



Daniel Jeremy Silver Collection Digitization Project

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

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

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

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Eulogies, women, 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 consummate 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 grandchildren 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 disapproval. 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

Dem
1st mailing
Tina
Klop family Testim

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 PRAYER.



WRHS
O THAT THEY
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.

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~~^{WE} WERE WISE, THAT ~~THEY~~^{WE} WOULD
CONSIDER ~~THEIR~~^{OUR} 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^s 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, & PLENTIOUS 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 HATH THE 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.



Typically, Mother was first of all a Mother and Wife. She participated with only those groups where there was a good reason. The Temple Women's Association, The Gutter Gardens Club (because she enjoyed gardening and the yard), The Society for the Blind where she did all kinds of things. She enjoyed going to the Thursday Afternoon Singing 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, since 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 Mother's will contribute to service. This is probably before and after the service but unlikely during. Howard and Norman would each like to say a few words about Mother.

Mother came 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~~^{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} ~~not~~ ONE WHO MADE FRIENDS EASILY OR WHO THOUGHT OF HERSELF AS HAVING ~~nothing~~^{any thing} 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 UNDERDOGS, 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} 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~~^{she always had time} 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 ~~able~~ 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 ^{linked with} THE 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 ^{finally} CAUGHT UP WITH HER AND DEALT HER A CRUEL BLOW. THE BODY BEGAN TO DIS-INTEGRATE, BUT ^{the} THE 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 ORGANISED 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

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~~ ^{El} and ~~Helen~~ ^{Esther}, 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 could 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~~^{Her} knew that she was not
 immortal. ~~She bore her last illness with a courage that we somehow in-~~
 s. v. 122 G. A. S. R. 174 T. die from T. M. R. 174

of spoke of this desire after

C. faced 2 ~~tragedies~~ ^{personal} in her life. The death of her husband & the death of her beloved daughter Sarah.

C. never really got over. She kept going & 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 Sarah's death colored her

relationships but she remained open to her grandchildren's love and particularly w. Stanley's children had a wonderful relationship.



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instinctively 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 consummate 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.

It is hard to think back to the day 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

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~~ ^{Bess Helen} Gross her family and ~~our entire~~ ^{her adopted} community has sustained the loss of a vital and cherished spirit. ~~Ruetta~~ ^{Bess} was among ~~the most open hearted~~ ^{a A vigorous} and ~~good-natured people I have known - and among the most committed.~~ ^{accomplished lady - given as a GRACEFUL and warm hearted} She rejoiced in life. She rejoiced in ^{good work} 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~~

~~with which we are - ed - name - each of these -~~ ^{Bess into love - opportunity - into life - not}

community which was not strengthened by her wisdom and her efforts and by her gift of time and concern. ^{Her} 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.

^{She} 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. ^{let her say}

^{PRIDE OF} Ruetta was a ^{TALL - GOOD looking woman - who born her old self} ~~dominant~~ woman but her unflagging energy and her prodigious capacity for work made you forget her size. What I was always conscious of was her ^{her was a person of} quality. A woman of dignity, she was utterly without arrogance. Master of her own mind she never imposed her will. ^{when faced with a problem - she rolled it back} 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.

^{Bess} 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. ^{these} Ruetta was the center of her world without ever being demanding nor was she one to intrude her own needs and anxieties.

^{As well as the center,} Like the woman of valor who is blessed in our Bible, ^{Boys} 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. ^{My} Her sons were her pride. Their families were her joy. Her grandchildren were her fulfillment. A woman who remained

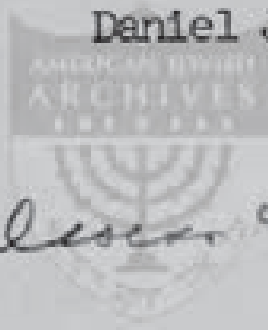
Frank
Sonne

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} ~~last~~ months of diminished strength and understanding, her dignity and her essential sweetness remained. She was then, as always, the same within as without.

Most of ^{her} ~~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



Daniel Jeremy Silver

November 10, 1980

Heaven LePK-8-

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 noon-day" 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

Fulfilling the goal - to return
the blessing of (Pete) - to the world which he had
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~~ ^{He} 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
~~and~~ ^{and} ~~but who was always willing to spend time listening to another and encouraging them in~~
~~their hour of need.~~ There are private people who build walls against the world.

~~He~~ ^{He} Stan 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,

^{A good} 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.~~ ^(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.

^{His happiness was his.} With ~~Becky~~ ^{Becky} 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 understand-
ing. Here they raised their sons ^{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, in whom~~ ^{Stan} took such pleasure. ~~Stan~~ ^{Stan} 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.

Anne M. Levine

Ted

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~~ ^{death} of ~~Anne Levine~~ ^{Esther Chaitin}, 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 friend. 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 consummate 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.

~~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."

Eulogy for ~~Dorothy Frankel~~ ^{Adeline Eben} - Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver - May 10, 1967

It is a ~~spring~~ ^{sunny} day but none of us have eyes for its beauty. We ~~stand~~ ^{stand} ~~in frozen silence before the tragedy~~ ^{silent before the burden of death}. The world is gray and cold, a bitter place. The tragedy which has befallen this family — Dorothy's sudden death — has shaken us all to our very depths and left us ~~spent and silenced~~ ^{hassaddened}. 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 — live 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 MOUND OF OUR LOVE.

IT IS A GLOOMY FALL DAY - UNUSUAL FOR OUR CITY -
BUT NONE OF US HAVE EYES FOR ITS BEAUTY, WE ARE
NUMBED BY THE TRAGEDY WHICH HAS BEFALLEN THE FAMILY.
OUR MINDS ALSO ON SOME SORT OF CAPTIVITY, WONDERING
WHY! THERE IS NO EXPLANATION, NOTHING THAT WOULD
HOLD OUT THE LIGHT FOR A MOMENT TO THE DEATH. THROUGH
NO CONVENTIONAL CONCLUSIONS HAVE EXHAUSTED THEMSELVES,
ASKING WHY, THERE IS NO EXPLANATION. "GOD'S
WAYS ARE NOT OUR WAYS."



I do not know what is it that allows some people like ^{ESB} Anne 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 ^{ESB} Anne 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. ^{ESB} Anne 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 - ^{ESB} Anne had the ability to face them. 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. ^{ESB} Anne'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. ^{ESB} Anne 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 home in which they were given encouragement and love. Her husband was her joy; her sons were her pride, their accomplishments her joy. ^{ESB} 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 ^{65 Jany} Anne'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 off-handedly. 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

u 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~~ *Goldberg* MADE THIS BLESSING COME TRUE.

Whole page

CLAIRE WEISEL

CLP K5 2102

Eulogy - Hortense Feuer

INSERT
1

This is a leaden and difficult hour. We have been brought close to death,
and ^{seeing Claire's} Even as we review and praise the grace and quality of ~~one who~~ ^{is} 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 under-
standing." 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 the ^{As Claire did}
opportunity which is life and to make the most of its blessing. An hour can be
rich in achievement or hollow and without purpose. Years may be barren. The
greatest of poetry and art can be created in a few hours. There are some who
live so sweetly that their every action brings blessing and happiness. [These,
though they die young, die fulfilled. They have already passed along an over-
flowing 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. ^(CMT) Hortense 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~~ every human need. She

graced her relationships with sensitive tact and instinctive sympathy. ^{She} ~~she~~

^{born - herself a wife of an unassuming life, a daughter with care, but with it} bore herself with an unassuming dignity. ~~She thought before she acted and her~~

^{deeds} deeds were always generous. Her ~~mind was wise~~ and her heart was open. ^{even} She

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

Moses ibn Ezra, the medieval poet, described another ^{A woman like Susan & Clair} of exceptional quality

with these words: "Grace was in her soul, generosity in her heart, her lips

were ever faithful." This was ^{her} ~~Hortense~~ 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

She was loyal, open, responsive, sensitive and ~~never manipulative~~. ~~She was of~~
the ~~salt of the earth, without pretense or posture.~~ ~~The Dealist wrote~~ "that
~~gladness of heart~~ 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 to 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. Hor-~~
~~tense did not prate, but practiced. People of every age, the old settler and the latest arrival, rich and poor, were welcomed easily and humanly 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~~
She loved to welcome them and serve them with the 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~~

Faulette 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. ⁰¹²¹ ~~There~~ is a sense of incompleteness as well as sharp pain that this gracious and sensitive woman should have had to face ~~during 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 ^{its} ~~the~~ music, ^{its} ~~the~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{all} ~~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} ~~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?

We do not schedule our birth. We cannot schedule our death. All that we can do is make the most, ~~of the~~ 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 ~~death~~ ^{loss}. She is at peace. She has been spared the indignity of a ~~poor~~ ^{poor} ~~grave~~ ^{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 reminder of her presence~~

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 transcendent 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 ^{kind} ~~good~~ dies in the prime of life. I cannot resolve the equations of God's mathematics nor justify God's decisions, though I affirm their justice: "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." This is the substance of faith and to this our ancestral wisdom adds: "Seek not to explain God's ways to man, these are beyond your understanding."

Life is a gift not of our choosing. Death is a fact not of our willing. We do not schedule our birth. We cannot schedule our death. All that we can do is make the most, ~~as we can~~ ^{as we do}, 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 ~~her~~ ^{him} ~~her~~ ^{him} She is at peace. She has been spared the ^{final} 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~~ ^{Carol} loneliness will be a daily burden. ~~Carol struggled these last months against~~

ARNA

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 ~~inhibited~~^{inhibited} 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

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, 1932

~~Anne Moore~~
~~MOORE~~

Rose D. Moore

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 kindness.

Edith West
TRIBUTE TO ~~HAROLD THORMAN~~

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,
~~among 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 Alouhena
~~Harold Thorman~~ belonged to those who will not soon be
forgotten, for ~~he~~^{she} left a cherished memorial for ~~himself~~^{her} in the
affection of those who knew him, who felt the warmth of ~~his~~^{her} personality,
and who admired ~~his~~^{her} 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.~~

^{Edith} 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. ^{Edith} 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~~

^{Russ} 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 ^{profession} trade.

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 hear God admonish

Israel "Be strong and of good courage".

^{Russ} Marguerite's friendships were solid. People delighted to be with

her. They knew they could depend on her, ^{enjoy her wide ranging interest} 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, ^{Edith} sold

^{for advice - admired her efficiency} 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} 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.

She enjoyed
the new
ventures/
might have
to be much
content

her much of her best time was spent
in a few years

she was a woman of valor - a woman of her word - a woman of her word - a woman of her word

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. ~~She~~ Marguerite was not to enjoy these blessings, but she was in all things a woman of valor. She walked ^{in a long way in a long way} 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.

What now can 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 ^{not} ~~never~~ 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, kindness and helpfulness leave behind an imperishable legacy.

Such is the memory of ^{S. A. - 1.1.1. - 5.2.16} Jennie Neuman, a woman of great dignity and quiet strength whom God has taken back on to Himself. ^{S. A. - 1.1.1. - 5.2.16} 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 ^{S. A. - 1.1.1. - 5.2.16} 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. ^{S. A. - 1.1.1. - 5.2.16} ~~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 ¹⁵ ~~must~~ be hard even now to lose ^{S. A. - 1.1.1. - 5.2.16} a mother and grandmother even though our minds tell us that having come to the fullness of age, life no longer had any life. ^{S. A. - 1.1.1. - 5.2.16} 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~~^{J. B.} 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~~^{J.R.} 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 ~~light~~ ^{peppy} ~~young~~ ^{lady} ~~woman~~ ^{almost} for nearly a hundred years, ~~who lived with dignity and great courage among us.~~ ~~She~~ ^{fact} ~~met~~ each of life's inevitable challenges and responsibilities willingly and with grace. Born into a large family, the youngest of her family, ~~she~~ ^{Stella} 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 ~~the~~ ^{our} world ~~is today~~ ^{differs} from the world ~~which~~ ^{and then dimension} she knew in her youth, we recognize the measure of the adjustments which she faced, ~~and~~ ^{willis} I can only marvel at the spirit ~~and the~~ with which she adapted to her changeful world. ~~She was not one to keep in the past~~ 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~~ ^{without} her values and while remaining true to herself, ~~testifying~~ ^{throughout her years she} to a remarkable degree of resilience and ~~a~~ ^{deep-seated} confidence in her values and convictions. ~~STELLA WAS RAISED IN AN EXTENDED FAMILY AND THE CATCH ALL~~ ~~I did not have the privilege of knowing Stella,~~ but each of us was the loser who was not raised in the kind of ~~extended family in which she was nurtured.~~ ^{DET SHOPPING WORLD, BUT WHO WERE LEARNED EARLY} Each person in the family has his own personality, ~~and every human relationship has its~~ ^{THE IMPORTANCE OF KNOWING THAT THE AND NONE WILL BE THE} limitations and drawbacks, but ~~those who were raised in such surroundings~~ ^{they all} learned the importance of acceptance, ~~and the most valuable lessons of human relationships and, most of all, they~~ ^{as the world expect} learned to respect ^{she} others and themselves. ^{A place where they}

Stella, I am told, was a determined woman. She knew her mind. Her convictions ~~were well solid and she stuck to them all~~ ^{remained deep}, 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 ^{she} ~~and~~ built with her sisters a strong, close-knit home ~~and~~ ^{provided} for Edith the warmth and the encouragement which allows a child to grow into the fullness of ~~their~~ ^{her} potential. ~~Her~~ ^{Stella's} life might have been narrow and limited but she

saw to it that it was ~~brood~~ and full, ~~and~~ she had no fear of facing each day, ^{in death,} and ^{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 ^{B.T. Niece of W. O. F. A. N. T. A. G. R. O. U. P. H. A. S. R. E. C. O. G. N. I. Z. E. A. F. E. L.} in a sense has outlived her own funeral. ~~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 ~~she~~ 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 ~~say the~~ ~~forgetting~~ 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 ^{ANXIETY} ~~fear~~ to life than we allow ourselves to admit. Let us ^{AT LAST} ~~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 who 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 shortening 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.

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 - Eulogy

Miriam was one of the first people I met thirty years ago when I came back to Cleveland and was responsible for organizing the Temple school. She was ~~of our musical and theatrical staff~~ and I found her to be bright, forthcoming, ~~contributing~~ ^{CONFIDENTIAL} ~~and~~ ^{CONFIDENTIAL} 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 produce~~ ^{we} ~~a~~ ^{Dieter} 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~~ ^{had} not only ~~had~~ ^{had} the ~~instinct~~ ^{ALLEGEDLY} and the compassion to ~~relate~~ ^{related} 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} ~~her~~ ^{personality} reflected ~~a generosity and spirit which~~ ^{like her} 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 be~~ ^{TEMPTING - sometimes it is not} muted. Miriam's soul was full of melody. ~~A~~ ^{joyous} ~~and joyous~~ ^{and her whole life} ~~tune~~. She ~~delighted~~ ^{delighted} to dance to that tune. Indeed I'm told her home was filled with ~~that~~ ^{the} that he had when on the dance floor. I suspect that her immediate basic response to the melody of life began in the ~~silent~~ ^{song} soul 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 ~~experience~~ 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.



for dinner (Village) beyond which, let us say, was the end of the world.

Adeline Patricia
Barbara Shepard

Barbara
Adeline

We come here with heavy hearts to pay our last tribute of affection and respect to a good friend, a ^{Life long} ~~young~~ woman, ^{Adeline Patricia} ~~Barbara Shepard~~.

^{The death of} ~~Death~~ is always a blow, but experience and a tendency toward the philosophic ^{support us} ~~source 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} ~~hardly entered~~ the second half of the fabled four score years which the Psalmists ^{count} ~~use~~ 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. . . ."

^{Adeline} ~~It~~ 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 ^{Adeline} ~~Barbara~~, 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.

^{Adeline} ~~Barbara~~ struggled these past ^{months} ~~thirteen years~~ against an implacable cancer.

For disease passed ultimately beyond control, but in many ways it was ^{Adeline} ~~Barbara~~

who was the victor. She faced each day with courage and determined will, ~~and~~
~~through all these years of pain and misery~~ 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~~
^{asked} 'why me.' ~~There are some who endure silently, without a word of her feelings.~~
~~What was remarkable was that she did not let them sully her spirit. She was~~
~~grateful to those who nursed and cared. She made friends in every corner of the~~
^{with a smile} ~~hospital. Whenever she left her hospital bed, she took up eagerly the many~~
~~threads of her life. It would have been understandable had she withdrawn, but~~
~~again, that was not her way. She did not let her heart 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 again, 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 in-
 formed, 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 sur-
 render life's decisions to another.

^{A wise man wrote:}
~~As we talked, a phrase which I can no longer properly describe often came~~
~~to mind. "What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared~~
~~to what lies within us."~~ ^{Alain's soul control}
 A great knot of courage and strength, ~~lay within~~

Single ~~one~~ ^{lump} fit her well " LIFE IS MOSTLY FROTH AND BUBBLE /
 TWO THINGS STAND LIKE STONE / KIDNEYS IN A NIGONI TROUBLE /
 COURAGE IN YOUR OWN".



she rejoiced in no day and
its challenge,

- Ann and Ann -

3

~~Barbara~~ ^{Adrian} had an unquestionable zest for life. She had a questing spirit which reached out to experience and to understand. ~~She rejoiced in life and in~~ ^{in travel} nature. Her garden was her delight and the care which she lavished on it was a reflex of the care she brought to every task.

~~Barbara~~ ^{Adrian}'s strength seemed to derive from a strong sense of self which had been honed during the years when she had faced ^{both the strong and the} 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 ^{says} that "adversity introduces a man to himself," and certainly ~~Barbara~~ ^{Adrian} 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.

~~God had given Adrian grace, and beauty.~~ I do not mean to suggest these qualities at all. ~~I speak of an inner grace, a~~ ^{She done herself well, understood well, but not of any real industry. She} quiet assurance, an acceptance of the unpredictable in life, a determination to

^{had a good mind and was always open to learn life's lessons} understand as much as can be grasped of this confusing world of which we are all a part, ^{a great deal of with and doing what she can in} an understanding that one must shoulder burdens without complaint, a ^{good thing and bad} respect for others born out of one's own self-respect.

Always active and enterprising, ~~Barbara~~ ^{Adrian} was a good and welcome companion, a loyal and caring friend. ^{She was a friend to no one who was not a friend to her} Your presence here in such numbers testifies to the wide reach of the circle whose lives ~~Barbara~~ ^{she} touched. ^{Adrian} 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. ^{Her} 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.

^{When} ~~Barbara~~ ^{Adrian} 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 ourselves up to change - no unknown. Admonish is vitally ^{pulled} needed
 her in many directions as she searched for no illicit expression
 of her talent and her soul. She knew not to reach out is
 to count no possibility of standing - yet she also knew that
 not to seek was never to find. ~~There~~



naïve and confident and so simple as when any mother as
 Rachel and
 Fanny - no good times and no bad, ~~just~~ our no years
 she never was not ^{strong} ~~strong~~ spirit vitality and zest for life
 or my whole I find her as a child.

2

still herself. If she had any regret it was that she would not share ^{ning of} 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 ^{her father} Leon, Emily, Reuben and ^{Abraham} 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



STONER AND SURVIVOR CLARK BROWN

TO HER - HANNA NACHA at

W/NOTH OVEN AND beyond adversity

Adversity introduces
 us to ourselves

Your pain is the breaker
 of the shell that encloses whoever has not tried
 your understanding
 what is bitter, does not
 know what is sweet

AND HERE WAS DEMON ON MANY PROCEEDS TO HER THAN THE SUPPORT
AND CAREFUL CARE WHICH PROVIDED HER DURING THE LAST
HAND WORKS AND MATHS. HE WAS TRYING NO HELPERS WHO ^{WAS} ~~WAS~~
~~WAS~~ IN NEEDS AND GUSTARD CONSPIRACY. HE NO
MYSTIC FOUND PEOPLE THOUGHT THAT NO ONE WOULD NOT TASTE THE
BITTER AS NOT KNOW THE TASTE OF NO SWEET — THOUGHT IT WAS
HE NOW AND ^{WAS} ~~WAS~~ ^{WAS} OF NO DARK DAYS ^{THE FINE} ~~THE FINE~~
PEOPLE FOUND MORE OF NO ^{CAUTIONS} ~~PEOPLE~~ THAT THEY SOUGHT

