberated her from incapacity. A wise woman always, I am confident that she would ask those closest and dearest, her sister, her daughters, the men who had become her sons, her grandchildren, that they honor her memory through the quality of their lives, by keeping close the ties of family and by offering themselves in service.

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

August 9, 1984

Sadye Zupnik

We have come to pay a public tribute of love and respect in memory of a sweet and great-hearted lady, Sadye Zupnik. The Bible tells us that the days of our years are three score years and ten, perhaps by reason of strength four score years. God was gracious to Mrs. Zupnik and she was granted more than the familiar measure. There are those who might have wasted the opportunity, but Sadye filled her years with acts of quiet dignity and simple virtue.

There is much in our world that is full of bustle and drive. Sadye's soul was filled with music and love of the arts. She strove always to bring calm and harmony into her life and into the life of those with whom she was closest. She did not reject the world so much as she sought to transform it. Her home was a place of love and of openness. Her son and her daughter were raised to value the good things of life - music, art, ideas, people of quality, ties of family, learning. She dressed with attention but without flambouyance or arrogance. In all things she was devoted to the cultivation of the mind and of the spirit. Her friendships were lifelong and intimate. She chose her friends without thought to status or wealth, but simply to quality.

Most of all, Sadye was a woman of family. Her sisters were close and intimate. She and her beloved Joel established a marriage in which there was great patience, understanding and love on both sides. Together they established a home which was secure in all the basic virtues. Together they raised their son and their daughter to prize and to value those decencies which were central to them.

We have always been proud that The Temple could claim Sadye as a lifelong member. She was confirmed at our altar as were her children and grandchildren. Judaism bespoke the sense of the possibilities of life. She rejoiced in the richness of its culture and appreciated the concerns of our pulpit. She was one with our commitment

to the fulfillment of the dreams of reborn Zion. She was in all things loyal to her God.

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

December 26, 1978

As an I spoke about her mother, a vignette from Jewish literature came to mind. The birds, it seems, noticed that when the wind blew through the branches of most trees they sighed and the rustle could be heard for some distance, but that fruit-bearing trees made no sound. Curiosity led the birds to ask the fruit trees why they were silent. The trees replied: our fruits are our advertisement.

Rebecca Cohn Riv, lived a long and useful life. She lived quietly, with becoming grace and without the least need to advertise herslef. God endowed her with a fine mind and her intelligence manifested itself in her decisions, in the sensitivity with which she conducted her relationships, in the quality of her judgements and the warmth of her humor. She was a wise woman to whom others turned instinctively and confidently.

From her youth Riv exhuded a rare strength and a sense of competence which drew others to her and made her the natural focus of family life - a role she retained easily and discharged willingly all her days.

When I think back over the changes which have taken place in our surroundings since was born, I find it remarkable that she was able to adjust so easily - she was not custom or habit-bound. She saw the possibilities of the new ways for she was not at all frightened by life.

Riv was born into a traditional home and she not only looked well to the ways of her household but remained close always to her God and our tradition. This year we celebrated the 60th Anniversary of the Main Temple building. Riv was a member during all those years - a valued and cherished person in our community. I am pleased to think that she found in [the company] of our pulpit and the spirit of our tradition a reflex of her own strong commitments and values and I know that she valued the service. She returned to our community — through the Council of Jewish Women and the volunteer services. A loving daughter, a caring sister, a devoted wife and helpmate, Riv was blessed with a good

marriage. She and Julius built together a love-filled and solid marriage and established a home which was full of intelligence, good thoughts - in which friends found a warm and satisfying welcome - to which they brought the daughter who was to give them so much joy. They raised her tenderly to appreciate her own special talents and the fine values which were central to their lives.

That home was a family place where the family, in all its branches and generations, were welcome. Here she enjoyed the ultiamte joy of watching her daughter grow into her competence, marry happily and, in turn, raise a grand-daughter and grand-son in her traditions - each fulfilling their special capacities and sharing in the feelings which bound this family close.

God was good to one of His own. Far longer than most, Riv escaped the worst devastations of age. When in these last months her strength and her capacities began to ebb, being the wise woman that she was, I am sure that not regret the approach of death. Death can betimes. Riv was never forced to spend months or years of indignity on a mattress grave.

Riv, in a sense, outlived her own funeral. Those who knew her in the fullness of her strength are not here to testify to the quality of their relationships and to speak of their respect, but we are known for our deeds and through those whose lives we helped to shape and inform. Riv lives on through the quality of your lives which is, I am sure, as she would have it.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

February 13, 1985

Lena Berger
~~Elizabeth Mangels~~

Eulogy - ~~Pearl Manning~~

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

The Psalmist had a first-hand knowledge of pain and grief "out of the depths I call... My soul is sated with troubles, my light draws nigh unto the grave, I am counted with those who go down into the pit. I am become as one that has no help, set apart from men like the slain that lie in the grave." Yet we find another

and more dominant note in the Psalms, indeed in the whole Bible, an eagerness for life and a simple pleasure in being alive. Our way may be brief, but the view is often breath-taking. "I shall not die but live and declare the works of the Lord." Our people walked a bitter history. They felt the sharp edge of the sword, the racking pain of illness and the searing anguish of torment and exile. Was it not an impertinence for them to declare that life can be joyous and pleasing? How could they? Their appreciation and eagerness grew out of their faith, their subtle and wise understanding of God. Death was not to be feared for God ordains both life and death. The seed permits the harvest and the leaves fall from the tree for the new buds to have a place to grow. Within our bodies there is a constant process of death and renewal, decay and growth. Each generation gives birth to its successor and must give way for the young to come into their proper place and responsibility.

Judaism's affirmation of life was born of faith and of the many memories of those who remained faithful to their spirit. Recall the tenderness and decency of those whom we have loved and lost: a father's patient strength, a teacher's sheltering wisdom, a husband's gentle encouragement and silent understanding, a child's eagerness and innocence, a friend's fine achievement. As we pass these memories before our mind we recognize that death held no fear for such as these. Here were strong and proud people. Here were vigorous and generous human beings. Here was love and sometimes ecstasy. There was accomplishment and sometimes a true nobility, there was goodness in their lives, peace in their homes and confidence in their hearts; and there were the dark hours, the struggle to make one's way, the heartache when loved ones had to be left behind, illness, infirmity, death. Our dead were neither innocent nor sheltered yet they lived without whimpering or complaint. They said with Hezekiah "the living, the living, praise Thee as I do this day." Our memories give the lie to all postures

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

Let us go one step further into the faith that finds meaning in life. It was an overwrought Job who cried out: Naked came I out of my mother's womb, naked shakk 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~~ ~~can we~~ ~~all these~~? Civilization is the creation and the gift to us of our dead. Civilization is the triumph of live over death.

We have come to pay our last tribute of love to a fine and capable human being, ~~Pearl Massing~~. ~~Born~~ in a generation in ~~which~~ it was not easy for a woman alone to make her way Pearl made ~~her way into~~ a position of respect and high responsibility. Born ~~into~~ a community in which others took ~~for~~ granted opportunities of education and enrichment ~~[illegible]~~ could ~~not enjoy~~ she ~~nevertheless became~~ a

Lillian Weber

~~Mildred Eisenberg~~

I rise with a heavy heart to speak this tribute of love and respect to a woman with whom I had the pleasure of being associated professionally for over a decade and for whom I developed great respect as well as the warmest of feelings.

Mildred was a woman of energy and determination. Long before women's lib became a conventional idea, Mildred trained herself for a meaningful profession. She never wavered in her commitment to it. Teaching eminently suited her. Lillian ~~Mildred~~ was sensitive without being sentimental. She delighted in human contact, but she had no illusions about human nature. The future was somehow tied up to the release of each child's potential. Raised in a home which was deeply Jewish, Mildred had the greatest respect for the mind and for the dignity of each individual. She spoke up (She spoke out (you know, she was strong) ~~Mildred was a strong~~ she

I can testify to the quality of her work and to the efficiency with which she administered our school, but what I remember most of Mildred as teacher and as supervisor was her awareness of the needs of the special child, the gifted and the handicapped. The gifted were not to be held back by the administration's need to keep a school moving along at an even pace. The handicapped were met where they were and given a sense of life's possibility. We organized the first confirmation class for retarded children in the country and for two years Mildred taught these dozen young people. She gave to her work every skill that she possessed without cutting back on other responsibilities. She was pleased that many of her students grew into friends.

Lillian ~~Mildred~~'s roots were deep in our community. ~~She was a graduate of~~ our school. Her friendships were lifelong and wide-ranging. Lillian ~~Mildred~~ was considerate and sensitive to another's feelings, courteous always. Her interests were wide-ranging. She always brought to her friendships quick wit, good humor and the willingness to support another in a time of need and to rejoice with another in their time of happiness. The efficiency of an office never intruded on her outside relationships.

Like most professionals, ~~Mildred~~ Lillian had two worlds - the world of her work and the world of her home, her friends and various outside interests. Whatever her personal anxieties, these never intruded on the workday and whatever her administrative problems these did not intrude upon family time.

It need hardly be said ~~Mildred~~ Lillian had great respect for the values of our religious tradition, for the people of Israel and the land of Israel. The traditions that she found in the home in which she was nurtured gave grace to her life. She was raised within a close-knit family and these ties were quintessential. A loving daughter, a devoted sister, ~~Mildred~~ Lillian was a supportive and encouraging wife. She ~~and George~~ established a home full of love where ~~their~~ Lil son ~~and daughter~~ were encouraged to develop their own personalities and ways and were given their freedom so that they might remain close.

Her tastes simple, she did not like elaborate

Through a lifetime of sweet service Alan Littman established the meaning of his years. Our consolation is that he has left a legacy of fine and ennobling memories. All deaths are not alike, even as all lives are not of the same pattern. When death comes to a man whose gifts were broadly shared, whose quality was widely known, such a death can no longer be looked upon as stark tragedy. When that life has been graced with rare intimacy and love, with the affection of family and with the high regard of the community, such a life, even in death, brings with it a measure of solace.

A man is as great as the dreams he dreams
As great as the love he bears
As great as the values he redeems,
And the happiness he shares.
A man is as great as the thoughts he thinks,
As the worth he has attained,
As the fountains at which his spirit drinks
And the insight he has gained.
A man is as great as the truth he speaks,
As great as the help he gives,
As great as the destiny he seeks,
As great as the life he lives.

It is hard to associate the reality of death with Alan Littman. Alan had passed the standard mark of three score years and ten but his step had not lost its bounce and his eye was alight with an eagerness for all life had to offer. Alan walked and thought like a young man. He was vigorous without being boisterous; eager to taste every experience without ever being intemperate. Alan lived in a broad world because he took delight in many worlds: art, the theatre, history, public policy, family, friends, community. One was as likely to find him discussing sports with a child as community affairs with the leaders of the city and he was always caught up in the meaning and feelings of the moment.

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.

[redacted] Susan Francis

~~MARY ELLEN WA~~NTED 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 WH~~O SIMPLY SEE~~MS ~~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 ELL~~Susan LEN TRIED. ~~BUT SO~~She Loved MEHOW ~~NEVER ASSUMED THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF A MEANINGFUL~~ LIFE. SHE TRIED BUT DID NOT SUCCEED IN ~~MANAGING MOST~~ OF HER ~~RELATIONSHIPS~~.

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 and 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 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 with courage.

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

April 7, 1988

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~~ fully or completely OR LIVED. YET THERE WAS A SENSE OF 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.

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 & WOMAN SHARE TWO LETTERS, ALEPH AND SHIN, WHICH FORM THE WORD "AISH," FIRE. A MAN & A WOMAN ARE DRAWN TOGETHER BY THE FIRE OF LOVE. A GREAT LOVE WAS SHARED BETWEEN ED AND CLAIRE--BUT LOVE IS ONLY THE BEGINNING. FOR A MARRIAGE TO BE GOOD & LASTING, THERE MUST BE A SENSE OF HOLY PURPOSE. THE WORDS "MAN" & "WOMAN" INCLUDE TWO OTHERS LETTERS, YOD & HE, WHICH TAKEN TOGETHER FORM THE NAME OF GOD. WHEN GOD ENTERS THE HOME AND HOLINESS CONSECRATES THE MARRIAGE, THEN IT IS TRULY BINDING & JOYOUS. THESE TWO WONDERFUL PEOPLE WHO SERVED THEIR COMMUNITY ALL THEIR LIVES WERE BLESSED FOR OVER 50 YEARS BY THAT SERVICE.

SHE RETURNED TO HER FAMILY A DEEP AND ABIDING LOVE AND A WARM & ABIDING DEVOTION. MOSES IBN EZRA, THE MEDIEVAL POET, DESCRIBED A WOMAN LIKE CLAIRE WITH THESE WORDS: "GRACE WAS IN HER SOUL, GENEROSITY IN HER HEART, HER LIPS WERE EVER FAITHFUL." THIS WAS CLAIRE: GOODNESS, MODESTY, [redacted], VIGOR, GRACE OF BEARING, SENSITIVITY, QUIET SELF-CONTROL, WARMTH ---SUCH VIRTUES WERE [redacted] INSTINCTIVE TO HER BEING. THEY LIVE ON, AND WILL LIVE ON, IN THE MEMORIES OF SHARED OCCASIONS.

[redacted] THEIR LIVES HAD QUALITY & WORTH. IN CEDAR RAPIDS AND IN CLEVELAND THEIR HOME WAS A PLACE OF WARMTH & ENCOURAGEMENT, OF PEACE, HEALTH, & HAPPINESS. WHATEVER THE DEMANDS PLACED UPON THEM BY BUSY LIVES, HERE WERE THEIR ROOTS, [redacted] AND HERE THEY RAISED THEIR DAUGHTER & SON INTO FINE ADULTHOOD & REJOICED IN THEIR MATURITY.

CLAIRE FACED 2 GREAT SORROWS IN HER LIFE: THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND AND THE DEATH OF HER BELOVED DAUGHTER, SARANE. CLAIRE NEVER REALLY GOT OVER SARANE'S DEATH, YET SHE CONTINUED TO FACE EACH DAY WITH STEADY COURAGE.

THROUGH ALL THIS UNHAPPINESS, CLAIRE MAINTAINED HER LOVE OF FAMILY AND OF HER GRANDCHILDREN. TO A DEGREE, THE BITTERNESS OF SARANE'S DEATH DIS. COLORED HER TIES, BUT SHE REMAINED OPEN TO HER GRANDCHILDREN'S LOVE AND PARTICULARLY WITH STANLEY & BOBBE'S CHILDREN HAD A WONDERFUL RELATIONSHIP.

LIFE IS AN UNCERTAIN & DEMANDING ENTERPRISE. CLAIRE BROUGHT HAPPINESS AND JOY WHEREVER SHE ENTERED, AND THE WISDOM OF COMMON SENSE. SHE KNEW THAT SHE WAS NOT IMMORTAL. SHE BORE HER YEARS WITH A COURAGE THAT WE SOMEHOW INSTINCTIVELY EXPECTED OF HER. BUT SHE WAS READY TO DIE AND SPOKE OF THIS DESIRE OFTEN.

I SUSPECT SHE WOULD BEGRUDGE HER DEATH ONLY IF IT SHADOWED THE LIVES OF THOSE WHOM SHE LOVED AND WHOSE HAPPINESS WAS MORE PRECIOUS TO HER THAN LIFE ITSELF.

"AND FRIENDS, DEAR FRIENDS,
WHEN SHALL IT 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

March 14, 1988

CLAIRE LOVED TO TRAVEL AND WAS INDEFATIGABLE IN HER INTERESTS. I REMEMBER 2 TRIPS SHE TOOK WITH US TO EUROPE---SHE WAS A DELIGHT ON THESE TRIPS, THE OLDEST AMONG US, AND YET THERE WAS NOTHING SHE WOULDN'T DO & DIDN'T DO. WE HAD WORRIED ABOUT HER AGE, BUT NEEDN'NT. SHE WAS WILLING TO TRAVEL ALL DAY AND GO TO THEATER WITH US IN THE EVENING---AND SHE WAS ALIVE AND VITAL THE WHOLE TIME.

A GOOD & LOYAL JEW, HA~~RRIET~~ WAS ONE OF THE CHA~~IRWOMEN OF OUR TEMPLE RE~~LIGIOUS SCHOOL WHEN I ~~FIRST~~ CAME BACK TO THE TEMPLE THIRTY YEARS AGO. I ~~FOUND HE~~R THEN-- AS I ~~ALWAYS FOUND HER TO~~ BE--A NO-NONSENSE, PRACTICAL PERSON WHO KNEW WHAT IT MEANT TO ROLL UP HER SLEEVES & GET DOWN TO WORK ~~--AND WAS NOT ABOUT TO BE OVER AWED BE~~CAUSE ~~A 28-YEAR OLD WHO BORE THE TITLE RA~~BBI ~~MIGHT HAVE AN OPINION DIFFERENT FROM HERS.~~

LATER, I WAS TO MARVEL AT H~~ARRI~~ET'S STRENGTH AS SHE FACED THE INEVITABLE DARK DAYS. WHEN SAM DIED, ~~THE HUSBAND OF~~ HER LOVE, SHE FACED THE LOSS & WIDOWHOOD WITH REMARKABLE COURAGE. I HEARD HER SPEAK OF THEIR LOVE BUT NEVER A WORD OF SELF-PITY. W~~E ALL SAW HER COURAGE AGA~~IN ~~THESE LAST MONTHS AS SHE FACED ILLNESS~~ AN~~D THE~~ INEVITABILITY OF DEATH.

HARRIET WAS A LADY, AN INTELLIGENT AND EFFECTIVE WOMAN; A PRIVATE PERSON WHO KNEW HER OWN MIND; A CONCERNED CITIZEN WHO WAS SENSITIVELY AND WHOLE-HEARTEDLY COMMITTED TO A VISION OF A WORLD OF DECENCY, JUSTICE & PEACE; AND A HARD WORKER WHO WAS AN ACTIVE PARTNER IN THE WORK OF THE TEMPLE. HER BROAD & ENCOMPASSING FAITH IN GOD AND GOODNESS COMMITTED HER TO THE IMPERATIVE OF DOING JUSTICE, OF LOVING MERCY, AND OF WALKING HUMBLY WITH GOD--AND SHE WORKED IN THAT VINEYARD ALL HER DAYS.

IN THAT CLASSIC COLLECTION OF WISDOM & INSIGHT WE CALL THE MIDRASH, THE STORY IS TOLD THAT AT THE BEGINNING OF CREATION THE BIRDS NOTICED THAT THE BRANCHES OF ORDINARY TREES SIGHED IN THE WIND, BUT THAT THE BRANCHES OF FRUIT-BEARING TREES MADE LITTLE, IF ANY, SOUND. CURIOSITY LED TO QUESTIONS. THE BIRDS ASKED THE FRUIT-BEARING TREES WHY THEY WERE SILENT. THE TREES REPLIED: OUR FRUITS ARE SUFFICIENT ADVERTISEMENT FOR US.

HARRIET'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS WERE MANY AND THEY SPOKE OF HER AND FOR HER. SHE WAS THE LAST PERSON TO SPEAK OF HER ACHIEVEMENTS SINCE SHE HAD NEITHER NEED NOR DESIRE TO STRUT ON THE PUBLIC STAGE. SHE SERVED BECAUSE SHE WAS GREAT-HEARTED & CARING, AND SHE SERVED EFFECTIVELY.

Dorothy Levitt

~~SARAH BIALOSKY~~

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. 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 ~~Sarah~~ Dorothy Bialoosky, "~~Aunt Sarah~~," a woman of great dignity and quiet strength whom God has taken back unto Himself.

She led a 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 ~~Bill~~ Irvin she was full of love and encouragement, a woman of valor.

As a relatively young widow she met a new set of responsibilities with strength and determination. ~~She walk~~ed ~~her own way~~ for ~~nearly 27~~ years. Her lips were sealed to self-pity. She walked her own way with dignity and with courage.

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. ~~Sarah~~ was a woman of great dignity. She enjoyed unbroken good health most of her life. These last months ~~were~~ not 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 ~~central,~~ ~~close and dear~~.

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 ~~Sarah~~ Dorothy physical strength ~~and a calm spirit~~. He blessed her with a good mind and determination, ~~a bit of instinctive human wisdom~~. ~~Sarah~~ Dorothy was a woman of faith. She had faith in life, ~~and~~ 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 ~~fastidiously~~ with taste 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

March 13, 1988

DELIVERY LETTER

Claire Meisel

THIS IS A LEADEN & DIFFICULT HOUR. WE HAVE BEEN BROUGHT CLOSE TO DEATH, AND EVEN AS WE REVIEW AND PRAISE CLAIRE'S GRACE & QUALITY, WE PROTEST THE INTRUSION OF DEATH.

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

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

LIFE IS A GIFT NOT OF OUR CHOOSING. DEATH IS A FACT NOT OF OUR WILLING. WE DO NOT SCHEDULE OUR ARRIVAL. WE CANNOT SCHEDULE OUR DEPARTURE.

ALL THAT WE CAN DO IS AFFIRM,
AS ~~CLAIRE~~ Reem DID, THE OPPORTUNITY WHICH IS LIFE
AND TO MAKE THE MOST OF ITS BLESSING.

[redacted]

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

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

CLAIRE WAS A WOMAN OF EXCEPTIONAL QUALITY WHO GRACED HER MANY YEARS WITH A RARE SWEETNESS & FINENESS. SHE GOVERNED HER RELATIONS WITH OTHERS BY A LAW OF TENDER CONCERN. [redacted]. HER DEEDS WERE ALWAYS GENEROUS. HER HEART WAS EVER OPEN.

SHE GRACED HER RELATIONSHIPS WITH SENSITIVE TACT & INSTINCTIVE SYMPATHY. SHE BORE HERSELF WITH GREAT DIGNITY. SHE DRESSED WITH CARE AND HAD A GREAT APPRECIATION OF BEAUTY. [redacted] HER HOME BESPOKE THAT APPRECIATION.

Regina Jerma

~~Harriet Roth~~

Raines' Jerma

WHEN I HEARD OF H~~ARRIET'S~~ DEATH, A THOUGHT WHICH GEORGE BERNARD SHAW SPOKE SOME YEARS AGO CAME TO MY MIND:

"PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS BLAMING CIRCUMSTANCES FOR WHAT THEY ARE. I DON'T BELIEVE IN CIRCUMSTANCES. THE PEOPLE WHO GET ON IN THIS WORLD ARE THE PEOPLE WHO GET UP & LOOK FOR THE CIRCUMSTANCES THEY WANT. IF THEY CAN'T FIND THEM, THEY MAKE THEM."

Regina ~~HARRIET~~ WAS NOT ONE TO BLAME CIRCUMSTANCES. SHE KEPT HER LIFE UNDER HER CONTROL. SHE WAS A GRACIOUS WOMAN, A LADY, BUT SHE KNEW HER MIND AND WENT HER WAY UNDETERRED BY CHANGING FADS & FASHIONS OR BY THE ATTITUDES OF OTHERS. Regina ~~HARRIET~~ WAS A FULLY SHAPED INDIVIDUAL WHO DID NOT NEED THE APPROVAL OF OTHERS.

SOME ARE MOVED BY ERRATIC IMPULSE. HARRIET PLANNED & THOUGHT OUT & FOLLOWED THROUGH. TO THOSE OF US WHO SAW HER EFFICIENTLY ORGANISING HER HUSBAND'S WORK OR SEEING TO THE SUCCESS OF A PROGRAM, IT WAS SOMETIMES DIFFICULT TO RECOGNIZE THAT SHE WAS THE PRIVATE PERSON WE KNEW WHO SEEMED MOST COMFORTABLE WITHIN THE INTIMATE CIRCLE OF CLOSE FRIENDS & FAMILY.

HARRIET WAS BORN INTO A CLOSE AND LOVING FAMILY WHICH VALUED THE FREEDOMS OF THIS LAND AND THE TRADITION OF LEARNING OF OUR PEOPLE. SHE LEARNED EARLY THAT LIFE MUST BE LED FOR GOALS BEYOND THOSE OF PERSONAL BENEFIT. FROM YOUTH TO AGE, HER LIFE WAS OF A PIECE. HARRIET WAS REMARKABLY UNTOUCHED BY THE MATERIALISM OF OUR TIMES. SHE DRESSED CAREFULLY, WITHOUT ANY NEED FOR CONSPICUOUS DISPLAY. HER HOME WAS A PLACE OF WELCOME & COMFORT, WHERE IT WAS CLEAR THAT PRIORITY WAS ON LIVING & SHARING RATHER THAN HAVING.

AS YOU WOULD EXPECT, THIS WOMAN OF INTELLIGENCE, WHOSE MIND WAS WELL-FURNISHED AND WHOSE HEART WAS SENSITIVE TO HUMAN NEED, WAS A WELCOME COMPANION & FRIEND. THERE WAS NO LEGITIMATE DEMAND ON HER TIME THAT SHE DIDNOT RESPOND TO WILLINGLY.

HER ADVICE WAS OFTEN SOUGHT, AND ALWAYS SOUND.

HER KINDNESSES WERE LEGION.

MANY HAVE COMPANIONS WITH WHOM THEY TEMPORARILY SHARE TIME, SPACE, & INTERESTS. HARRIET'S RELATIONSHIPS WERE CLOSER AND BASED ON TRULY SHARED INTERESTS.

~~THERE ARE THOSE WHO SERVE THE LARGER COMMUNITY BUT IN DOING SO NEGLECT THE INTIMATE TIES OF MARRIAGE & FAMILY.~~ MARRIAGE & FAMILY WERE THE HEART OF HARRIET'S WORLD. ~~SHE WAS BLESSED WITH A GREAT LOVE.~~ SHE WAS A HELPMATE IN EVERY WAY ~~TO HER BELOVED SAM~~.

A GOOD AND LOVING JEW

A LIFELONG MORALIST OF THE STEPH, REGINA WALKED ~~WALKED~~ THEN ONE WAY

A PRO-WORKER PERSON, SHE COULD PULL UP HER SLEEVES AND GO TO WORK WHEN

WORK WAS RECEIVED

AND ENGLAND IT WAS NO LONGER PROFITABLE SHE SET OUT TO SERVE HER

COMMUNITY — GIVING COUNSELLING TO THE SICK SICK CITIES

A

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

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

THE~~Y WORKED TOGETHER AND TOGET~~HER THEY
F~~OUND HAPPINESS AN~~D BUILT A SOLID HOME
IN WHICH THEY ENCOURAGED THEIR SON~~S~~ &
DA~~UGHTER~~, WITH LOVE & WISDOM, TO FULFILL
~~THEI~~R CAPACITIES AND UNDERSTAND THE GOOD
& ESSENTIAL VALUES TO WHICH THEY WERE
COMMITTED. NOTHING BROUGHT H~~ARRIE~~T
GREATER PLEASURE THAN THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS
OF HER C~~HILDRE~~N, EXCEPT PERHAPS THE
ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE GRANDCHILDREN
WHOSE SPECIAL TALENTS SHE CHERISHED AND
IN WHOSE GROWTH, CAPACITY, AND MATURITY
SHE TOOK ~~SUCH~~ PRIDE.

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

March 13, 1988

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

March 13, 1988

Ben Mann

Constance Haber

The Book of Proverbs ends with a poem which praises those whom the writer calls "women of valor" - who looks well to the ways of her household. When I was informed of Connie Haber's death, two lines from that evocation came to mind.

> The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her
> And he has no lack of gain
> She does him good and not evil
> All the days of her life.

For 60 years Connie was a loving, loyal and thoughtful helpmate. Raised to value family and marriage and to accept the thesis that a woman fulfilled herself through the support and encouragement she provided her husband, when good fortune brought Ben Connie the love of a truly good and capable man, she threw her considerable intelligence and determination into her wifely tasks. She shared with Phil not only intimacy and joy but an unshakable commitment to such values as rectitude and responsibility. There was never any doubt that they shared life fully and were at one in their goals. I would have liked to have been at the service of reconsecration which Mel Harris organized for their 55th wedding anniversary and to have felt a palpable sense of quiet satisfaction as they rejoiced easily and openly in their memories of the hopes and tasks which had bound them close. Their lives underscore the truth of an observation by the French essayist, Michel de Montaigne:

> A good marriage. . .is a sweet society of life, full of constancy, of trust and of a number of profitable and solid offices and mutual obligations.

I knew Connie as an older woman, one of my parents' generation, as a lady of the old school, gracious and mannerly, who greeted you with a smile and careful courtesy, who dressed well but without ostentation, a straight-backed and disciplined person who carried herself with quiet dignity and kept her private concerns to herself. In our times it has been something of a virtue for people to pour it all out. Connie kept a tight rein on self-pity. The old-fashioned word "lady" fit her well.

She was deeply pleased at Phil's success and the significant public roles he filled in our city, but she had no desire to share with him the public stage. Her world was that of her home and the close circle of lifelong friends who shared her values, were interested in ideas and the institutions which occupied her thoughts, and liked to match wits with her at the card table. Her mind was active and richly stocked. Connie had enjoyed many privileges - a first-rate education, travel, the company of interesting people, good conversation and she had taken full advantage of these opportunities. She read. She enjoyed all that in beautiful. She was very much a part of the world even though she never allowed the world to disturb the inner spaces of her life.

Connie had arrived at an age when many of her friends had gone before and the physical limitations, inevitable in age, made movement difficult and painful; but being the determined person she was, she kept herself going Some, forced to move one difficult step at a time, took themselves away from life. Connie continued to travel, to visit with her friends for cards and dinner. Our last meeting was on a Friday night, a few minutes before the vesper service, in the halls of the Temple. Aided by a walker, Connie was making her way slowly down the long hall to the chapel I asked how she was feeling. She smiled and turned my question aside. She asked about my family. 'It's Phil's yahrzeit, I had to come.'

Richard, who spent so much time with his mother these last years, speaks of her "indomitable will." Truly, hers was the courage to press on.

In every life there are shadows. When I asked Richard what he would want to be the thrust of this service, he answered, "honesty. In a brief memoir, he prepared for me, he included a paragraph which began: "Her sons often disappointed her." He spoke of her hope for grandchildren and of the inevitable differences in life style and aspirations of separate generations, of times of enstrangement; but he also wrote of the closeness and understanding which had developed in recent years, of a mother who had the courage to continue to reach out, to seek to un-

derstand and to share - and we must speak of the tenderness and care that he offered without stint.

Connie, fortunately, was spared the indignity of prolonged incapacity. Death came swiftly to one who met each day with courage. We must be grateful that she was not robbed of her dignity by illness or age. It was time for her to die and we must be grateful not only that God gave us the rich blessing of her person but also the dignity of a relatively swift death.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

February 25, 985

Constance M. Haber

She was, first of all, the wife and loving helpmate of her husband Philmore. She encouraged him in all his activities as a lawyer and in Jewish organizations. They had the good fortune to be together for 59 years until his death in 1977. Among the high spots were the the celebrations of their 50th and 55th anniversaries, both in Palm Springs. On their 55th a service reconfirming their marriage was conducted by their friend, Mel Harris--once a Rabbi at The Temple. Mel was also with her at dinner the night before she died.

She survived three heart attacks and the deaths of her husband and younger son and remained strong and alert until the end. It was extremely difficult for her to walk but she learned to live with pain--so she continued to play cards and mah jong 3 or 4 times a week and to make her annual visit to Palm Springs. She did not do it the easy way. If I had to sum up Connie in a single word, the word would be "indomitable".

Her sons often disappointed her. Neither provided the grandchild she dearly wanted. Neither achieved success as the world views success. Her younger son, James, died more than 5 years ago after a tormented life. Richard was a young man of promise who never fulfilled that promise. But he was always a devoted son. Though he lived in New York with his friend Raoul, he spent at least half his time here--first to be with his father during his long illness and then to be a companion and helper to his Mother. And of course there were the annual trips to Palm Springs with Richard and his friend Raoul.

Though her standards were exacting and her values wer e conventional, she came in time to realize that the world was bigger than the world she had known and that integrity and idealism could exist in many environments and in differing lifestyles. This abilty to grow, to expand her horizons,

As a result she and Richard were able in recent years to talk about almost everything and they became in many ways closer than ever before

She inspired loyalty in her friends. Many of her card partners had been friends most of her life--Some like Bee Sands had been her friends since childhood.

She also inspired the loyalty of those who worked for her. She was not always an easy person to work for--she expected a great deal from her employees. But they stayed with her. Her cook, Eva Dennis, had been with her for 45 years.

It was fitting that the night before she died, she gave a small dinner party for friends. She was the same gracious hostess as always. Noone could have suspected when she said good-night to her friends that she would be gone within 30 hours.

IndomitABLE might come at end.

She loved to play cards.

Her mind was sharp and quick and she kept herself up to daTE --fully informed about the world she lived in.