



## Daniel Jeremy Silver Collection Digitization Project

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The Jacob Rader Marcus Center of the American Jewish Archives

### **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.

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

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

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

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



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

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

synagogues, of healing institutions. How came all these? Civilization is the

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

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

~~Let~~ AND GIVE US OF OUR DEAD - THE TRUTH OF US AND OUR

Adrienne Ratner

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

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

Our protests, of course, cannot change the circumstance; so our tradition wisely counsels, "Seek not to explain God's ways to man for they are beyond your understanding." Life is a gift not of our choosing. We do not schedule our birth. Death is a fact we cannot bend to our will. We can only accept life for what it is. An hour such as this calls not for explanation but for faith: "The Lord has given. . ." In the face of death, the way of wisdom is to be patient, to accept. If death has any message it is to affirm the opportunity which is life and make the most of its blessings.

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

I affirm this too. Death is not pain but the absence of pain. Death is not oblivion but the translation of the spirit into the dimension of memory. Adrienne is at peace. Her long trial is ended. Most of our tears today are for those who have been left behind. Their loneliness will be a daily burden. Her pain is over. She is at peace. We are bereft. She is with God. We are alone.



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

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

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

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

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

Strength suggests certainty of purpose. Adrienne sought certainty, but never quite found it. She was determined to understand as much as can be grasped of this confusing world of which we are all a part. She was eager to reach out, experience and understand. She delighted in travel, in the give and take of friendship, in the variety of challenge of business. She had a questing spirit. To reach out is to open ourselves to unexpected feeling and unpredictable emotions. Her search for the fullest expression of her talents and for a deeper knowledge of herself pulled her in many directions, but she knew that not to seek was never to find; and, despite the possibility of stumbling, she persevered.

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

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



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

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

March 4, 1985

Ellen Reitman

Time 10:11  
It is a dismal day and, in <sup>that</sup> a sense, appropriate to the moment, <sup>IT IS A DRY</sup> ~~for our~~  
spirits are <sup>Shaded</sup> ~~grayed~~ by Ellen's death and by her life. <sup>THOUGH, IF</sup> Never have I sensed more  
keenly the wisdom of our <sup>TRADITION</sup> ~~sages who taught~~: "Seek not to explain God's ways to man  
for these are beyond your understanding." It is to the credit of our religious <sup>hearted</sup> ~~tra-~~  
<sup>ON 5/10/01</sup> ~~dition~~ that ~~it has~~ never glossed over the apparent injustices and inequities of life.  
The book of Job occupies a central place in Scripture. That tortured man <sup>only</sup> challenged  
God's justice <sup>openly</sup>. His fate bore little relationship to what he deserved.

I do not know why some are born <sup>to</sup> in sunlight and others <sup>to</sup> have a half lit existence.  
~~I do not know why some enjoy opportunities from which others are shut out,~~  
~~which cannot comprehend the fullness of opportunity.~~ Someone observed that we should  
not measure another's frustrations by what ~~we~~ <sup>he</sup> would feel if we were in <sup>the same</sup> ~~the same~~  
<sup>Perhaps the shadows are fallen off my face now we know. Certainly</sup>  
situation. Those who visited Ellen found her <sup>generally</sup> of a happy spirit. Perhaps  
she was spared some of life's bitter frustrations.

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

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

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

April 9, 1979

OUT OF THE GARDEN, THE ROSE,  
OUT OF THE NIGHT, THE DAWN,  
OUT OF MY HEART, WITH ALL ITS WOUNDS  
HIGH COUNSEL TO PROVE ON.





## HARRIET ROTH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



As you would expect, this woman of intelligence, whose mind was well-furnished and whose heart was sensitive to human needs, was a welcome companion and friend. There was no legitimate demand on her time that she did not respond to willingly. Her advice was often sought, always given, and always sound.

Her kindnesses were legion. Many have companions with whom they temporarily share time, space and interests. Harriet's relationships were closer and based on truly shared interests.

There are those who serve the larger community but in doing so neglect the intimate ties of marriage and family. Marriage and family were the heart of Harriet's world. She was blessed with a great love. She was a helpmate in every way to her beloved Sam.

They worked together and together they found happiness and built a solid home in which they encouraged their sons and daughter, with love and wisdom, to fulfill their capacities and understand the good and essential values to which they were committed. Nothing brought Harriet greater pleasure than the accomplishments of her children, except perhaps the accomplishments of the grandchildren whose special talents she cherished and in whose growth, capacity, and maturity she took such pride.

I do not know what Harriet would want us to say at this time. A private person, she kept her deepest feelings to herself, but her actions reveal something of her feelings. A proud woman always, she did not--I am confident--begrudge death which liberated from the threat of incapacity.

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

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DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

MARCH 13, 1988



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DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

MARCH 13, 1988



*Dea. Sarah*  
~~Dorothy~~ Glueck

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

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

SEA SANDS

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

SEA SANDS

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



## BEA SANDS

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

it just that way.

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

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



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

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

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

She took pride in our city. She worked with Chester Koch and others and <sup>spw</sup>~~seen~~ to it that holidays were properly observed, <sup>and</sup> the memory of those who lost their lives in the wars remembered.

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

December 9, 1988



Theresa Sene  
~~FRANCIS BOCHASS~~

April 19, 1961

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Isabel Schiffer

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

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

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

11/14/84

## Isobel Dettelbach Schnabel

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

October 7, 1981



Helen Schwenke  
~~Peggy Brown~~

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

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

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

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

<sup>Helen</sup>  
~~Peggy~~ was among the most open-hearted and loving people I have known - ~~and among the most committed.~~ <sup>Lived her life with a warm heart</sup> She rejoiced in life. She rejoiced in her garden and in her home, <sup>Every</sup> in the opportunity <sup>To be helpful</sup> of service, in the company of lifelong friends and, most of all, in the intimacy of <sup>her</sup> 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." <sup>Helen</sup>  
~~Peggy~~ was alive with the joy of life, full of vital energy, eager to



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

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

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

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

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



A hundred times more worth a woman's  
love,  
Than this, this — but I waste no words  
upon him: 609

His wickedness is like my wretchedness —  
Beyond all language.

(To Harold.) You — you see her there!  
Only fifteen when first you came on her,  
And then the sweetest flower of all the  
wolds,

So lovely in the promise of her May,  
So winsome in her grace and gaiety,  
So loved by all the village people here,  
So happy in herself and in her home —

*Dobson (agitated).* Theer, theer! ha'  
done. I can't abear to see her.

[Exit.

*Dora.* A child, and all as trustful as a  
child!

Five years of shame and suffering broke  
the heart 610

That only beat for you; and he, the father,  
Thro' that dishonor which you brought  
upon us,

Has lost his health, his eyesight, even his  
mind.

*Harold (covering his face).* Enough!

*Dora.* It seem'd so; only there was left  
A second daughter, and to her you came  
Veiling one sin to act another.

*Harold.* No!

You wrong me there! hear, hear me! I  
wish'd, if you — [Pauses.

*Dora.* If I —

*Harold.* Could love me, could be brought  
to love me

As I loved you —

*Dora.* What then?

*Harold.* I wish'd, I hoped

To make, to make —

*Dora.* What did you hope to make?

*Harold.* 'T were best to make an end of  
my lost life. 611

O Dora, Dora!

*Dora.* What did you hope to make?

*Harold.* Make, make! I cannot find  
the word — forgive it —

Amends.

*Dora.* For what? to whom?

*Harold.* To him, to you!

[Falling at her feet.

*Dora.* To him! to me!

No, not with all your wealth,  
Your land, your life! Out in the fiercest  
storm

That ever made earth tremble — he, nor  
I —

The shelter of your roof — not for one mo-  
ment —

Nothing from you!

Sunk in the deepest pit of pauperism, 612

Push'd from all doors as if we bore the  
plague,

Smitten with fever in the open field,

Laid famine-stricken at the gates of  
Death —

Nothing from you!

But she there — her last word  
Forgave — and I forgive you. If you  
ever

Forgive yourself, you are even lower and  
baser

Than even I can well believe you. Go!

[He lies at her feet. Curtain falls.

## CROSSING THE BAR

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

SUNSET and evening star,

And one clear call for me!

And may there be no meaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the bound-  
less deep

Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,

And after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and  
Place

The flood may bear me far,

I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have cross'd the bar."



ANNA REIDER

Feb. 17, 1959

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

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

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

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

OR THE EFFORT WHICH FRIENDSHIP AND CONSIDERATION EXACTED.

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

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

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

ROSE JAMES  
Birdie Moschler

We have come to present our eulogy of love and respect to a gracious lady,  
an exceptional human being, ROSE JAMES, nee ~~Birdie Moschler~~. ~~Birdie always reminded me of the~~

Biblical matriarchs for like them she was a woman of fine spirit, consideration and  
family, and at the same time a woman of independent spirit, verve and high purpose.

Rose  
Birdie was the same within as without, utterly without pretense or side,  
quiet, ~~forceful, disciplined; yet, patient, empathetic and open to another's need.~~ Birdie  
possessed a vigorous and quick mind, yet ~~she weighed her words and her judgements.~~

She walked quietly among us, yet you were always conscious of her presence. A sense  
of purpose emanated from her, yet you knew that her first thought was for others.

She was energetic, yet quite feminine.

Child  
Birdie was born into love, but not into wealth. She learned early to accept  
responsibility and did so willingly. As a young woman Birdie ~~had to sacrifice~~ some of  
her ~~personal dreams to make a home and to hold her large family together; she did~~

so with grace and success. Many would have complained. Birdie did what had to be  
done with an open heart, and felt only joy as her siblings went out into the world and  
made their way. Her time would come. In the meantime, it was for this that she  
was placed on earth.

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



her sense of beauty and the calmness of her spirit; but she was not limited by the traditional roles of wife and mother. Her home lay at the center of her being, yet it was not the whole of her world. Her <sup>lengthy</sup> ~~judgements~~ <sup>soundness - her love for</sup> were ~~sound~~ and people of all ages <sup>groups of all kinds</sup> turned to her for advice. <sup>and but not</sup> Birdie was at peace with herself and with her God. She knew what was right. She had faith in life, in herself and in God. She <sup>ultimately</sup> ~~was concerned~~ with ~~the fate of the Jewish people~~. The Temple was proud that we commanded her life-long loyalty. She came. She ~~worshipped~~ <sup>she understood</sup> and you knew that she understood. How can I draw Birdie's picture? <sup>Her spirit was energetic - strong</sup> Though she had to give up her chance for <sup>warm and full of good</sup> ~~advanced formal education~~, her mind was remarkably well-stocked. Birdie read, attended, ~~listened, watched,~~ thought. She dressed with care, but never out of vanity. She walked with dignity, but without any trace of arrogance. Friendship was a lifelong commitment, open, close; yet independent, a sharing of opportunity rather than the huddling together of support. <sup>A sharing of Jewish life</sup> Life was too full of significant challenge to be involved in the petty.

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

<sup>she had</sup> Birdie was a delight to be with - but she was never one to court popularity.

<sup>Her family was small but</sup> Here was a great capacity for love. She was mother to many - her large family and

~~many others~~. Fortunately, this woman of wisdom and love was granted a great love.

She and <sup>Charles</sup> ~~Herbert~~ shared joy and challenge. Through long years <sup>she made no secret</sup> they worked side by

<sup>and gave no encouragement that enabled him to go on not only the</sup> side to build a business and to build a family, and they were magnificently successful

at both. Together they built a home which was solid, stable and secure, where they

raised their ~~daughter and~~ their son to decency, <sup>prize the mind and learning</sup> to independence, to respect the right,

Can but own people

Poor

Marie Schol  
Nora Garson

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

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

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

~~Nora was a good and lifelong friend to many. Courteous always, she was a welcome companion for she possessed a good mind and was well-read. Friendship was a gift of self. Her spirit was generous and she willingly gave of herself~~  
<sup>Also a loyal, considerate friend</sup>  
<sup>Maria Stine</sup>

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

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

Life is never easy and because she was the woman she was <sup>she</sup> faced the inevitable dark days with courage and quiet confidence. Self-pity was foreign to her nature. Whatever happened she walked straight and stood tall. God graced her life with <sup>A story</sup> the love of ~~her family~~ and she graced <sup>her family</sup> ~~the days~~ with intimacy, kindness and love. To her daughters <sup>for all</sup> she was a tower of strength, an unfailing source of love and a compelling example and they have asked to speak of that love here and now.

August 4, 1983



Daniel Jeremy Silver



EDITH SHIELDS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EDITH WAS ~~BORN INTO A JEWISH HOME AND WAS EXPECTED TO FIND~~  
~~HER HOME IN THE THROTTLE OF THE AND FAMILY. SHE WAS~~ A DEVOTED  
SISTER AND DAUGHTER, AND A LOVING HELPMATE. HER RELATIONSHIP  
WITH HER SISTER, ALICE, WAS A THING OF BEAUTY, A TRUE SHARING  
OF SELF. ~~ALFRED~~ AND EDITH WERE A GOOD PAIR--HE WAS THE PROVIDER  
AND SHE WAS THE PROVISIONER. THEIR HOME WAS A WELCOMING  
PLACE IN WHICH THEIR SON ~~ALLEN~~ WAS GIVEN EVERY OPPORTUNITY AND  
ENCOURAGED ~~TO BE A JEW AND A JEWESS~~ ~~SILVER~~

DECEMBER 19, 1988



SHIELDS  
-4- EDITH ~~SHIELDS~~

HIS HAPPINESS WAS, I AM SURE, HER MOST FREQUENT PRAYER. ~~SOME~~  
~~SMOTHERED WITH THEIR LOVE. FOR ALL HER DETERMINATION EDITH~~  
~~PROVED AND PRESERVED THE INDEPENDENCE OF HER SON~~

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

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

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

DECEMBER 19, 1988

DOROTHY SILBER

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

July 8, 1987

Estene Silber

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

Estene lived quietly ~~and she let~~ <sup>when</sup> her husband's daughters and their families <sup>WENT</sup> ~~be~~ her advertisement. She did not live through them so much as for them. It was her love, her encouragement, her attention to their well-being which allowed them to move out successfully into the larger world. Their achievements were her pride, to a ~~very~~ large extent her doing. (In this liberated world ~~It~~ is increasingly rare to come across ~~someone~~ <sup>ANYONE</sup> whose life ~~is~~ closely corresponds to the woman

of valor described so beautifully in the last chapter of the book of Proverbs.

<sup>ESTENE MUST HAVE BEEN THE PERFECT INSPIRATION</sup>  
"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her and he hath no lack of gain.

She doeth him good and not evil all the days of her life."

( For nearly 60 years Joe was supported, encouraged and sustained in his judicial work and many <sup>other</sup> activities ~~in our community and the Jewish people~~ by Estene's love and care. Theirs was a close and ~~constant~~ <sup>unflinching</sup> intimacy, ~~and she~~ <sup>ESTENE</sup> was truly the helpmate. ~~The marriage they built was solid;~~ The home that she maintained ~~was~~ <sup>WAS</sup> A

place of welcome and refreshment of spirit, a haven after a hectic and demanding

day. <sup>good and loyal friends</sup> Estene had a ~~generous~~ heart. She was a soul of courtesy. You felt her

essential sweetness <sup>AND LOVE</sup> ~~but~~ she was predisposed to see the good in everyone. <sup>I doubt if</sup> I ~~ever~~

<sup>ANYONE EVER</sup> heard a bitter or unkind word cross her lips. A generous-hearted and devoted

friend. Estene was not one who mixed aggressively in a social situation. She

preferred her own world and a close circle of familiars, and to these she gave

herself fully.

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

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

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

June 11, 1984



Memorial Tribute to

~~LOTTIE SINK~~

LOTTIE SINK

December 20, 1964

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

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

She whom we recall at this hour lived a long, rich, full, and <sup>GOOD</sup> meaningful life. God granted <sup>LOTTIE SINK</sup> ~~LOTTIE SINK~~ more than the promised <sup>60</sup> three score <sup>years</sup>

Sylvia Sternberg  
Class

We have come to pay our tribute of love and affection for a warm and genuine person and a gentle lady, ~~Marie Moore~~ <sup>LOVE & LIFE</sup>. In our world so full of pretense and posturing ~~Marie~~ <sup>LOVE & LIFE</sup> lived with simplicity and sympathy, sweetly, seeking always to fulfill an obligation of love to her friends and family. <sup>I don't have memory of knowing her I bet. Tell.</sup> She was of the earth, essential, basic, person-centered, aware of others needs. <sup>h</sup> ~~Marie~~ <sup>h</sup> had a dignity which was without affectation. She was whole-hearted, open, straight. She was interested in others, eager to serve and ready to help - - loyal always.

In her quiet way she was a strong woman. No life is without its struggle nor <sup>she had to be - early death of her</sup> the dark shadows, but ~~Marie~~ <sup>LOVE & LIFE</sup> met each trial, illness, aging, without complaint.

Her spirit did not know self-pity. Hers was the way of a giving love. She sought another's happiness, not to impose her worries and her cares.

Truly  
saying

<sup>AND</sup> ~~Marie~~ was a whole person without side or deviousness. She was utterly devoted to her family. ~~She kept close to her brother and her sisters.~~

<sup>her home was not for a few minutes</sup> They were a unit of love and support. ~~She and her beloved~~ made their home

<sup>but others</sup> a place of warmth, tenderness and encouragement. ~~Marie~~ was fortunate to find

her true love early. For well over half a century she and ~~ED~~ <sup>YOUNG</sup> enjoyed a happy

and meaningful intimacy. They rejoiced in their ~~daughter~~ <sup>son</sup> and watched ~~her~~ <sup>him</sup> with

pride as ~~she~~ <sup>they</sup> grew into the fine place which ~~had been made for them~~ <sup>had been made for them</sup> and then

children in their turn grew into fine young adults. Their home was always a

place of steady purpose, full of <sup>affection</sup> ~~good cheer~~, one which reflected by example

the basic human virtues.

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

MARILYN SMITH  
~~Jeannette~~ on

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

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

MARILYN SMITH'S FAMILY AND FRIENDS EVER BEEN AS A  
I ~~know Jeannette to be~~ an able, strong-minded and ~~principled~~ woman. She was  
always clear in purpose and certain in her values. There was about her a sense  
of energy and intelligence, and a quality of spirit which made a special im-  
pression on all with whom she had contact. She demanded the best of herself but  
was ~~never harsh or critical~~ in her judgments of others. Her mind was active and  
informed. Unlike many women in her day, she did not leave the interests of poli-  
tics or the concerns of the day to men. She saw the world as a fascinating chal-  
lenge and, being ~~great hearted~~, she instinctively responded to these causes

strong will. She trusted her own experience.  
The things of life which had value which were helpful and humane.

Felt as she was young - certain. With it all, she was a woman of grace and infinite courtesy. Though  
Jeannette suffered from arthritis for many years, she carried herself with dignity.

There was always a smile in her eye. Her ~~concern~~ focused on the well-  
being of others. In good times and in more difficult ones, Jeannette was the soul  
of generosity. She gave wherever there was need, and she asked in return only  
the pleasure of giving. She gave not only of her time but of herself. When a  
friend or relative or a stranger needed to be heard out, when there was pain



into seclusion - but opened herself up even more to the world. Thatch - now  
Faded - the man at last, for a sometime near man alone - but man alone was determined  
which needed to be assuaged, Jeanette, in her own special way, comforted and  
encouraged. Her lips were sealed to self-pity. Where others might have taken a  
jaundiced view on life, she was always optimistic. If you looked you could find  
the sunshine in each day.

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

<sup>MAMAN WAS NOT</sup> Jeanette had been born to privilege. Her parents provided for her abundantly.  
<sup>STRENGTH OF HER MOTHER AND FATHER</sup> Then came her father's death and the Depression, and suddenly much of what she  
<sup>WAS USED TO</sup> had had was no longer there. Many become bitter under similar circumstances, but  
that was not Jeanette's way. She set to work. God had endowed her with an instinc-  
tive sense of color and beauty and these, combined with her native business skills  
and hard work, brought success to the store which she and Ralph opened and which  
became for years the center of her active life. Jeanette had the rare capacity  
to make customers feel at home. The store was a welcoming place. She retained  
always a quiet and clear determination. There was a right way, a good way, the  
way that she would go. Jeanette was not one to cut corners or shade the truth.  
The word that comes to mind is rectitude.

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

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

Lillian was an instinctively generous woman. She gave willingly of her time and energy to a number of good causes - in her own way - without fanfare or public acclaim, but it was as wife and mother, in the raising of her <sup>daughters</sup> ~~five~~ <sup>AND</sup> ~~cherished~~ sons, that she found her greatest joy. She was there when they needed her, always full of encouragement, always ready with love and support. Their well-being was her greatest care, <sup>their success & happiness - of her own and child</sup> their happiness her most frequent prayer.

Their friends were always welcome. She established an awareness of family as a central focus of their lives by making family a satisfying reality. The holidays, Seder, birthday, became occasions which brought all who could be assembled together to share easy, happy moments - and each other.

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

October 26, 1984



RECORD OF FUNERAL			
NAME OF DECEASED	MARIAN SMITH		
DATE OF DEATH	3/20/85	DATE OF FUNERAL	3/24/85
<input type="checkbox"/> NON-MEMBER		JOINED	9/21/37
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> MEMBER		AGE	82
	RABBI OFFICIATING Daniel Jeremy Silver		
	CEMETERY Mayfield (Mausoleum Service)		
TIME OF FUNERAL	1 P.M.	FUNERAL HOME	Miller-Deutsch
*Member	SURVIVORS	RELATIONSHIP	ADDRESSES
	Margery Kchrman	Daughter	2889 Eaton Rd.
Address correction!			
FAMILY AT: 2839 Eaton Road			
TEL NO. 752-2132			



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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

October 26, 1984

WRHS

ELGANT

SMALL

TIGHT

ORDERLY

TWO SISTER

Bride

AMERICAN JEWISH ARCHIVES

RECORD OF JEWERY

Marian Smith

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

March 24, 1985



Daniel Jeremy Silver

GLADYS STERNHEIMER

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

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

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

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

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

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



kept a poem which speaks of her love.

We'll meet again some day, I know  
beyond the distant blue...

but until then, my dearest one,  
I'll always think of you...

When you departed from this life  
the blow was so severe...

that deep inside my aching heart  
there falls an endless tear...

For you could not bid me goodbye  
before you went away...

And there were no ardent farewells  
that you or I could say...

And so I live with thoughts of you  
and all you meant to me...

And sometimes I can feel you near  
if just in memory...

And though I may sound sad and blue  
only those who lost can tell  
just what it means to lose your love...  
without a fond farewell.

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

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

February 28, 1986



Daniel Jeremy Silver

## Jennie Spitz

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

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

God has taken back to Himself one of His own.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

May 19, 1978



STEIN  
ELITE STEIN  
SARAH HIRSCH

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

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

<sup>Edith Stein 4/13</sup>  
~~Sarah Hirsch~~ family and friends knew her as a vital, strong-minded and able woman who was clear of purpose and certain in her values. There was about her an aura of energy and intelligence which made a special impression on all with whom she had contact. Though ~~her~~ roots ran deep into the soil of our community, ~~Sarah was born in the south and she carried with her throughout her life that strong sense of family and that instinctive courtesy which we associate with that culture.~~ <sup>AN</sup> ~~Sarah~~ <sup>with the old German.</sup> <sup>Edith</sup> Sarah was a straight-backed woman ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> dressed with care but without ostentation, who carried herself with dignity, ~~and who looked on the world as a fascinating place which she was eager to explore and to know.~~ <sup>Edith</sup> Sarah had a quick mind and

helpful friend

~~not unpleasant~~

2

was well-read and she set a great value on the mind. Her friends

knew her not only as a loyal companion but as a ~~loyal friend~~ <sup>PERSONAL AND RELIABLE</sup> ~~and interesting~~ <sup>A LOYAL FRIEND AND</sup>

~~versatile~~. She loved to be out doing. Friendship was an

essential part of her being. She delighted to welcome people into

her home, and she was always ready and eager to be out and about.

When she faced the shadows - widowhood - ~~she was not~~ <sup>she was not</sup>

retreat into seclusion, and to the very end she remained active and

open to the world. ~~There is~~ <sup>I don't know if known</sup> a line in the Psalms, which describes

her. "Gladness of heart is the life of a human being." By gladness

the Bible did not mean giddiness or abandon but an instinctive and

abiding pleasure in people and friends, in one's time and one's

world. ~~Sarah~~ <sup>Edith</sup> loved company, the beauties of nature, the colors of

life. Hers were the interests of a questing spirit.

~~Edith~~ Sarah was born into a world where a woman was expected to ~~find~~

~~her place~~ <sup>her place</sup> through marriage and family. She was a devoted

daughter and grand-daughter and ~~she and Sidney~~ <sup>a loving helpmate</sup> established a mar-

riage which was strong and fulfilling. Their home was a welcoming

place in which their ~~daughters~~ <sup>SON</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>was</sup> given every opportunity and en-

couraged to lead full and active lives. Their well-being was her

greatest care and their happiness, I am sure, her most frequent

prayer. ~~Their friends were always welcome and nothing gave her~~

~~greater pleasure than the success of her daughters and the fine~~

~~men that they brought into their family, their many successes and~~

~~the generations which came behind.~~ Sidney and Sarah were a good

pair. He was the provider and she was the provisioner. ~~She was~~

~~there when she was needed. She was disciplined, organized and~~

~~caring.~~ Some smother with their love. For all her determination,

~~Edith~~ Sarah prized and cultivated the independence of her daughters.

Sister, her relationship with her sister, Alice, was a thing of beauty, a true sharing of self.

Agood Jan, An lifelong member of our church. Edith felt close to God.

ECHO - The relationship with her sister Alice like a Tangle of Beauty - a  
 part of the story of self

A good part of life is lived  
 with fear - a state of mind

valued  
 as a matter of fact conversation



There is a time to be born and a time to die. Sarah was graced  
 by God with many many years which she filled with useful and satis-  
 fying activities in which she discharged life's many obligations.  
 God had been kind to her. She had known love and been spared privation.  
 She enjoyed the pleasures and excitement of youth, the solid satis-  
 factions of marriage and motherhood, the long autumn in which she  
 had been able to rejoice with her friends and to explore life's  
 highways and byways. And when the winter came she met each dis-  
 ability with remarkable strength, and she came to her end fully  
 conscious. Such a death as Sarah's is called, in our tradition, the  
 kiss of God. It's a quick death in the fullness of time, and without  
 any loss of life and been kind to Sarah and her family.  
 she knew this was the time to let go. She had faith in God's wisdom and  
 she knew that death brought life and was essential to God's plan.  
 From, who would continue to live, no stranger lacked  
 Daniel Jeremy Silver

September 13, 1985

with my own with  
with grace and

Ruby Simon Stein

This memorial service is dedicated to ~~the memory of~~ a gracious lady who  
for over nine decades <sup>Mrs. Stein</sup> lived among us and met each of life's inevitable challenges  
and responsibilities with dignity and quiet courage. <sup>She</sup> ~~Mrs. Stein~~ was a lifelong  
citizen of Cleveland. <sup>That fact</sup> ~~That fact~~ suggests continuity and steadiness, but <sup>that</sup> we  
~~introduce the discussion of a changing environment we recognize some of the adjust-~~  
ments which she faced.

Mrs. Stein was born to a world which had not yet invented most of the machines  
and conveniences we take for granted. Every decade ~~she had~~ to accept a new world  
of appliances and automobiles, radios, telephones, speed, noise. That she was  
able to do so without <sup>losing her values or</sup> ~~losing her values or~~ <sup>resilience</sup> ~~resilience~~  
and to <sup>be content</sup> ~~be content~~ of her values and <sup>conventions</sup> ~~conventions~~

Mrs. Stein was not a schooled person, but she was well schooled in family life,  
womanly dignity, and <sup>neighborliness</sup> ~~gentle~~. She was trained to be a lady and a lady she remained,  
in good times and in bad. There was within her a core of inflexible values which  
served her well, which she never betrayed, but her friends and those who knew her  
best knew that her standards were complemented by a generous spirit and loving  
concern. She was open-hearted, always ready to lend a hand, always present in  
another's need. <sup>She lived a well lived and without any need for luxury</sup>

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

Life is never easy. Born into a large family Mrs. Stein ~~must have~~ learned  
early the <sup>lessons</sup> ~~challenges~~ implicit in any human relationship. Friendship and family  
were always central elements in her life, and when a relationship was unsuccess-  
ful she had the courage to reach out and to remain open.

<sup>To me was inevitable & I face the death of those we love & care for</sup>  
she faced death with courage, and that death which is most cruel of all, the  
death of an only child. Some might have soured and become reclusive. <sup>But</sup> ~~her~~

early training and ~~stiff back~~ stood her in good stead. <sup>As Lady</sup> She turned ~~again~~ to face the future. She bound close her step-daughters and their families with the same loving concern she would have shown to her own son. <sup>4</sup> No life can be summed up in a few sentences, and surely it's no small matter to have lived with courage, to have accepted the duties and responsibilities of family, of marriage, parenthood, willingly and intelligently, to have brought a warm spirit to every relationship and to have lived <sup>long years with grace</sup> ~~with a sense of~~ grace. These last years could not have been easy, but even then her lips were sealed to self-pity and she faced death quietly and, I am sure, with faith.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

December 7, 1983





LORETTA STEARNS

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

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

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

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

FRIEND. SHE LOOKED ON FRIENDSHIP AS A GIFT OF SELF. HER SPIRIT WAS INSTINCTIVELY GENEROUS. SHE GAVE WILLINGLY OF HERSELF TO HER FRIENDS AND VOLUNTEER SERVICE TO OUR COMMUNITY. <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ LIFE IS NEVER EASY AND BECAUSE SHE WAS THE WOMAN SHE WAS, <sup>she</sup> FACED THE DARK DAYS WITH COURAGE AND QUIET CONFIDENCE. SHE CAME TO THIS COUNTRY AS A CHILD FROM HUNGARY AND BROUGHT WITH HER SOMETHING OF THE GRIM DETERMINATION OF THE IMMIGRANT TO MAKE HER WAY AND TO SUCCEED.

<sup>Her</sup> SHE MET ~~HERE~~ A MAN WHO WAS DESTINED TO BE HER HUSBAND AND HELPMATE <sup>and</sup> TOGETHER THEY FORGED A GOOD AND STRONG LIFE. SHE FACED THE CRUELTY OF HIS DEATH WITH RARE COURAGE AND SHE TOOK ON HERSELF THE OBLIGATION OF CARING FOR THEIR SON.

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



DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

AUGUST 12, 1987

Natalie Steuer

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

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

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

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



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

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

October 3, 1984



Daniel Jeremy Silver

Sylvia Classin Stenner  
~~Libbie Goodrich~~

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

January 26, 1977



Carol T. Lyon  
~~Marcia Sandman~~

These things are beautiful beyond belief

The pleasant weakness that comes after pain

The radiant greenness that comes after rain

The deepened faith that follows after grief

And the awakening to love again.

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

We stand here united, a community of sorrow, good and lifelong friends who cared and tried, family who supported as best they could, her daughters, her commitment to the future, her joy and her pride. With us there are no words, only the music, the love, the grief, which binds us close. I have no explanations, only concerns. I have no words, only the confidence that every night must end - that there is always a new dawn.

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

Feb. 22, 1978

Daniel Jeremy Silver

Bessie Verovitz

God sent His singers on earth  
With songs of gladness and mirth  
That they might touch the hearts of men  
And bring them back to Heaven again

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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

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

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

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

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