



Daniel Jeremy Silver Collection Digitization Project

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

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

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

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39

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

BEATRICE WALKER

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

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

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

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

Those who knew Bea will remember her for all her qualities as a caring human being. Our lives have been enriched by knowing her. She will be sorely missed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

helpful and to the point. She was generous and caring in a way

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

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

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

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

I love Grandma immensely. She is my woman of the year every year."

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

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

January 6, 1988

A TRIBUTE TO BEA WALKER

FROM

THE MEMBERS OF CHILD CARE ASSOCIATION

"A WOMAN OF VALOR, WHO CAN FIND?

FOR HER PRICE IS FAR ABOVE RUBIES."

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

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

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

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

SHE WILL BE SORELY MISSED.



Ann Weidenthal

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

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

I think I was the last person to talk with Ann. She spoke ^{on Tuesday} openly of death and without fear. "So it's come to this, I had a good life, a quiet life. I lived with wonderful people. ^{if} ~~I am satisfied.~~" She was at peace with herself and at peace with her God ^{well read} for Ann was a believing Jew and a ~~learned~~ Jew. She never ceased studying ^{ANN LIVED BY} Hebrew the literature of our tradition. ~~She studied and noted on what she knew to~~ be the basic imperatives of her faith, ^{HUMAN - CONSTITUTION - LEARNING - SOCIAL CONCERN} ~~to read and to become alert and aware of the~~ ^{had no patience} ~~challenges~~ of life. She ~~hated~~ shoddy thinking and simplistic answers. In some ways it is too bad that ^{when she was young} ~~in her day~~ the full range of the law was not open to her because she was a woman. She had a careful mind and a neat mind. She had no need to assert her views, but when she spoke you listened. ^{in clear mind} Ann's sense of self was balanced with a remarkable ability to be self effacing. She worked as ^{readily} ~~easily~~ behind the scenes as in the public eye. She worked the long years with her beloved husband and doctor, man aging the office, freeing him for his ministry of healing. ^{AT ONE TIME ON ANOTHER} ~~Hardly~~ a worthwhile organization ^{every}

to get in her own

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ida Whitman

THEIR IS A LITTLING LEGACY & A BRIGHT ONE.
OUR LIVES ARE ALL TOO BRIEF. THE
NIGHT COMES ALL TOO SOON. YET WE ARE
COMMANDED TO LIVE FOR THINGS WHICH ARE
ETERNAL. FOR JUSTICE & BEAUTY & LOVE
AND TO REACH BEYOND OUR DAILY LIMITATIONS
TO A GODLY & GOODLY WAY OF LIFE. AT DEATH
THOSE LIVES WHICH PARTOOK OF SELFLESSNESS
AND SERVICE. THOSE LIVES DEDICATED TO THE
IMPERISHABLE THINGS OF GOD, ENTER UPON
A SPIRITUAL JOURNEY THROUGH WHICH THEY
REMAIN VITAL FOR THOSE WHO KNEW & LOVED
THEM. THEY HAVE BECOME A SWEET BENEDICTION.
TO US AS OUR TEACHERS TAUGHT, THEIRS
NO DEATH FOR THE RIGHTEOUS.
IN THE DEATH OF IDA WHITMAN, HER
BELOVED FAMILY & THOSE NEAREST TO HER HAVE
SUSTAINED A DEEP & PERSONAL LOSS: BUT ALL
OF US, AS WELL, HAVE SUFFERED THE LOSS OF
A VITAL & CHERISHED SPIRIT & WARM FRIEND.
THOSE WHO KNEW TRUE LOVE AND TRUE COMPANION-
SHIP THERE REMAINS THE LEGACY OF PLEDGED
LIVES AND PRECIOUS REMEMBRANCE.

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

THEIRS IS A LIVING LEGACY & A BRIGHT ONE.

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

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

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

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

WAS NOT AT ALL FRIGHTENED BY LIFE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ida Whitman -7-

SHE DIED PEACEFULLY IN THE LOVING BOSOM
OF HER FAMILY.

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

February 29, 1988

IDA WHITMAN

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

AT SUCH AN HOUR IT IS A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM AMONG OUR PEOPLE TO LIGHT A MEMORIAL LAMP; THROUGH THIS SYMBOL WE SIGNIFY THAT THE DEAD HAS NOT VANISHED; THEIR DAY'S WORK MAY BE OVER, BUT THEIR LIFE IS NOT; THE FLAME CONTINUES TO BURN EVEN IN THE NIGHT OF DEATH, MUCH AS A RARE SONG CAN BE HEARD IN OUR 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--AND 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, ENTER UPON A SPIRITUAL EXISTENCE THROUGH WHICH THEY REMAIN VITAL FOR THOSE WHO KNEW AND LOVED THEM; THEY HAVE BECOME A SWEET BENEDICTION; IT IS AS OUR TEACHERS TAUGHT, "THERE IS NO DEATH FOR THE RIGHTEOUS;"

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

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

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

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

FEBRUARY 29, 1988

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

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

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

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

Eulogy - William Loveman

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

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

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

Amen

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

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

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

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

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

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

Eulogy
Betty Woll
May 12, 1983

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

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

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

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

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

Beatrice Shapero

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

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

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

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

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

1
colors of our world. Her humor was as warm as her spirit. She dressed carefully, but not for display.

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

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



Daniel Jeremy Silver

April 1, 1983

Adele Joseph Yelson

These things are beautiful beyond belief

The pleasant weakness that comes after pain

The radiant greenness that comes after rain

The deepened faith that follows after grief

And the awakening to love again.

Were I a musician, I would try to weave this 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 sunfilled ones, about life as it is, with all of its uncertainty and confusion, about human need, as it is with all of its variety and complexity.

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

Our tradition cautions against being too hasty in judging the moment.

"Beware of desperate steps; the darkest day lived till tomorrow has passed away."

~~There is~~ ¹¹⁻⁷⁶ Adele acted in haste, but we can empathize with the anguish and the love which surged in her soul. She wanted desperately to find ways to express the feelings that surged within, her sense of the beautiful, her love for friend and family, but she could not find the key that would unlock that door. All life is a search, a search for ourselves.

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

Now we stand here united, a community of sorrow, good and lifelong friends who cared and tried, loving parents who were devoted and ever loyal, a husband who stood fast, whose love never broke, whose care was always supportive, her daughters her commitment to the future, her joy and her pride. With us there are no words, only the music, the love, the grief, which binds us close. I have no explanations, only concerns. I have no words, only the confidence that every night must end - that there is always a new dawn.

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

March 9, 1977

Frieda Yoelson

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

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

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

^{It}
~~Frieda's~~ accomplishments were many and they spoke of her and for her. She was the last person to speak of her achievements since she had neither need nor desire to strut on the public stage. She served because she was great-hearted and caring, and she served effectively. Some are moved by erratic impulse.

^{It}
~~Frieda~~ planned and thought out and followed through. To those of us who saw her efficiently conducting a meeting, raising funds for some institution, or ^{organizing the Temple's} ~~discussing plans for an agency or community project~~, it was sometimes difficult to recognize that she was the private person we knew who seemed most comfortable within the intimate circle of close friends and family.

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

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

⁶
Frieda was remarkably untouched by the materialism of our times. She dressed carefully, without any need for conspicuous display. Her home was a place of welcome and comfort, where it was clear that priority was on living and sharing rather than having. Skillful with her hands, Frieda's needle work reflected the orderliness and the harmony of her spirit.

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

There are those who serve the larger community, but in doing so neglect the intimate ties of marriage and family. Marriage and family were the heart of Frieda's world. She was blessed with a great love. She was a helpmate in every way to her beloved ^{10 m.} Yeele. It was her support and attention that allowed him to offer his finely honed skills so widely and unreservedly. ^{They united 7-8-44} Together they found ^{30th Nov} happiness and built a solid home in which they encouraged their daughters, with love and wisdom, to fulfill their capacities and understand the good and essential values to which they were committed. Nothing brought Frieda greater ¹⁻⁴ pleasure than the accomplishments of her girls, except perhaps the accomplishments of the grandchildren whose special talents she cherished and in whose growth, capacity and maturity she took such pride.

⁴
I do not know what Frieda would want us to say at this time. A private person, she kept her deepest feelings to herself, but her actions reveal something of her feelings. A proud woman always, I am confident that she did not

be grudge death - certainly not a death which liberated her from incapacity.

A wise woman always, I am confident that she would ask those closest and dearest, ~~her sister, her daughters, the son who had become her son, her grandchildren,~~ that they honor her memory through the quality of their lives, by keeping close the ties of family and by offering themselves in service.

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



Daniel Jeremy Silver



August 9, 1984

Sadye Zupnik

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

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

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

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

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

December 26, 1978



Ed, hands in 301,

~~Flora~~ ~~Engel~~
Rebecca Sohn

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

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

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

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

^(u) ~~Riv~~ was born into a traditional home and she not only looked well to the ways of her household but remained close always to her God and our tradition. This year we celebrated the 60th Anniversary of the Main Temple building. Riv was a member during all those years - a valued and cherished person in our community. I am pleased to think that she found in [the company] of our pulpit and the spirit of our tradition a reflex of her own strong commitments and

values and I know that she valued the service. She returned to ^{the} ~~our~~ community through the Council of Jewish Women and the volunteer services. A loving daughter, a caring sister, a devoted wife and helpmate, ~~Riv~~ ^{GVS} was blessed with a good

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

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

Gcd was good to one of His own. Far longer than most, ^{but} ~~Riv~~ escaped the worst devastations of age. When in these last months her strength and her capacities began to ebb, being the wise woman that she was, I am sure that not regret the approach of death. Death can betimes. [✓] ~~Riv was never forced to~~ ^{she died peacefully, in the loving arms of her son} spend months or years of indignity on a mattress grave. ^{KAP}

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

February 13, 1985

Lena Hughes
~~Elizabeth Montgomery~~
Eulogy - ~~Peart~~ interesting

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

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

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

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

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

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

We have come to pay our last tribute of love to a fine and capable human being, ~~Pearl Messing~~ ^{ELIZABETH MESSING}. Born in a generation in which it was not easy for a woman alone to make her way Pearl made her way into a position of respect and high responsibility. Born into a community in which others took for granted opportunities of education and enrichment ~~that she~~ ^{Pearl} could ~~not enjoy~~ ^{only dream about} she nevertheless became a ~~never~~ ^{never} ~~became~~ ^{became} her situation and

~~Lillian Wilson~~
~~Mildred Eisenberg~~

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

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

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

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

well need

Needed by son - love
alone

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

Money - something
not close

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

Her tastes simple, she did not like elaborate



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

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

Charles Russell

It is hard to associate the reality of death with Alan Littman. Alan had

passed the standard mark of three score years and ten but his step had not lost

its bounce and his eye was alight with an eagerness for all life had to offer.

Alan

Alan walked and thought like a young man. He was vigorous without being

boisterous; eager to taste every experience without ever being intemperate.

Alan lived in a broad world because he took delight in many worlds: art, the

theatre, history, public policy, family, friends, community. One was as likely

to find him discussing sports with a child as community affairs with the leaders

of the city and he was always caught up in the meaning and feelings of the moment.

Alan was a man of many worlds

HOW

WHO KNOWS THE NEEDS & FEARS WHICH SURGE IN ANOTHER'S SOUL? WHO KNOWS HOW ANOTHER EXPRESSES HIS LOVE? OURS IS NOT TO JUDGE, ONLY TO GRIEVE, TO GRIEVE ONE WHO TRIED TO EXPRESS HER LOVE & TO MEET HER NEEDS BUT FOUND LIFE BEYOND MANAGEMENT.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ *50317 FNU10*

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

ALL LIFE IS A SEARCH--A SEARCH FOR OURSELVES.

FOR SOME THE WAY IS LONG & FRAUGHT WITH FRUSTRATION.

ALL THAT WE CAN SAY IS THAT ~~MARY ELLEN~~ TRIED, ~~BUT~~ *She Loved* ~~SOMEHOW~~

Aug 16, 1957, No thought of her of friends - she spent her time in music, art, the theater, had a hard time, she carried on her academic & administrative duties, with competence.
~~NEVER ASSUMED THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF A MEANINGFUL LIFE.~~

She was a very good person & personable. She was a good friend, a good sister, a good daughter, a good wife, a good mother.
SHE TRIED BUT DID NOT SUCCEED IN ~~MANAGING MOST OF HER RELATIONSHIPS.~~

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

There was music in her heart and in her fingers and the joy of life was part of the core of her being.

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

She walked her own way with dignity and with courage.

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

well, without any show of arrogance. She enjoyed the good things in life and now that life was no longer good she was prepared to meet her maker.

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

What more can be said?

What more need be said?

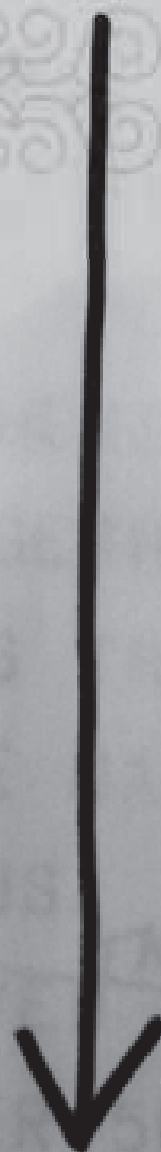
Daniel Jeremy Silver

April 7, 1988



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

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



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

SHE RETURNED TO HER FAMILY A DEEP
AND ABIDING LOVE AND A WARM & ABIDING
DEVOTION. MOSES IBN EZRA, THE MEDIEVAL
POET, DESCRIBED A WOMAN LIKE CLAIRE WITH
THESE WORDS: "GRACE WAS IN HER SOUL,
GENEROSITY IN HER HEART, HER LIPS WERE
EVER FAITHFUL." THIS WAS CLAIRE. GOODNESS,
MODESTY, ~~AND SILENCE~~, VIGOR, GRACE OF BEARING,
SENSITIVITY, QUIET SELF-CONTROL, WARMTH
---SUCH VIRTUES WERE ~~NOT ONLY PART OF HER BEING~~
INSTINCTIVE TO HER BEING. THEY LIVE ON,
AND WILL LIVE ON, IN THE MEMORIES OF
SHARED OCCASIONS.

~~But in the hearts and minds of their~~
~~and~~ THEIR LIVES HAD QUALITY & WORTH.
IN CEDAR RAPIDS AND IN CLEVELAND THEIR
HOME WAS A PLACE OF WARMTH & ENCOURAGEMENT,
OF PEACE, HEALTH, & HAPPINESS. WHATEVER
THE DEMANDS PLACED UPON THEM BY BUSY LIVES,
HERE WERE THEIR ROOTS, ~~HERE WAS THEIR~~
~~DEVELOPMENT OF STRENGTH & POWER & STRENGTH,~~
AND HERE THEY RAISED THEIR DAUGHTER & SON
INTO FINE ADULTHOOD & REJOICED IN THEIR
MATURITY.

HER GRANDCHILDREN'S LOVE AND PARTICULARLY
WITH STANLEY & BOBBE'S CHILDREN HAD A
WONDERFUL RELATIONSHIP.

Claire Meisel - 9 -

LIFE IS AN UN^{DER} ~~STANDING~~ ^{GREAT} DEMANDING
CLARE FACED 2/ ~~SORROWS~~ IN HER LIFE:
~~THE~~ THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND AND THE
DEATH OF HER BELOVED DAUGHTER, SARANE.
CLARE NEVER REALLY GOT OVER SARANE'S
DEATH, YET SHE CONTINUED TO FACE EACH DAY
WITH STEADY COURAGE. SHE WAS READY TO

THROUGH ALL THIS UNHAPPINESS,
CLARE MAINTAINED HER LOVE OF FAMILY AND
HER GRANDCHILDREN. TO A DEGREE, THE
BITTERNESS OF SARANE'S DEATH ^{as dis.} COLORED HER
~~RELATIONSHIPS~~ ^{TIES}, BUT SHE REMAINED OPEN TO
HER GRANDCHILDREN'S LOVE AND PARTICULARLY
WITH STANLEY & BOBBE'S CHILDREN HAD A
WONDERFUL RELATIONSHIP.

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

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

March 14, 1988

Claire Meisel-11-

CLAIRE LOVED TO TRAVEL AND WAS
"AND FRIENDS, DEAR FRIENDS,
I REMEMBER WHEN SHALL IT BE WITH US
TO EURO THAT THIS LOW BREATH IS GONE FROM ME,
TRIPS, AND ROUND MY BIER US, AND YET
THERE WAS YE COME TO WEEP, DON'T DO &
DIDN'T LET ONE, MOST LOVING OF YOU ALL,
BUT NEED SAY 'NOT A TEAR MUST O'ER HER FALL!
TRAVEL HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP'."

US IN THE WRHS ARCHIVES HE WAS ALIVE
AND VITAL TO ©666 Daniel Jeremy Silver

March 14, 1988

Claire Meisel - 3a

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

STRENGTH AS SHE FACED THE INEVITABLE DARK
DAYS. WHEN SAM DIED, INSTEAD OF HER
LOVE, SHE FACED THE LOSS & WIDOWHOOD
WITH REMARKABLE COURAGE. I HEARD HER
SPEAK OF THEIR LOVE BUT NEVER A WORD OF
SELF-PITY. WE ALL SAW HER COURAGE AGAIN
THESE LAST MONTHS AS SHE FACED ILLNESS
AND THE INEVITABILITY OF DEATH.

Sam was going until 11/10/82 and he
was 84

2141-0000000000
LET US KNOW OF ANYTHING
SHE WAS

Harriet Roth-2

A LIFELONG MEMBER OF THE
REGION

A GOOD & LOYAL JEW, HARRIET WAS ONE
OF THE CHAIRWOMEN OF OUR TEMPLE RELIGIOUS
SCHOOL WHEN I FIRST 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 & 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 & 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.

SHE WENT GOING UNTIL 11:00 AM AND 141
AND "SHE WAS"

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

ACHIEVEMENTS SINCE SHE HAD NEITHER NEED NOR DESIRE TO STRUT ON THE PUBLIC STAGE. SHE SERVED BECAUSE SHE WAS GREAT-HEARTED & CARING, AND SHE SERVED EFFECTIVELY.

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

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

DOWN LCU LKK
~~SARAH BTALOSKY~~

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

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

They live on in the good and gentle acts which we learn to respect. Those who fill their days helpfully leave behind an imperishable legacy. Such is the memory of ^{POORLY GUNCK} ~~Sarah Bialosky~~, "~~Aunt Sarah~~," a woman of great dignity and quiet strength whom God has taken back unto Himself.

~~It is hard even now to lose such a woman~~
 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} ~~Bill~~ she was full of love and encouragement, a woman of valor.

~~but still, the loss of one who is central, close and dear.~~

As a relatively young widow she met a new set of responsibilities with strength and determination. ~~She walked her own way for nearly 27 years.~~ ^{over 40 years} Her lips were sealed to self-pity. She walked her own way with dignity and with courage.

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

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

March 13, 1988



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

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

DELIVERED
~~Claire Meisel~~

THIS IS A LEADEN & DIFFICULT HOUR.
WE HAVE BEEN BROUGHT CLOSE TO DEATH, AND
EVEN AS WE REVIEW AND PRAISE ^{RECOGNIZE} ~~CLAIRE'S~~
GRACE & QUALITY, ^{AND PROBABLY THAT AT 87 SHE WAS NOT TO BE TAKEN FOR 426} WE PROTEST THE INTRUSION
^{ALL} OF DEATH.

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

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

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

ALL THAT WE CAN DO IS AFFIRM,
 AS ^{Reem} CLAI^{re} DID, THE OPPORTUNITY WHICH IS LIFE
 AND TO MAKE THE MOST OF ITS BLESSING.

~~AND TO MAKE THE MOST OF ITS BLESSING.
 AND TO MAKE THE MOST OF ITS BLESSING.
 AND TO MAKE THE MOST OF ITS BLESSING.
 AND TO MAKE THE MOST OF ITS BLESSING.
 AND TO MAKE THE MOST OF ITS BLESSING.
 AND TO MAKE THE MOST OF ITS BLESSING.~~

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

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

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

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

Re: 6/1/54
~~Harriet Roth~~

Re: 6/1/54
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
& LOOK FOR THE CIRCUMSTANCES THEY WANT.
IF THEY CAN'T FIND THEM, THEY MAKE THEM."

Re: 6/1/54
~~HARRIET~~ WAS NOT ONE TO BLAME
CIRCUMSTANCES. SHE KEPT HER LIFE
UNDER HER CONTROL. SHE WAS A GRACIOUS
WOMAN, A LADY, BUT SHE KNEW HER MIND AND
WENT HER WAY UNDETERRED BY CHANGING FADS
& FASHIONS OR BY THE ATTITUDES OF OTHERS.
Re: 6/1/54
~~HARRIET~~ WAS A FULLY SHAPED INDIVIDUAL WHO
DID NOT NEED THE APPROVAL OF OTHERS.

SHE DRESSED CAREFULLY, WITHOUT
ANY NEED FOR CONSPICUOUS DISPLAY. HER HOME
WAS A PLACE OF WELCOME & COMFORT, WHERE IT
WAS CLEAR THAT PRIORITY WAS ON LIVING &
SHARING RATHER THAN HAVING.

SOME ARE MOVED BY ERRATIC IMPULSE.

RF 6/10/12

HARRIET PLANNED & THOUGHT OUT & FOLLOWED

THROUGH. TO THOSE OF US WHO SAW HER

EFFICIENTLY ORGANISING HER HUSBAND'S

WORK OR SEEING TO THE SUCCESS OF A PROGRAM,

U n Telling of Centre City Club

IT WAS SOMETIMES DIFFICULT TO RECOGNIZE

THAT SHE WAS THE PRIVATE PERSON WE KNEW

WHO SEEMED MOST COMFORTABLE WITHIN THE

INTIMATE CIRCLE OF CLOSE FRIENDS & FAMILY.

RF 6/10/12

HARRIET WAS BORN INTO A CLOSE AND

LOVING FAMILY WHICH VALUED THE FREEDOMS

OF THIS LAND AND THE TRADITION OF LEARNING

OF OUR PEOPLE. SHE LEARNED EARLY, THAT

LIFE MUST BE LED FOR GOALS BEYOND THOSE

OF PERSONAL BENEFIT. FROM YOUTH TO AGE,

HER LIFE WAS OF A PIECE. HARRIET WAS

REMARKABLY UNTOUCHED BY THE MATERIALISM OF

OUR TIMES. SHE DRESSED CAREFULLY, WITHOUT

ANY NEED FOR CONSPICUOUS DISPLAY. IN HER HOME

WAS A PLACE OF WELCOME & COMFORT, WHERE IT

WAS CLEAR THAT PRIORITY WAS ON LIVING &

SHARING RATHER THAN HAVING.

*Kane
in
Baltimore*

Harriet Roth -6

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

HER ADVICE WAS OFTEN SOUGHT, ^{Always Good} AND ALWAYS SOUND.

HER KINDNESSES WERE LEGION.

MANY HAVE COMPANIONS WITH WHOM THEY TEMPORARILY SHARE TIME, SPACE, & INTERESTS.

^{For Guy's} ~~HARRIET'S~~ RELATIONSHIPS WERE CLOSER AND BASED ON TRULY SHARED INTERESTS.

~~THERE ARE THOSE WHO SERVE THE LARGER COMMUNITY BUT IN DOING SO NEGLECT THE INTIMATE TIES OF MARRIAGE & FAMILY.~~

^{Though she was somewhat distant and reserved, she was a very good mother and a very good friend.} ~~MARRIAGE & FAMILY WERE THE HEART OF~~

^{Carol says that she was a very good mother and a very good friend.} ~~HARRIET'S WORLD. SHE WAS BLESSED WITH A GREAT LOVE. SHE WAS A HELPMATE IN EVERY WAY TO HER BELOVED SAM.~~

A GOOD AND ^{LOVING} ~~WARM~~ JEW

A LIFE LONG MEMBER OF THE SYDNEY REGINA ^{WALKED} ~~UNITED~~ - then own way
A NO-NONSENSE person, she could pull up her sleeves and go to work when

work was required
AND ^{EMPLOYED} ~~WHEN~~ IT WAS NO LONGER ^{she insisted to serve her} ~~NECESSARY~~ ^{STILL CARED}
COMMUNITY - ^{TO ME} ~~TO ME~~ ^{STILL CARED}

A



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

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

~~SHE WAS A WOMAN WHO WAS NOT
OVERWHELMED BY HER OWN FEELINGS. SHE
LIVED IN THE PRESENT AND WAS NOT
CONCERNED WITH THE PAST OR THE FUTURE. HER
SMILE WAS A REFLECTION OF HER INNER
PEACE AND HER EYES WERE FULL OF
WISDOM AND UNDERSTANDING. SHE WAS
A WOMAN WHO WAS NOT AFRAID TO
SHOW HER FEELINGS AND WHO WAS NOT
AFRAID TO STAND UP FOR HER BELIEFS.~~

meisel

Harriet Roth -7

^{LEWIS & BEN} ~~THEY WORKED TOGETHER AND TOGETHER~~ THEY
~~FOUND HAPPINESS~~ AND BUILT A SOLID HOME
IN WHICH THEY ENCOURAGED THEIR SON^R &
~~DAUGHTER~~, WITH LOVE & WISDOM, TO FULFILL
^{his} ~~THEIR~~ CAPACITIES AND UNDERSTAND THE GOOD
& ESSENTIAL VALUES TO WHICH THEY WERE
COMMITTED. NOTHING BROUGHT ^{dream} ~~HARRIET~~
GREATER PLEASURE THAN THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS
OF HER ^{son & daughter} ~~CHILDREN~~, EXCEPT PERHAPS THE
ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE GRANDCHILDREN
WHOSE SPECIAL TALENTS SHE CHERISHED AND
IN WHOSE GROWTH, CAPACITY, AND MATURITY
SHE TOOK ~~SUCH~~ PRIDE. ^{Through} ~~she~~ ^{did not have her}
~~THEMSELVES~~ IN SERVICE.
^{Feel her reality,}

Harriet Roth -8

I DO NOT KNOW WHAT ^{Ray}HARRIET WOULD
WANT US TO SAY AT TH\$ TIME. A PRIVATE
PERSON, SHE KEPT HER DEEPEST FEELINGS
TO HERSELF, BUT HER ACTIONS REVEAL ^{ADD PAIN}
SOMETHING OF HER FEELINGS. A PROUD ^{for his term}
WOMAN ALWAYS, SHE DID NOT--I AM CONFIDENT--
BEGRUDGE DEATH, CERTAINLY NOT A DEATH
WHICH LIBERATED HER FROM ^{THE THREAT OF} INCAPACITY.
A WISE WOMAN ALWAYS, SHE WOULD--~~AGAIN~~ AGAIN,
I AM CONFIDENT--ASK THOSE CLOSEST AND
DEAREST THAT THEY HONOR HER MEMORY THROUGH
THE QUALITY OF THEIR LIVES, BY KEEPING CLOSE
THE TIES OF FAMILY AND BY OFFERING
THEMSELVES IN SERVICE.

MARCH 13, 1988

THE THREAT OF
~~THE THREAT OF~~

Harriet Roth -9-

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

March 13, 1988

Bonny
Constance Haber

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

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

For 50 years Connie was a loving, loyal and thoughtful helpmate. Raised to value family and marriage and to accept the thesis that a woman fulfilled herself through the support and encouragement she provided her husband, when good fortune brought Connie the love of a truly good and capable man, she threw her considerable intelligence and determination into her wifely tasks. She shared with Phil not only intimacy and joy but an unshakable commitment to such values as rectitude and responsibility. There was never any doubt that they shared life fully and were at one in their goals. I would have liked to have been at the service of reconsecration which Mel Harris organized for their 55th wedding anniversary and to have felt a palpable sense of quiet satisfaction as they rejoiced easily and openly in their memories of the hopes and tasks which had bound them close.

Their lives underscore the truth of an observation by the French essayist, Michel de Montaigne:

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

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

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

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

^{Richard, Don't} ~~Richard~~, who spent so much time with ^{her} ~~his~~ mother these last years, speaks of her "indomitable will." Truly, hers was the courage to press on.

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

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

February 25, 1985



Constance M. Haber

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

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

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

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

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

She inspired loyalty in her friends. Many of her card partners had been friends most of her life--~~Bessie like~~ ~~Bessie~~ ~~Sandis~~ had been her friends since childhood.

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

It was fitting that the night before she died, she gave a small dinner party for friends. She was the same gracious hostess as always. No one could have suspected when she said good-night to her friends that she would be gone within 30 hours.

Indomitable might come at end.

She loved to play cards.

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