

In loving memory of our dear father

Eliyahu Ben Menachem Mendel Z”L

ר׳ אליהו בן מנחם מענדל הכהן זצ״ל

Niftar on 18 Tammuz 5779





Here lies buried

My Dear Husband, Our Dear Father, Grandfather, and Brother

Eliyahu ben Menachem Mendel HaKohen Gaisin

of blessed memory

א A noble and modest man of faith
ל Kind & positive speech emanated from his lips
י Upright in his ways[2]
ה Healer of his patients' illnesses[3]
ו And whose soul is bound with the souls of his beloved family members[4]

He was happy with his portion
He said little and did much
He greeted everyone with a pleasant countenance [5]

Departed with a good name for his eternal home
on the 18th of Tammuz, 5779
And his mother's name was Sarah Gittel
may peace be upon her

Beloved Husband, Father, Grandfather, Great-Grandfather & Brother

Dr. Allen Gaisin

July 30 1946 – July 21 2019

May His Soul Be Bound Up
In The Bond Of Eternal Life

1 זכרונו לברכה
2 Based on Rashi on Mishlei 29:27
3 Based on Tehillim 103:3
4 Based on Bereishis 44:30
5 Based on Pirkei Avos 1:15 and 4:1

פ"נ (פֹּה נִטְמַן)

בַּעֲלִי אָבִינוּ סַבָּנוּ וְאָחִינוּ הַיָּקָר

אֵלִיָּהוּ בֶּן מְנַחֵם מֶנְדֶל הַכֹּהֵן ז"ל[1] גייסן

אִ יש אֱמוּנָה אֲצִילִי וְעָנָיו
לָ שׁוֹן טוֹב עַל שְׂפָתָיו
יָ שָׁר בְּדַרְכָיו[2]
הָ רוֹפֵא לְתַחֲלוּאֵי דּוֹרְשָׁיו[3]
וְ נַפְשׁוֹ קְשׁוּרָה בְּנַפְשׁוֹת בְּנֵי מִשְׁפַּחְתּוֹ אוֹהֲבָיו[4]

שָׂמַח בְּחֶלְקוֹ
אָמַר מְעַט וְעָשָׂה הַרְבֵּה
קִיבֵּל כָּל אָדָם בְּסֵבֶר פָּנִים יָפוֹת[5]

נלב"ע (נִפְטַר לְבֵית עוֹלָמוֹ) בְּשֵׁם טוֹב
ח"י תַּמּוּז תשע"ט
וְשֵׁם אִמּוֹ שָׂרָה גִיטֶל ע"ה (עָלֶיהָ הַשָּׁלוֹם)

Beloved Husband, Father, Grandfather, Great-Grandfather & Brother

Dr. Allen Gaisin

July 30 1946 – July 21 2019

ת.נ.צ.ב.ה.
(תְּהֵא נִשְׁמָתוֹ צְרוּרָה בִּצְרוֹר הַחַיִּים)

Hespedim

R. Dovid Rosenbaum
Rabbi of Young Israel Shomrei Emunah

We read, in this past Shabbos' Torah reading, of the blessings that Bilaam inadvertently gave to the Jewish people. Probably the most famous phrase from this blessing is Mah Tovu Ohalecha Yaakov, how beautiful are your tents, Jacob. The Medrash asks: "What was it that Bilaam saw that made him remark on the beauty of the tents?" and the Medrash explains that there was a sense of Tznius, there was a sense of modesty. They situated their tents in a manner that the opening of one tent wasn't parallel to the opening of another tent and that people couldn't see inside of each other's tents. This Medrash is normally understood as a sense of physical modesty; there are certain aspects of the home that are private and the Jewish people, beautifully, were diligent about this sense of physical privacy.

There is another idea that some of the commentators discuss when looking at this Medrash, and that revolves around a very basic question: "How do we find happiness? How do we find fulfillment in our lives?" Truth be told, the vast majority of us find happiness and fulfillment by looking inside of someone else's tent. I have things that I'm insecure about, I have frustrations, I have failures. I don't really want to look myself in the mirror all the time. What I'd much rather do is look in someone else's home, see their problems, see their shortcomings, and then I can think about it a little bit and I realize I'm not that bad. I don't have it that bad off. That's how I can find fulfillment and happiness. If we're honest with ourselves, the vast majority of us find a sense of fulfillment in our lives through that very approach.

I think Dr. Allen Gaisin, Eliyahu ben Menachem Mendel Hakohen, really lived his life, not needing to look inside of another family's tent. He was the type of person who was able to look at his own life, look at the beautiful family and the beautiful home that he built together with his remarkable wife, and be content and be satisfied and be so very proud of each and every one of his children. And, because he was able to find his own sense of happiness without seeing the problems of other people's tents, he was also a person who was genuinely able to be happy for other people with their accomplishments, their joyous occasions.

I really felt this way. I've known Dr. Gaisin for a very long time. Our families lived across the street for many years and I always thought of him that way. I always thought of him as just a remarkably kind-hearted, warm, good person. But I have to confess that every now and then, you look at a person and you ask yourself, "are they really that nice?" There's a lot of people who are very sweet and then when the door closes, they say what they really think. There's a lot of people like that. And over this last period of Dr. Gaisin's life, I had the tremendous zechus of seeing his beautiful family rally around him, and it was obvious to me that everything that I thought - and I can't imagine I'm the only person in the room that thinks that - was even more true than I had imagined. The love that was so apparent, of course from his wonderful wife Sheila, but from each and every one of his children, their absolute devotion down to the detail of everything that he needed, whether it be physically, whether it be halachically, whether it be, "what would Daddy like," - speaks of a remarkable emotional connection that he had with each

and every one of them, and of a remarkable sense of devotion and loyalty that each and every one of them felt towards him. I sincerely believe that the only way a person can have that behind closed doors, is if when the door closes, it's truly, truly a beautiful home. It's clear that each of his children lived with a remarkable level of admiration for him.

I don't mean to be cute when I say this, but in a sense, the Rosenbaum family's tent was more or less across from the Gaisin Family's tent on Lamberton Drive. I just happened to be, a few months ago, visiting my parents' home, and I was leafing through some old albums. I happened to find a photo album that happened to be the period of time when we first moved to Silver Spring, and there were these pictures - you know how you have labels about pictures - So there were these pictures about: "With the Gaisins in 1985." Whatever year exactly it was. There were all these worn pictures. Not thinking about Dr. Gaisin in particular at the time, I was just thinking about my family and their family, and I thought to myself, "you know, we had just come here, and this was clearly a family that was very connected, very many warm friendships - as is obvious from looking around the room - and here is this family that so embraced us. You saw in the pictures, you saw it in their smiles, you saw it in our smiles, that we felt embraced. And when I was reflecting on those pictures just today and yesterday, I thought to myself, what greater proof about how people from one tent see people from another tent. That's really how it's supposed to be.

I'll just make one more point. I learned one more thing about this beautiful man and his extraordinary tent, just over the last few weeks. Soon after Dr. Gaisin received his very serious prognosis, I had the opportunity to visit the Gaisins in their home, and it happened to be just myself and Dr. Gaisin sitting there for the first few minutes. There was a book on the coffee table about Emunah, about faith. I walked in, and you don't know what you're gonna have to say and what questions you'll have to answer, maybe there will be no questions, who knows. I walked in and without any fanfare and without any flamboyance - just straight and simple - the same way Allen Gaisin would smile at you in the street, no flash, just straight, Dr. Gaisin began to speak about how he sees this as an opportunity to strengthen his faith. He points to this book and he says "this is what I've been reading about." I thought it was remarkable.

There is so much that can be said, there's so much that will be said. There are so many speakers, I don't want to take too much time personally, but I, on behalf of the community, wanted to reflect on this remarkable character of a person, both in his interpersonal conduct and his conduct with God.

Dr. Gaisin, you should be a Mailitz Yosher for your beautiful mishpacha. The beautiful tent which you built should continue to flourish in so many places, in so many special ways, and you, from Shamayim, t'hay nafsho tzrurah b'tzror hachaim, may [your] soul be bound up in the bond of life. Your wonderful, devoted wife, here, should share Nachas together from your beautiful family for many years to come.

I would just like to say, on behalf of myself, on behalf of the community - sometimes when a person is more quiet, we don't necessarily give all the attention that a person deserves. And surely there were times, whether myself, whether others in the community, didn't give the

appropriate regard, respect, admiration that you surely deserved. And for that I'd like to ask Mechila.
Lech B'Shalom.

R. Brahm Weinberg
Rabbi of Kemp Mill Synagogue

So many beautiful things have been said here today. So many wonderful memories have been shared of a very special man.
I wanted to end the *hespedim* by leaving you with an image, an image that comes from the *Parsha* we will read this Shabbos.

It is not by chance that the *parshiyos* fall the way they do. They speak to the realities before us, and in this case, there is one image that speaks to the reality that I was witnessing last week as the family gathered by Dr. Gaisin's side, pouring out love and affection and concern in tremendous ways with stories and laughter and tears and davening and singing.

Hashem tells Moshe that at some time in the near future, he will go up to *har haavarim,* from which he will be able to see the land of Israel.

On the one hand, Moshe's vision of the land that he would never enter is the tragic confirmation that so much good would happen to the Jewish people once he was gone; a whole future awaited them that he would never be *zoche* to see.

Yet, on the other hand, the vision was meant as a *nechama* of sorts; as a gift from *Hashem*. The Ohr HaChayim says that "*ur'eh es haaretz*" meant that from the mountain, Moshe would see the reality before him, but the seemingly redundant mention of "*v'raisa osa*" meant that Moshe would be afforded *another* level of vision, a *special miraculous prophetic* glimpse long in to the future.

Moshe, before leaving the world would have a twofold vision:
FIRSTLY, he would have a glimpse of all he *had* accomplished: of the nation he helped to build, of the journey he had taken them on, of the Torah he had taught them up until that time,
AND SECONDLY, he would also have a glimpse into all the future good that would come out of that which he had started and that which he had built in his lifetime, of a ripple effect of his actions that is unimaginable to the regular human mind.

As I watched the family gather by Dr. Gaisin's side in these last weeks, I could not help but think of this image of Moshe and its message:

On the one hand, Dr. Gaisin's vision of the family around him was the tragic confirmation that there would still I"yh be so much good to come in this family story that he would never get to see. It was the confirmation that Dr Gaisin was being taken much too soon.

But on the other hand, the vision was a gift. Dr Gaisin was *zoche* to see the reality before him: his amazing, wonderful accomplishments in *this* world, the care and comfort and life he provided for so many through his medical career, the superb relationship he built with Sheila over 49 years, the incredible family that he raised, and so much more - the astonishing fruits of his labor.

AND I couldn't help but think, I couldn't help but believe, that, like with Moshe Rabbeinu, Hashem must have given Dr. Gaisin a whole other level of miraculous vision as a tremendous gift for all the good he did in this world as his *neshama* ascended.

In addition to the beautiful reality before him, Hashem must have also given him a small glimpse of the *future,* of all of what *would* be, *would* exist, *would* continue to be built after he was gone.
I can't help but believe that that image must have served and continues to serve as a comfort to his *neshama* as it leaves this world.

Sheila, Miriam, Meredith, Arthur, Daniel, Jeremy, Reuven, Shlomo, and all the children-in-law and grandchildren and great-grandson… It is now *your* sacred task to bring that image to fruition, to continue Dr. Gaisin's legacy, so that his *neshama* should continue to have *nachas* and *nechama,* and continue to have a stronghold in this world.

TNTBH

Sheila Gaisin
Beloved Wife of Dr. Gaisin

I'm standing here before all of you, and I'm feeling so overwhelmed, and so, really, speechless, in my grief. My sense of loss is so great. It's really infinite. My beloved husband Allen was such a precious part of my life and his memory will always be so precious to me. Obviously I can't imagine living without him, because he has been such a total, wonderful life partner. I have infinite gratitude to HaShem for bringing Allen into my life. It was an amazing gift to have you as my life partner, Allen. But I wanted more. I feel you deserved more, but HaShem knows best. We were blessed with 49 years of a beautiful marriage but it seems like it was just barely a year. I feel like we are still in our honeymoon year.

Allen and I met almost fifty seven years ago, in the fall of 1962, when Allen joined my 11th grade class at a community Jewish High School in the Philadelphia area - Akiba Hebrew Academy. It was pretty much love at first sight for me, even though at first we hardly spoke to each other. Dearest Allen, my feelings for you are beyond the dimension of mere words. Everyone who knows you, Allen, appreciates your sensitive, kind, and caring style. You're always eager to help others, share information, and give moral support. You're just about never judgmental, and you accept people for who they are and where they're at. Although you're a brilliant doctor, you're also tremendously humble and a true eved HaShem.

Dearest Allen - you possess many outstanding middos, and your soul is the purest soul I've ever known. You never really had to strive to be good, you simply were good. I tried to be a good wife to you, my dearest Allen. Please forgive me for all my inadequacies. You were always prompt, and I really had trouble with prompt. I'm much better now. You were always willing to wait for me.

Goodbye, Dearest Husband. May you rest in peace as you well deserve. I will love you forever, I will miss you forever, and I will remember you forever. I am really inconsolable at this infinite loss that we can't be living life together in this world anymore, but in my heart, my soul, you will be my life partner forever.

Gail Glicksman
Beloved Sister of Dr. Gaisin

I deeply regret that the occasion to share wonderful things about my beloved brother is his death. Although some of the themes that I'm going to lift up today weave through what everyone is going to say, I think I have some unique perspectives, having had the chance to grow up with him even before he met, and fell in love with, his beloved Sheila. I know that each of us here knew him in different ways, and what I'm hoping - and now I'll add a "commercial message" – a request - I'm hoping that in the days ahead, we can hear stories from all of you about your experiences with our beloved. I'm also hoping that you might share your reflections. As I understand, the family has put together an email address for anyone who wants to send memories. It would be so comforting for us to be able to compile those to hold onto.

Allen was many things. He was an extremely patient teacher. I think of him and all the things that he taught me. Music - he had a "feel" for music. We went to the same music school, although I was 10 and a half years younger. For him, they found the most accomplished teachers because, as they told my parents, he had such a talent that actually, at one point, he thought of becoming a concert violinist. He had talents and interests in the arts and photography. He was also sent to special classes for the arts. I'll mention how that ties into his professional work.

He taught values, values of all kinds. Hard work - I never met anyone who had a commitment to working and to doing things for others like he had. I think he internalized that from our parents, and he carried it out. I never met anyone with the discipline that he had. He would suggest something - for example, he read something in complementary health techniques about better nutrition - and he would actually do that. It's not easy for any of us, but he had discipline for everything that seemed important.

He was so modest and so humble. He was so quiet, and that's part of the reason that I'm hoping that you'll share memories of him. There may be ways that he touched your lives that we'd have no way to know.

He had a great love for Yiddishkeit that he expressed in so many ways. I would hear him practicing chazanut. I would hear him listening to recordings, vinyl, in those days, of the

emerging songs from Israel - folk music. All kinds of music moved him. That made a difference. I'm sure he and Sheila together passed that on to their family. Each year, he was especially eager to compile resources for the Seder – to discover new commentaries, new approaches, and new meanings we could all share.

As you'll hear many times today, family was very important to him. Our parents were named Mendel and Sophie. True to his name, our father, Manny or Menachem Mendel, was a comforter - that quality runs through Allen. I understand that the love for family is what attracted our father to our mother. He perceived that our mother was very devoted to her family. There are some cousins here and they'd be aware of that. Our family went through a lot to get out of Eastern Europe. In our father's family. His father and mother perished in the pogroms. He was only 10 years old. He had a rough experience, but because of that, family meant so much more to him. And that's part of the legacy that was passed on through Allen.

Allen was extremely nurturant. I mentioned he was 10 and a half years older. I gathered he wanted a sibling and he felt great joy when I was born. He insisted I be named Gila - joy. I don't always feel so joyous, especially at a time like this, but he treated me so wonderfully. When I was an infant and a toddler, I was too young to remember specifics, but everyone has told me how nurturant he was. I remember vividly how he treated me when I was a little older. He was kind enough to let his little sister tag around and he took me to various places. For example, he would take me to the library. As we walked – he was 6'1" and he had quite a stride for me to try to keep up– he asked me questions about the books: So what did you read? What was the theme? Tell me about it, you didn't pronounce it exactly right, and so on - he wanted precision. He was a very strict teacher. He even quizzed me about Winnie the Pooh. He was a serious student and the same studiousness carried through everything he did.

This loving family environment that his beloved Sheila and he fostered really carries on. Forgive me for repeating what Rabbi Rosenbaum said, but I'll lift up a little aspect of it. When faced with his final illness, Allen's family rallied around him and created "Team Gaisin." This included Cousin Avrom - Sheila's cousin - who is like a brother to her. We formed a "team" - each contributing in different ways. This includes many contributions of his grandchildren. Even a special card with a picture of his new great grandchild boosted him up. We drew upon project management software and WhatsApp and used other resources to connect and make contributions. We moved mountains and we made changes to help our beloved Allen.

Early in his profession he found ways to draw upon his love for family and for children. When training to become a physician, he realized that he excelled in recognizing patterns and in perceiving skin issues – so through dermatology, he thought he could make a special contribution. This moved him to cultivate expertise in pediatric dermatology. The Children's Hospital of Philadelphia was across from the University of Pennsylvania, where he was training for residency. I understand they would call him in when they saw children with challenging skin issues. He started his career as a professor in the medical school there. I read an interview some years ago that he was drawn to pursue this because he understood that when a person of any age, but especially a child, experiences physical skin deformity of any kind, that person can also develop emotional scars and can be teased and tormented. He wanted to try to prevent that and

to heal the scars. That was important to him. The other dimension is that when most of us look at something visual, one image looks like another, but he had such visual acuity - I mentioned the talent for art - that he could perceive distinctive patterns. That made all the difference in diagnosis and treatment.

Allen was a man of few words. The only time he seemed animated was when he was sharing knowledge that would enable him to help someone. That was the only time. And when I have looked over the family photos, especially these past weeks while we've been sharing photos, I did not see a smile on Allen's face in the photos from when he was growing up. Everyone has been talking about Allen's smile. Looking at the photos over time, historically, when did the smile emerge? The smile emerged when his beloved Sheila and he got together. Those are the pictures where there's a smile. And the pictures where he's especially radiant - the ones that stand out to me - are the ones with his family. Photos with his wife and with their children and grandchildren stand out. It was only about two months ago that there was a new addition to the family – the first great-grandchild. In that photo as in others with his family he was beaming with such a splendid smile.

When Allen had a birthday or an anniversary, I asked him what he wanted. Most of us want something that we can enjoy, something indulgent: a gift, a trip. He said he only wanted one thing - for all his family to be together in the same place for a Shabbaton, spending Shabbat from beginning to end, with singing, with joy, with close relationships. He wanted that to go on. We saw in "Team Gaisin" during his last illness that this collaboration, this special bond, continues on.

And Sheila – also my beloved - I never had a sister, but you have filled that role. I know it's a terrible loss. Please know that you and Allen leave behind a very special legacy.

R. Elchanan Adler
Son-in-law to Dr. Gaisin

It is difficult to speak about my Father in Law – Eliyahu ben Menachem Mendel HaKohen - in the past tense. To us, his immediate family, the loss is devastating.

My Father in Law passed away on the fast of Shiva Asar b'Tamuz – a day which marks, among its tragedies, the cessation of the Korban Tamid – the daily offering that provided a sense of consistency and stability for the service in the Beis HaMikdash.

Like the Korban Tamid, my Father in Law was a constant presence in our lives – a steady and reassuring anchor, a role model and an inspiration to all of us.

My Father in Law was an extremely modest person, quiet and unassuming. It is said about the Chofetz Chaim that his "gadlus" was intertwined with his "pashtus" – his greatness radiated from his unpretentiousness.

Sometimes, we are too smart for ourselves, too quick to toot our own horn about our knowledge and our personal accomplishments.

My Father in Law was a very knowledgeable person who was blessed with a brilliant intellect. He excelled in Medical School and served capably in his profession for decades, earning accolades from peers and patients alike. He was a repository of medical knowledge, keeping up with the latest developments in the field. He was always open to looking at things with a fresh perspective, even if it was out of the conventional box.

In truth, he had a wide variety of interests – both in Torah and in worldly subjects - and he would always try to find ways to integrate them.

Because of his medical background, he gained proficiency in becoming a Mohel – training with respected mohalim and studying Hilchos Milah with noted Talmid Chachamim. I once saw his copy of the volume of Shulchan Aruch with Hilchos Milah, with worn pages and markings in the margins. And he performed dozens of halachic circumcisions – including on several of his children, as well as on many Jewish infants who would otherwise not have had a bris milah. because the parents were only willing to allow their child's bris to be performed by a Mohel who was also a doctor.

He drew special pleasure from discovering an overlap between his diverse areas of interest; for example, when a new piece of medical knowledge served to corroborate the ancient wisdom of the Torah. I recall him once sharing with me excitedly a scientific research study that measured a quantifiable degree of positive energy resulting from wearing the Tefillin shel Rosh in the precise position of the head dictated by Halacha.

He was an avid reader and would regularly spend time preparing divrei Torah to share at the Shabbos table and other occasions.

But with all of my Father in Law's brilliance he always carried himself with a natural "pashtus" – an unassuming quality, a graceful humility – with no airs whatsoever. People would seek out his medical expertise at all hours of the day and night. He was extremely gracious with his time and knowledge, always willing to extend a helping hand. This quality made him beloved to so many people; when you interacted with my Father in Law, you could see that there was literally no sense of ego.

There are people who begrudge the good fortune of others. A part of them feels as if the success of others comes at their expense. In Yiddish there is an expression "to fargin" – which means to be emotionally at ease when others do well, to feel good for others. My Father in Law had the ability to "fargin." It came naturally to him; there was not a tinge of jealousy in his being.

My Father in Law's unpretentiousness – his pashtus - was also evident in his identity as a Jew. He maintained tremendous respect for Rabbis, irrespective of their particular backgrounds, across the spectrum. Indeed, the Gaisin home is adorned with a wide range of gedolim pictures. Just this morning, I saw three pictures on top of his computer, one next to the other: the Lubavitcher Rebbe, R' Aharon Kotler, R' Soleveitchik.

Here at YISE, he revered R' Anemer z"l – recognizing his incredible scholarship and all that it represented. He felt an affinity toward the Yeshiva Gedolah and its Roshei Yeshiva, rebbeim and administration – and was very proud of this affiliation. And this expression of respect extended equally to the younger rabbonim as well - R' Rosenbaum, R' Weinberg and others, whose names were always mentioned with appropriate regard.

My Father in Law possessed what is commonly known as "emuna peshuta" – a visceral belief in Hashem and the fundamentals of our faith. He would speak passionately about such issues as: the efficacy of prayer, immortality of the soul, techiyas hameisim etc. To him, these were not abstract concepts but a concrete roadmap for living life.

Ever since childhood, my Father in Law felt drawn to the path of yiddishkeit. Although lacking a formal Yeshiva education, it was apparent that he thoroughly identified with the story of Am Yisrael - the history of our people – going back to the seminal events described in the Torah: Yetzias Mitzrayim, Matan Torah, and until this very day. This was part of his inner core and his very essence.

Having been raised in the shadow of the Holocaust, he felt a keen awareness of its horrors and the heavy toll that it took on our people, both collectively and individually. On several occasions, I saw him visibly moved to tears while sharing stories from that tragic era.

At the time of his marriage, he made a concrete commitment, along with my Mother in Law, Tibadel lechayim tovim, to embrace a Torah lifestyle – and to pass on that legacy to his children and future generations.

Last year, Miriam and I had the privilege of marrying off our eldest daughter, Shalva, and we were recently blessed with our first grandchild. The bris took place a week before Shavuos, at the beginning of June. My Father in Law came and shepped such nachas. None of this would have been possible were it not for my Father in Law's fierce commitment to yiddishkeit and the choices that he, along with my Mother in Law, made so many years ago. Miriam and I feel fortunate that that we have done our part – and hope, with Hashem's help, to continue doing our part - to bring his neshama nachas ruach and true yiddishe nachas.

My Father in Law experienced great fulfillment in living a Torah lifestyle and being part of a warm, tightly knit Jewish community. He was always willing and open to expanding his religious horizons, growing in observance and supplementing his Torah knowledge. Whenever possible, he would attend shiurim given by various rabbis in the community, and he would relish sharing some of their novel insights. Often when my family would visit, I would be invited to speak in one of the local shuls; Daddy would always make a special effort to attend and to "shep nachas."

His observance of mitzvos was genuine – and often performed with a great measure of self-sacrifice. In recent years, he was beset with several ailments which made it difficult for him to get to shul and virtually impossible to stand for shemoneh esrei. Yet, he persevered, and did his utmost to come to shul regularly and to daven in whatever way that he could. None of these

sacrifices was ever accompanied by a sense of bitterness or frustration. My Father in Law was not a bitter person – it was simply not his nature. Sadly, he had his share of suffering in life - personal and health challenges, as well as profound family disappointments, yet, he never allowed any of these to morph into self-pity. He always managed to remain upbeat and optimistic, holding out hope for a positive outcome. Even after his recent diagnosis, he remained hopeful and continued to research various alternative treatments to supplement the conventional medical protocol.

My Father in Law, in his own quiet way, radiated a sense of warmth and love – and this spirit imbued his yiddishkeit and his whole outlook to life. The subliminal message was that yiddishkeit and Judaism is a happy religion, that Torah is beautiful - and this optimistic quality endeared him to the family and beyond.

For my children, and for so many of the grandchildren, "Zaidy" was their hero.

My Father in Law had a great affinity for music – especially Jewish music - a talent that has become apparent in the children. The Gaisin Shabbos and Yom Tov tables were always filled with a positive spirit, with lots of zemiros.

The experience of the last week in the hospital – as heart wrenching as it was – was also a demonstration of the love and warmth that he engendered. It was a celebration of life rather than merely being an expression of sorrow. There was literally a round the clock vigil around my Father in Law's hospital bed, as the songs were mixing with the tears and bittersweet memories, along with the tefillos – from Shabbos zemiros, davening of Yamim Noraim, of Shalosh Regalim, and more. The love, warmth, and good energy were palpable; it was something extraordinary to behold - a remarkable testament to the beautiful home that my Father in Law, along with my Mother in Law Tibadel LeChayim Tovim, have created. And it is a reality to be cherished and treasured.

It is hard to believe that Daddy is no longer with us. Everything happened so quickly and suddenly, it seems surreal; all of us are, to some extent, still in an emotional state of shock. We cannot comprehend Hashem's ways. We all feel, perhaps subconsciously, that Daddy deserved better – and we were so looking forward to celebrating his forthcoming birthday and many future birthdays, and of providing him with continued nachas through our respective families.

And yet, I know that what my Father in Law would have wanted us to do at a time like this is to seek out a silver lining, even in the midst of the pain. There are many such silver linings – one of which is the fact that there was an opportunity for the family to bond in an incredible way and to experience a measure of closure these past few days. That sense of love and bonding is something beautiful that should be treasured.

Every one of us – but especially the Gaisin siblings - is unique and has a responsibility to actualize his and her unique potential in a way which is true to Daddy's legacy, not only through observing the laws of aveilus – saying kaddish etc. – but by embodying his traits and living by the values that he stood for. This is the ultimate zechus for his neshama.

Finally, there is a message here for all of us about the preciousness of life. So much of our time and energy is often spent on things that are ephemeral and transient. It is only in hindsight that we come to appreciate the gift of life itself.

About 26 years ago (in the summer of 1993), before I had even met Miriam, my Father in Law was involved in a terrible car accident. His life literally hung in the balance. Were it not for Hashem's mercy, and my Father in Law's ability to self-diagnose his injuries and impress upon the attending physicians what the appropriate intervention should be, he would have been lost to us then. So in hindsight, these last 26 years have been a blessing for us – in the family and in the community - a blessing that we should never take for granted.

It is customary at a levaya to ask mechila from the soul of the departed. Daddy, there is a mitzvah of kevod chamiv – showing respect for one's Father in Law – for which I know that I fell short. I ask your forgiveness for not having appreciated you sufficiently and shown you the proper respect. You were not one to demand respect; even so, I regret that I did not do more to honor you, and for that I ask mechila.

May you be a Melitz Yosher for the entire family. First and foremost to Mommy, your soulmate and partner in life with whom you were literally inseparable – to provide her with the strength to cope with this devastating lost and to persevere; for your sister, our Aunt Gail and Uncle Avi – that they only know of simcha and good health; for your children and grandchildren, and iyH future generations; for all of your friends in the shul and the larger Silver Spring Jewish community; and for all of Klal Yisrael.

May we speedily see the fulfillment of Yeshayahu's prophecy (25:8):
בִּלַּע הַמָּוֶת לָנֶצַח וּמָחָה אֲדֹנָי ה' דִּמְעָה מֵעַל כָּל פָּנִים
He will eliminate death forever, and my Lord Hashem/Elokim will erase tears from all faces. Amen.

Dr. Miriam Adler
Daughter of Dr. Gaisin

No words are adequate to capture my father's essence. Yet I want my father's neshama to hear how much we love him, how much we appreciate him, and how much we respect him. I therefore feel compelled to try to say a few words to highlight a few character traits - of which there are so many - that I so deeply admire.

When I think about you, Daddy, I think of you as the ultimate anav. I think about how humble and understated you were. You were so, so, smart. You were blessed with an aptitude and work ethic that led to scholarships, promotions, medical school awards, patient satisfaction awards and endless commendations. You have high school and college friends who repeatedly tell me - with voices full of hakaras hatov and admiration - that they wouldn't have gotten through high school or college without your friendly free tutoring services, and yet others wouldn't necessarily

know that if they weren't talking to you about an intellectual or academic topic with which they wanted advice or guidance. You were down to earth and unpretentious…

You never cared about status. You were very - what they call in New York - ”out of town,” in the best type of way. It didn’t matter about Yichus, what family someone was from, it didn’t matter about how much money someone had, their academic degrees, or the schools they attended. You were just a very good and kind person. You appreciated everybody for who they were….

You didn’t care about associating with only this kind of person or that type of person. You just cared about helping others. And you used all of your medical knowledge and spiritual awareness and talents to connect to other people and to be of service.

And you were indeed constantly helping others. I only know this because people in the community often accosted me - in a positive way - to tell me how much you've helped them or their family or their friends. But you would never say, “so-and-so called me for help.” I never knew about your gracious interactions directly from you, but I did have a feeling of pride growing up as your daughter. It felt good to know that virtually every Shabbos at least one person came to get medical help - maybe they had cut themselves with a razor sharp challah knife, or had an uncomfortable allergic reaction, or a child that needed stitches.

I had such a warm feeling as a child, knowing that you, Daddy, were an integral part of the community, that you were the type of person that could be counted on to be available to help anyone with a medical issue, at any time of day or night.

You were also incredibly sincere. You just cared about doing what was right and good in Hashem’s eyes. You didn’t give speeches about doing what was right - you just did it.

You were a tremendously growth-oriented person. You appreciated growth in all areas of life. You looked for growth in the medical field, always looking for the newest and most up to date ways of healing, adding complementary and dietary approaches to help yourself and help patients… And spiritually, you were always looking to learn a little bit more and to integrate what you learned back into your life. I only found out in the last week that it was you who led our family to become frum, that you had the initial spark that encouraged Mommy and brought us to where we are… And every time we visited, especially in later years as you had a little more free time, no longer helping us with homework and whatnot, you would tell us about a shiur you had recently gone to or a sefer you had started reading, and how it impacted you personally.

When thinking of you, Daddy, I also think of the phrase “*emor me’at va’asei harbeh*” – “say a little but do a lot.” I believe that aphorism really applies to you. In social settings, you were a man of few words. You were more than happy to let Mommy lead in social situations. You enjoyed people though, you enjoyed our many family friendships and being a part of a close-knit community. You had a big smile and big handshake to offer everyone, and then you were more than happy to let others do most of the talking.

Yet when there was something important to communicate, you could say a lot. If somebody needed medical help, if somebody was interested in a book that you had read, if somebody needed support, if you were repeating the Rabbi's drasha or an inspiring class you had gone to, then you got into action.

Even in our relationships within the family you often said little but did so much. You were known as "the tickle monster" when our kids were little. They would come over to you and jump into your lap… and they had all sorts of tickling games with rules they made up and that were ever changing: when to start tickles, and when to stop, and who got first and second tickle rights… Your grandchildren could bring you piles and piles of books, and, as my kids were recounting this week, unlike me and their father and most of us, who would surreptitiously skip pages to shorten the story - if there were a few paragraphs in the Berenstain Bears, we kind of boiled it down to what the picture showed and hoped the kids wouldn't notice - but Daddy, you read every single word of all those stories. Sometimes 10 or 20 in a row to all the grandchildren. And you were too honest, and too dedicated, to skip anything.

In terms of *aseh harbeh* - you were also constantly driving to visit all of us, Daddy. You drove way more than we thought you should be doing, and we all told you it was ok, that you didn't need to bother. But you were constantly driving to our events, to celebrate milestones – large and small - and just to visit on random Sundays with Mommy, both of you showing your love in your efforts.

You also took care of anything that needed taking care of. As a therapist, one of the buzzword concepts that we talk about is that a child needs a "secure base". Children need to feel like their parents are there for them, and will always be there for them. A child needs unconditional love in order to self-actualize and have the courage to face the world and all of its challenges. There's no question that you and Mommy - both my parents - have given me and all of my siblings that security.

Your presence, Daddy, was so full of love and acceptance. You might sometimes have just been sitting on the sofa quietly reading, but when you looked up, you had a big smile on your face and a big hug ready for anyone who wanted one. We just knew that you loved us so much. We knew as well that you were proud of our accomplishments, but never pressured us to have them. You never pressured us to get certain grades, or have certain interests, or anything like that. You just loved and appreciated us for who we were. You gave us the palpable sense that no matter what life brought, you and Mommy would be there for us and our families.

My parents, as many of you may know, have lots of quotes hanging in their house. While it's my mother who hung them up, my father very much enjoyed them. In fact, in the vein of *aseh harbeh* - do a lot - it was my father who sat by the computer typing them up. They occasionally switched the old ones and added new ones, but one of the quotes that has been up for a long time - I think it survived turnover - is: "Tell me who you admire and I will tell you who you are".

I would like to say, Daddy, that it was very clear who you admired, And who you admired was certainly a true reflection of your depth of character. I never once remember hearing you talk

about where people went to school, or how much money they made, or what new gadget or car or home they had bought. You didn't admire or yearn for those things.

What I heard you talk about were stories of people who went against all odds to become who they were today. You loved sharing about people who inspired others, people who stood up to "the bad guys" in whatever form it took, people who had new and innovative ways of thinking about matters, people who were leaders in their thoughts and actions… These people could be well known figures, but could also be those we came across in everyday life. You would tell us, perhaps, of somebody you met at a Shabbos table and how you were blown away by their personal sacrifice in becoming a baal teshuva. Or perhaps of someone you saw defend someone who was being treated unfairly or insensitively. You saved stories from magazines to read to us when we visited, which pulled at your heart with their inspirational messages, and sometimes you would tear when you read them at the Shabbos table. You recommended biographies and autobiographies about leaders who bucked the trends to do what was right, and you loved scientists, medical doctors, and cancer researchers who looked for connections others didn't see and brought innovations into their fields.

I am so lucky to have had you as a role model, Daddy. The only time I heard you talk about people was to say wonderful things about others, things that we might not have otherwise known about them. You would tell us in a good-natured tone that we should know the truth about so-and-so - that they seem like just another person, but they have an incredibly inspiring life, that this or that happened, that they were able to get through it, and that we should get to know them, or all learn from them, or go out of our way to extend ourselves to them.

My father was a man of integrity, a person of values and of strong character. He valued personal strength, commitment and fortitude. He had a difficult life as a child; as my aunt mentioned, he didn't smile much in his younger years. My aunt's birth was the highlight of his life, and he cherished that relationship. But his everyday life was hard. His parents were immigrants who owned a grocery store, and they lived above it. That grocery store was robbed a number of times. As my aunt told us recently, my father courageously, as a teen, chased after one of the people who held them up at knifepoint, horrified that they could endanger his family. Of course, his parents reprimanded him, telling him they would prefer the thief get off and that he, their son, not be killed. But despite my father's tough circumstances he did not become bitter. Quite the opposite. He used his experiences to sensitize himself to what was really important in life. He was so grateful to meet my mother, to be able to study medicine, to be exposed to a Torah lifestyle, and to be a part of this community. My aunt noted that he always had a smile on his face from the time he met my mother… I guess that is true, because in my mind, he is always smiling.

So, Daddy, I am so, so, sad that all of your children's children and great-grandchildren won't get to know you in the same way that we have, that they won't benefit from your gentle, positive presence…. that they won't get to feel your heartfelt, all-embracing hugs, or your big handshakes, or absorb your wide smile and your booming cheerful voice. Again, if there wasn't something specific that we needed help with, we didn't always have long conversations, but you just sat there on the flowered couch at home on Lamberton Drive, beaming at us like anything

we did or said was perfect, and you sent endless love through the airwaves. All my kids felt that, and I'm sure everyone's did…

We will all do our best to communicate who you were and what you stood for and all of the family love that we felt. We will do our best, but we will still miss you… Over the last year, when you were more flexible on Fridays with your work schedule, you called to give your grandchildren Shabbos brachos in your booming, cantorial, beautifully effervescent voice. We are so thankful for the loving home that you and Mommy built for us… We hope we bring you comfort and nachas as we do our best to emulate your ways.

Meredith Benschar
Daughter to Dr. Gaisin

Daddy, I will always admire:

Your Integrity - your honesty, your hard working nature.

Your Generosity - After long days of work you open your home to patients free of charge. You did it with a smile, and you honestly felt good about it and were happy to do it.

I will always admire your humility - you never saw yourself as someone deserving of any kind of kavod. You always put others before yourself.

Your Devotion - your devotion to Mommy. You've always wanted Mommy to be happy. Everything was always about "well Mommy will be happy, let's do that." "Mommy will be happy, that's what Mommy wants."

To Aunt Gail - you were the most devoted big brother. When your parents were working long hard hours in the store, you were charged with taking care of her. Instead of complaining, like some of today's generation, maybe sometimes, possibly, theoretically, could complain about, you were always happy to take care of Aunt Gail and you felt great being a big brother/uncle type. You took such good care of her.

And to us - you always wanted the best for us, Daddy. Sometimes you would go 10 years without buying a new suit and be wearing a suit that had holes in unobtrusive places that nobody would notice - but you always made sure we had what we needed.

Twenty-six years ago, when you had a devastating car accident and we didn't know if you'd make it through the night, you made me promise not to tell Mommy - because you didn't want to ruin her first solo trip in 20 plus years of marriage. Of course, I didn't listen to you, because I called Aunt Gail and she said "Your mother needs to know." But you - with tears in your eyes - you held my hand and said "please don't tell Mommy, it's the one time she ever did anything for herself, I don't want to ruin it." That's you, Daddy. Even when your life was hanging in the balance, you didn't want to upset Mommy.

You were always so loving- you treated each one of the seven of us as your only child, and each grandchild as your favorite! Sometimes other Zaidies would tell you they had a hard time recognizing each child's voice when they would call; you had no problem. You always knew who it was. You loved to call our children “Cookie”, and they love it. My kids were saying “we always love Zaidy calling us Cookie!” You recognized each of them, and when you would answer the phone, you would always sound like it made your day to hear that child or grandchild or child-in-law’s voice. You really took immense pleasure, Daddy, in being part of our lives and our children's lives.

When my son - my oldest - was applying for internships for this summer, you called him and you wanted to know how the interview went, and what kind of computer work it would be… You really cared! You had things going on in your life, but you cared about Tsvi’s internship. And with Nehama’s seminary applications, you were so excited after every interview. You wanted the play-by-play, and you wanted to know the pros and cons and help her make the decision. You had so much going on in your life this year, but this is what you cared about. And Yehuda, when he started a new high school, you wanted to know the pros and cons of each option. And then when he started, you would call to ask him how it went, how he liked his Rebbis, how he liked the secular. And my daughter Meira, she had an overnight, two weeks ago, when Daddy was aware - he was in a lot of pain from his infection but he was aware - and he was on the phone, on speakerphone, one night, and Meira told Zaidy “tomorrow I have an overnight in camp.” And Shlomo piped up from the background and said “Oh guess what Meira, Zaidy and I are having an overnight also!” Because Shlomo did not leave my father's side. We're all extremely devoted, and we took turns sleeping with my father in the hospital, but Shlomo, for three weeks straight, got maybe two night's sleep not in the hospital - and one of them was driving to HASC and back so I don't think he slept that night.

So - when Shlomo said “Meira, Zaidy and I are having an overnight!” Daddy laughed, he thought it was exciting. He was sick in the hospital and he was excited that his granddaughter was having an overnight!

And my daughter Chanala, she did a biography report this year where she had to dress up as J.K. Rowling. and she went over every detail with my father. He heard about what vest she was going to wear, and how she was going to decorate her project, and he cared! He acted like it was like neuroscience she was teaching him. He was so excited because his grandchild was excited!

He was so much fun. Like my sister said, my children said to me last night “Remember how we would each grab five or ten books and sit on the couch, and Zaidy would spend three or four hours reading to us?” That was Daddy. He had a spot on the couch, his favorite spot on the couch. As long as he had some coffee to drink, he would read books till infinity. And he used silly voices with them, and he called them “Cookie,” and they loved it.

Daddy, you were selfless. One small example that came to mind is my high school graduation. You worked the day before, you worked a full day's work. You drove through the night to Philadelphia to pick up your mother-in-law, Bubba Nora. Then you drove back. You worked the

next day, you attended my graduation, and drove all night to bring Bubba Nora back. You didn't think there was anything special about that. It was almost two full night's sleep just to bring your mother-in-law, so she could get Nachas at my graduation. It had to be done, so you did it. That's my Daddy.

Daddy you were kind, pure, and caring. This past week you gave us a tremendous gift, as my esteemed brother-in-law said. You gave us a tremendous gift. You made sure that we would have no regrets and none of us would feel like we weren't there for you. This whole time since your diagnosis, which was actually a really short period of time five or six weeks - it was such a short time, and we really were all there for you. But this past week was unparalleled. Every single one of us dropped everything and just came. And you gave us that week to spend focused on each other, and really focused on you. And we never focused only on you, because you were always in the background, loving us and being there. You were the solid foundation of our home, you didn't draw attention to yourself. But this week, in your non-responsiveness, your just being there… you were the focus of attention. We were all kissing you, we were talking to you, stroking you, singing to you. We surrounded you this week with love, with Tehillim, and - I know it'll come as a shock to you - but a lot of Niggunim. And then *more* love, *more* Tehillim, and yes, shockingly, *more* niggunim. And family memories - we'd periodically giggle about family memories… and then, sometimes, at night, those of us that were bunking in the hospital - we took turns - we would start giggling about our arrangements.

There was one night - that first night, with that ridiculous chair in the hospital - it was like an I Love Lucy moment. Shlomo was holding one end, my mother was sitting on it, Miriam and I were holding the other end, first we couldn't get it to open right, then we got it to open right, then it closed, and we were just sitting together and laughing. We said,"Daddy, we're sorry we're laughing in front of you when you're so sick…" but it was funny. We just knew that Daddy wouldn't have minded. He would have been happy that we were laughing, I'm sure he heard us and he liked that we were laughing about a silly I Love Lucy moment where we couldn't get the silly chair to recline. Then we figured out we needed a taller person. The next night Reuven slept in it and it was totally fine. We needed a taller person than my mother to sleep in it. We thought that was the most comfortable spot… then we gave her a different spot.

Daddy, you gave us one last chance to be *mekayim* the mitzvah of *kibud av* while you were in this world. Thank you so much, it was such a gift.

I thought about you on Motzei Shabbos. We were so scared over Shabbos. Me, and my siblings, and our children, we were just sick to our stomach about what we were going to hear, that the door would open and somebody would come back from the hospital. We were nauseous and anxious the entire shabbos. When we got the news from Arthur a little bit after Shabbos that things were moving, our spouses told us to shower first, but then we went to the hospital. On our way there, my sister and I were talking about how maybe Daddy was just waiting for all of us to be together. We were all "there," but over Shabbos we were split between the house & hospital. Maybe Daddy was just waiting for us all to get there; and I think that's what it was - so he could be with us one last time together.

Daddy - I always felt like I was your little girl. I know Miriam was your little girl also, but I always felt like each of us was your favorite. This Friday night, when our husbands were giving our children brachos, it hit me: it always made me feel so young. Whenever we would spend Shabbos with Mommy & Daddy, Daddy would give me a bracha. And I have children, Baruch Hashem, and they're growing up, but it made me feel like a little girl instead of just a mommy and wife- which is wonderful, which is wonderful! But it made me feel like a little girl.

Daddy I will miss your brachos. I loved your brachos, I loved being a little girl and bending down and getting a bracha along with my kids.

When I was born, Mommy said I looked so much like you she couldn't believe I was a girl- that a girl could have the same face as a man. And I still think I look like a woman, and my Daddy looked like a man, and I do not have a beard, but I was always proud that people recognize that I look like my father, like Daddy.

And then there was this really cute story I remember from when I was a little girl, with Nehama Malin. We were very close growing up, and one shabbos, Nehama came to me and said "could you come to my house after shul and we'll just have lunch together and play the whole day?" Her father said yes, and her mother said sure. And then I went to find my Daddy, and I pulled on his pants, and I said, "Daddy, can I go to Nehama's house?" I was probably six or seven. And he looked down and he was NOT my Daddy! I was hysterical and crying. And then my father, all of a sudden. these big strong arms, picked me up and hugged me and said "Sweetie- it's me, everything's fine. It wasn't someone scary, it was a normal guy from shul. If you want to go to Nehama's, you can go to Nehama's!" But that was my Daddy- to pick me up with his big strong arms. "It's okay Merry, I'm here."

Daddy, you nicknamed me *Merry* and it really stuck. All my life, it felt like it described my personality. You called me & Miriam your "M&MS." You made us feel great about our chocolate brown eyes - people talk about having blue eyes - I know, to my kids who do, I love it! you're gorgeous! - but I never felt like I was missing anything. I have chocolate brown eyes, and who wouldn't want chocolate brown eyes?

When I was a little girl, you felt like I needed some special "Daddy time," so you took me for Suzuki violin lessons. It was like you had nothing else to do in the world but sit for an hour in Suzuki violin lessons with me and my violin teacher, learning Suzuki violin.

When Tal picked me up for our first date, it was so funny, people asked me afterwards, "do you mind you're dating someone with a beard?" As soon as I saw him, there was a familiar look. Something just felt like home! Obviously I had to like him, he had to be wonderful & all that, but there's something about Tal that just looked like home - because Tal has that trim beard like my father, and he's tall and broad, just like that familiar "Daddy look."

My daughter asked me last week, when I wasn't home and my husband was lovingly taking care of her at home, but she Baruch Hashem missed her mommy - so she likes mommy! - she asked me one night over the phone, "Mommy, I don't understand. Everyone says it's so good to go to

Shamayim - but then why is it so hard for us down here?" And I didn't have an answer for her. I don't know, I don't have an answer. It is so hard for us, even though it is so good for his Neshama. He's at peace, he's at the Kisei Hakavod. And here we are. We miss our Daddy. We'll miss him forever. I don't have an answer for you, sweetheart. Somehow, this is the way Hashem's world works. I don't know.

Daddy, I will love you forever, I'll miss you for always. Wherever I am, I'll always be thinking of you and carrying you in my heart, teaching your values and your integrity to my children. I'll always feel surrounded by your love when I think of you. Please be a Meilitz Yoshar for Mommy, for Aunt Gail, for each of us children. For your grandchildren you have, for the grandchildren IY"H you will have. For your great grandchild and your great grandchildren you will have. And for the whole Silver Spring community who has really rallied around us. The Bikur Cholim, the Helping Hands. Unbelievable. Unbelievable that we were able to be nourished and fed without having to think about it.

Hakadosh Baruch Hu, please take good care of my Daddy. He took such good care of us, please take good care of him. I love you Daddy and I'll love you forever.

Arthur Gaisin
Son of Dr. Gaisin

Dad had an eclectic variety of interests. However, his interests weren't just intellectual in nature. If he felt strongly enough about something, he had the fortitude to transform his life and habits around this new view. We saw this in his religious beliefs, as he started a new family in the community about 40 years ago, and we saw this in his views on health and diet throughout his life.

To illustrate how varied Dad's interests were, I'll take a little stroll down memory lane, running through some examples that come to mind:

- Health
    - In the 90s, before it was mainstream, he got into Hypnosis and Meditation. He would practice with us, and I remember reading some of his books about float tanks. This was back before it was cool.
    - Again back in the 90s, he was into Low Carb and Ketogenic diets.
    - He was a Vegetarian for many years.
    - Buckwheat, lentils, spelt, kashi - they were all typical foods in our house back then.
    - I remember when Dad went through the phase when he would cook shiitake mushrooms in the Wok.
- Hobbies
    - Photography - he built a dark room in the basement. He taught me and we learned together how to develop film and enlarge photos; it was a creative outlet I enjoyed throughout high school and beyond.
    - Building and shooting off model rockets - a lot of fun as a kid.

    - We did Karate for a number of years. Dad had a black belt in Taekwondo.
    - We built Electronic kits like transistor radios.
    - We put together model airplanes.
    - He brought home Liquid nitrogen from the office, and we shattered grapes etc.
- Learning
    - Tech Savvy - always trying to stay on top of technology and research new devices or gadgets. I remember our Commodore 64.
- Trips
    - We didn't go fishing often, but I have some distinct memories at the beach where we went fishing, and then caught and ate the fish.
    - Whenever we would go to the beach, Dad would either dress up, or wear hospital greens. There was nothing in between.
- Vignettes
    - He was always helping the community - people were always calling or coming to the house, or my dad going there to help, and I felt proud of him for helping others in the community.
    - I worked for my dad in his many offices (Annapolis, Bowie, Kensington) over the summers and loved it. It was amazing to see the man I looked up to, totally in his element at work, having fun with the staff and patients, doing what he loved with a passion, helping and healing people.
    - Zaidy loved spending time with grandkids and engaging them in playful conversation.
    - Zaidy always had a smile.
    - Dad was an amazing violinist - I remember begging him to teach me how to play, and he tried, although I wasn't a great student.
    - I remember colliding with a friend on the soccer field and needing stitches, but feeling so proud that my dad stitched it up for me. I remember going to his office, and then getting ice cream afterwards.
    - My dad loved singing - kiddush, havdalah (with the blue flame), and zemiros around the shabbos table were always highlights of the week.
    - I remember taking long walks with Dad on Shabbos along Sligo Creek.
    - I remember that my favorite series, for a while, was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes." I loved it and read cover to cover. I think the reason I love it so much was because it was gifted to Dad from a patient who appreciated his diagnostic skill. The inscription was "You solved the mystery!"
    - I remember going through a particularly prickly phase in my teens, and how my Dad didn't lecture me. He instead bought me a copy of Dale Carnegie's "How to Make Friends and Influence People" and suggested I read it (I did).

Looking back, many of the things he introduced me to at a young age are things I came back to later in life and also now try to do with my own kids.

Reflecting a bit, some lessons from Dad that stand out to me:

- My Dad led by example. No complaints, no lectures, he just did the thing he was trying to do. That's how we learnt.
- There was always huge sacrifice and selflessness. Everything he did was for his family. He was as humble as can be.
- He was always learning, exploring, growing. He was always reading, thinking, discussing things with anyone who was interested, and he seemed to surround himself with friends that were experts in some area he could learn from.
- Dad was strong, a fighter, and I'm pretty sure he had nine lives. Over the past week in the hospital, we did some rough math, and unfortunately, it wasn't hard to come up with nine life threatening events that he overcame. We also saw firsthand his amazing will to live and overcome challenges each time he faced them. He didn't stop or give up; he kept an optimistic outlook and kept plugging away.
- He had a tremendous balance through partnership. Mom and Dad each tip the scales in certain qualities, and together, they completed each other.

The past month-plus has been a tremendous challenge in every way, but I feel blessed that we had the opportunity to spend quality time with Dad and together as a family.

What is most important in the end is that we all came together as a family and as a community, to support not only my Dad, but also my Mom - and we thank you all for the continued support.

Daniel Gaisin
Son of Dr. Gaisin

Dear Daddy,

It was only a little over a month ago that we found out you were sick. We knew that we had limited time left with you, but we never imagined how short it would be. You were constantly on my mind, worrying about you, dreading what was to come. That first Shabbos after we found out you were sick, I couldn't get through a Shabbos meal without crying. Shabbos was such a central part of our family life growing up. The family around the Shabbos table, singing shalom aleicheim and eishes chayil, the Friday night blessing of the children, kiddush, havdalah. As I went through each of these components of Shabbos with my family, it reminded me of you and Mommy and our home growing up, where I learned all of this. All the melodies I use, I learned from you, and it made me so sad to think that my role model and my teacher may not be with us much longer. Even after I grew up and moved out, you would still call on Friday to give me the Shabbos blessing.

I recently read an essay with my son by a former New York Yankees baseball player. One passage caught my eye, as I felt that it really epitomized you Daddy. And I quote, "And throughout twenty years in pinstripes, I learned that despite the pace and the pressure, one code truly makes this city go: Get up each day, put on your uniform, go to work, do your best, and don't make excuses." And in describing you, Daddy, I would add another clause: "..and put on a smile." This was you. You were a man who did what was expected of him, day in and day out.

For many years you had trouble with your mobility, but you didn't complain or make excuses. You always did what you had to do. Every morning, you got up and got out to work to do your job, to take care of your patients, and you did it with a genuine smile. You always greeted people with a disarming smile and made them feel comfortable and welcome. And ultimately, everything you did was to take care of your family.

The day after we found out you were sick was Father's day weekend, and my children brought home from school beautiful father's day cards and projects. I want to share one of the cards I received, because it really made me think of my father.

Dear Daddy,

Just like a farmer
when planting a tree
toils endlessly
so the best fruits he will see,

Parents work their whole life
for their children to learn and grow
to nurture those seedlings
they so carefully did sow.

Tree, O tree, with what should I bless you?
That your fruit be sweet? Your shade be plentiful? That a spring of water should run beneath you?
Rather, May it be G-d's will that all the trees planted from your seeds should be like you.

Daddy, May it be G-d's will that all your efforts you invested in your children should bring out the best fruits there can be.

Daddy, I appreciate your hard work and sacrifice that went into providing a good, comfortable life for your family. I appreciate all your efforts in providing a Jewish life and education for us. I love you and will miss you forever.

Jeremy Gaisin
Son of Dr. Gaisin

Hesped for my dear father, Dr. Allen Gaisin: הכהן מנדל מנחם בן אליהו
By Yirmiyahu Asher Ben Eliyahu HaKohen, aka Jeremy Asher Gaisin

I am heartbroken beyond words, and can't think too cogently at the moment.
My eyes are over-run with tears and my soul yearns to have you back with us, Daddy.
I feel like Tisha B'av came early this year - and in a way that is more palpable than ever for me.

Daddy, you exhibited such patience, and kindness, and didn't need much to make you happy. I admired, even if I couldn't always relate to, how you were happy with simple things. My father was *sameach bechelko* - happy with his lot. He and my mom together were a joy to behold; I never saw a more beautiful, radiant couple.
You were such a pair. Sometimes, Dad, you'd just smile as Mom filled in more conversation, and sometimes Mom would smile, or wait with baited breath, as you'd regale us with heartwarming religious stories you found, or fascinating medical stories, and things beyond our regular scope of understanding or knowledge.

Dad, you had such a hungry curiosity for life and God, and you seemed on a constant mission to learn more, and wanted to teach us lessons from what you gleaned. You were even working on a family book of sorts to help us know more about health and medicine.

Daddy, your loving, patient style was really something I admire. I have so much to learn from you, still. And you had such a big heart.
Actually, even towards the end, after the devastating stroke that made the last several days of your life on this earth so hard, we were told you had a good, strong, heartbeat. And it made sense to us, because you had such a good heart - that we knew.

And your heart beat for Mommy.

And in a heartbeat you would be available to help one of us out with something, or look up medical information for someone, or go watch some grandkids, or look at a skin rash of someone in the community, or someone in the family, or someone you didn't know.
Even when you were in urgent care, with severe discomfort, you were willing to take time and effort to try and message with medical advice for my friends' son's skin rash that it seemed they could use some more feedback on.

Daddy, you were selfless.

And you were NOT a complainer. What you would state was your level of pain when a nurse would ask you, was several notches below what a standard person would call the same level of pain, we learned.

As I'm clouded with sadness and inability to think straight at the moment, I'd like to quote from friends from some of the recent outpourings of caring messages I've received:
Noam Stern told me: *"Growing up, I felt your house to be full of love and warmth. Your father always seemed to treat people with kindness, and I know that you carry on his spirit. Even as a kid, I felt a connection to your father, as he was my Mohel; in his honor, I will try to live more like him and have a warm and open household."*
David Katzper said: *"Your dad was an amazing man, so kind hearted, and always had so much joy in his face. I'm sorry that we lost a great kohen today."*
Rafi Muller mentioned that it's *"a huge loss for the community and all of* עם ישראל*".*
Rebecca Gras said: *"Your father was a beautiful person. I have clear memories of him. He pierced my ears when I was eight. He was so gentle, and kind, and trustworthy."*

Cindy Bauman said *"Your Dad z"l and your dear Mom (she should live and be well until 120 years plus) brought up a beautiful and special family. We will always cherish our times together."*
Nathan Franco said: *"There are no words to describe how sorry and devastated I am by this tragic loss of such a great man."*
Tzippy Rosenblatt said: *"Your father was so kind, and dedicated his life to healing others. He was such an interesting person to talk to. We always enjoyed his company. May your beautiful memories be a source of comfort during this very sad time."*
Dan Kugler and family said: *"Your father has been so special to our entire family. He has always been there for us when we were in need. He was one of the kindest people I have ever met. We will miss him tremendously."*
Josh Lawrence told me: *"Your father was a wonderful, brilliant, amazing person. My heart is with you and your family."* And Josh, who I was born just a few days apart from, encouraged me to hang in there and mentioned, *"remember your fathers strength, patience, and wisdom. He always seemed so satisfied with life- even when there may have been a ton of crazy kids (us, our friends, and your siblings) wreaking havoc around the house. One of my favorite early memories is of your father singing havdalah in your house and lighting the dancing blue flames - that was always a special treat."*

Another family friend, Noemi Gerstl Charnow - when you were so sick and unconscious, Daddy, called me for a belated birthday call and reminisced, too, about your havdalah.

As a side note, this past English birthday was an incredibly despondent one - I hope to never have another filled with such despair - but even with the sadness, the family was banded together and there was so much love in the hospital room. Amidst all that was so bleak, the family tried to make it sweet for me, even if it was only able to be bittersweet, and there were some birthday treats and a semblance of happiness. I'm sure you would have wanted us to try and be happy - and with you in the room together, even if unconscious, it seemed almost as if you could celebrate my birthday with me. I just wish we'd be able to celebrate yours with you this year. It gives such a disconsolate feeling to know you won't be here to celebrate your upcoming birthday. I hope you were shepping nachas at us trying to have some joy, even as it was so heartbreaking to see you, our dear father and patriarch, in such an incapacitated state.

On that call, while reminiscing about old times with the Gaisin household, Noemi told me she wasn't used to such melodious singing at havdalah. Daddy, you and Mommy created such a warm and beautiful environment in which guests could feel comfortable, relish the beauty of Jewish rituals (which you and Mommy had discovered and drawn yourselves close to as a young married couple), and feel like one big family (as if it wasn't big already, you found room in your hearts and home for more). After you passed away, Daddy, Noemi told me, *"He was such a wonderful man who left a gigantic legacy behind. Just look in the mirror"*.

While I wish I would live up to your legacy better, Daddy, I know you will help me from Shamayim.
Daddy, I hope you forgive me for my shortcomings, and I'm sorry I still haven't gotten my act together and gotten married yet. I know one day when I do get married, with God's help, you will

be there with me, Mommy, and the whole family, and maybe you will even help pull some strings in Shamayim to help that day come sooner.

You are such a supporting and loving father, and when I'd sometimes worry too much you had your kind and relaxed way of telling me, "Don't worry about it, Jeremy!"

Just a little anecdote I want to add: I remember we were at a hospital…[actually] this was at a doctor's office--it's a little bit of a blur, all that went on in the last number of weeks- we were at a doctor's office- and I think the nurse was doing some paperwork and she said *"Are you Allen Gaisin?"* and he says *"Last time I checked!"* - He had such a wit, he had such a joie de vivre, simchas hachaim… I will miss seeing your smile in person, but I will cherish pictures and memories…*

Thank you for being my father, I am lucky to be your son. If I will be even a fraction of as loving and supportive a father as you, I will have succeeded; if I can live up to even a fraction of the wonderful role model you are, I will be a mentsch worthy of carrying your name and legacy.
I love you, I will always love you, and I miss you beyond words, infinitely.

**Though I think I characterized the story well enough in my paraphrasing by memory, I found in a family messaging thread how I'd described that anecdote the day it happened, moments after: "Hi all, just wanna share an anecdote giving a glimpse of dad's charming humor that just happened a few moments ago, someone here at this office was asking (for forms I think), "Are you Allen"? And he quipped "Last I heard!""*

Reuven Gaisin
Son of Dr. Gaisin

My father was a man of integrity, a man that had deep faith and emunah in Hashem. He was yashar, he was a family man. Dignified, patient, humble, peaceful, an ohev shalom (lover of peace), a rodef shalom (pursuer of peace), ohev es habrios (lover of all people and God's creations), kind and generous. He truly put everyone's needs before his own. He was an esteemed physician and a caring, compassionate doctor. He is my role model. There are no words to describe the gaping hole that is now left in my heart and the hearts of my family.

My father's greatest joy was his family. He has 7 children, 20 grandchildren, and 1 great-grandchild. Each one of us felt his unconditional love, as if we alone were his only child or grandchild. And we still feel it so strongly as if he is still here with us today, holding our hands, sharing comforting words during this very difficult time. There are no words to describe the special bonds he built with each one of us. He made each of us feel so special. He made great efforts to visit his children and grandchildren on a regular basis. He dropped everything else he had to do to celebrate birthday parties, graduations, siyumim, or just to visit. No distance was too far for him to travel. He taught us that there is nothing more important than family, and

celebrating with family takes precedence. Everything else could wait. He was our rock, our sounding board to bounce off ideas.

Daddy, we always go to you for advice and guidance when we go through challenging times. Now, you are not here to help guide us through the most challenging thing we have experienced, ever. I wish you were here to talk with us and comfort us.

Over the last week, my father was constantly surrounded by family. His hospital room became like his home. We sang to him, said tehillim, cried, and reminisced. Even his teenage grandchildren did not want to leave his side. They came as early as they could and stayed until they were forced to go home. The bond that my father created with his children and grandchildren cannot be broken. It was our biggest privilege to be in the presence of Zaidy, always. We will always love him!

There is a story in Maseches Taanis about Abba Umana, Abba the doctor. He merited to receive a Bas Kol from the Heavenly Academy every single day asking about his welfare. Abayeh received these greetings every Erev Shabbos and Rava received these same greetings only on Erev Yom Kippur. The Gemara says that the reason why Abba Umana merited to receive these greetings every day was because of his sensitivity and concern, as well as tznius (modesty), for his patients. When he performed bloodletting for a woman, he would have her put on a special cover to keep her modesty. He would not treat men and women together. He also had a payment box in a hidden place, and his policy was that whoever could afford to pay would pay, and whoever could not afford, would not pay. Nobody would know who paid and who couldn't afford to pay. This way, those that did not have the means would not be embarrassed. When a Talmud Chacham came to Abba Umana, he would not take money from him. Instead, Abba would give him money to buy food to help the Talmud Chacham recover from the procedure.
Even though Rava and Abaya were great Amorayim, Abba Umana still merited to receive more frequent Heavenly greetings. Abba Umana reached a certain level because he had special opportunities as a doctor that the Amorayim did not have. This was Daddy. My father followed the path of Abba Umana. Daddy had tremendous dedication, care and concern for all of his patients. His patients loved him. He helped people get better without thinking of the monetary profit. He helped people because it was the right thing to do, and he cared. At his home, his door was always open where people would visit, around the clock, seeking medical advice, needing stitches, or just diagnosing a rash. If he was sleeping, he would happily wake up to see the patient; if he came home after a long day at work, he would happily see the patient. The mission Hashem gave him was to help others, and he fulfilled that mission. He practiced medicine in the same way that he lived his life - with devotion and uncompromising love and care.

Daddy, we are going to miss your warm smile, your birchas habanim that you gave us each week - whether in person or on the phone. We will miss our Shabbos and Yom Tov meals together and singing zemiros with you. We are going to miss the heart-warming stories you loved to tell us at the Shabbos table, and the fascinating discussions we had about Torah, health, medicine, science, archeology, and history. One thing that stands out was his passion to connect Torah and science. He would always look at medicine and health through the lens of Torah. We will miss the Pesach sedarim, the impromptu coloring visits with our children. Sometimes you would

come over just to see the kids. We will miss walking to shul with you, driving to and from NJ, showing you our kid's rashes. We will miss everything about you Daddy, everything!

Daddy, you are my role model. I hope I can build a family like you and Mommy. I admire you. I am inspired by the way you lived your life, by your Shalom Bayis and by the way that you raised us. I daven that my family should always give you and Mommy nachas ruach.

וּמָחָה ה' אלוקים דִּמְעָה מֵעַל כָּל־פָּנִים
...the Lord God will wipe the tears off all faces...

Shlomo Gaisin
Son of Dr. Gaisin

It's a Mitzvah to eulogize for *kibud av va'em*, *li'kavod ha'mes*. The question I'm struck with is: How do you eulogize someone like the name of Hashem, someone who is ineffable, who's beyond any words?

So the best place to go is the Talmud, the Gemara. Like it says in Shabbos 118b: One of the Tana'im asked another student, "What was your father most careful about, What was your father most vigilant, most particular about?"

Obviously, Daddy, I can't possibly describe the immense amount of goodness that you were in this world and that you are in this world forever and ever... but I could talk about a few things which I think are pertinent, since we're humans too, and we need to learn from you.

As Rav Yoel in Eretz Yisrael said about my father, to my brother Jeremy and me, "He was a Tzadik Tamim, mamash a Tzadik Tamim, an Ish Tzadik Tamim!"

My father was a very unique person in this generation. On the level of Ish. He was always worthy. He was such a human being!

As a doctor, such a respected person, such a mentsch, such an ehrlicher Yid. My niece, Esti, was saying that one time there was a Muslim patient, and my father was so well-versed in medicine, that as he gave her the regular (standard) things, although he wasn't allowed to tell her extra (holistic) things, he would hint: "If you want me to tell you things that could work according to your culture, I'm also happy to tell you things you can heal yourself with, such as from your Muslim culture." I don't know whether the person did or did not ask him (for further information), but that was the type of person that my father was. He treated every person exactly how they were. If they were Muslim, he respected them, if they were Jewish, he loved them; whoever they were, he was an *Ish* to them, he was a real person, he was a mentsch in this world, and he made a Kiddush Hashem in his work.

He was also a Tzadik. As my rebbi, R' Dov Ber Pinson, says, *Who is a Tzadik? One who makes You feel like a Tzadik!* My father made every child of his feel like a Tzadik , he made each and

every friend feel like a tzadik, he made my mom feel like a tzadik! He was really a mensch in that way, he was really a tzadik.

And he was Tamim. I've never been with such a person, who is so present in every single moment that they're in.
My father, following like Rashi says in the text about the concept of "*tamim,"* my father was not "*doresh atidos*," he was not trying to figure out what would be in the future. He just wanted to be as present in the present moment as he could be, because he realized that it (the present moment) was a present!

Also, my father was an *Ish*, a real human being, a real person. He took care of his *guf*, his body- "*venishmartem meod l'nafshoseichem*." Every food that went into his mouth was premeditated, whether it was actually good for his body or not. I've never met such a person! Every drink, even in the hospital, before he was even allowed to eat food, because it was so painful - had to be approved. He didn't just want to eat whatever they gave him. First of all, it had to be Kosher for him, second of all, he wanted to make sure that it was actually going to be good for him.

My Father was always growing. You know, because of my father, my mother was also inspired. My father had that first spark to be a Baal Teshuvah, and inspired my mom, and because of them, there's 3 *doros yesharim* (righteous generations) that they brought into the world, and counting - and we just started the third *dor yashar*.

Daddy, you are always growing! And I know you're going to continue to grow in Shamayim with tzadikim every year. We know that whatever a person was in life, that is the way he will continue to be in shamayim, so I know that my father is going to continue to seek knowledge.

I told my father, "Please don't settle, you didn't get to go to Yeshiva in this world, but in the next world, you have so many yeshivos, and I want to make sure that you find the right one."

I told my father, last week, that he should be particular. If he wants to try the shiur of Rebbi Shimon bar Yochai, at this point, there is no language barrier. He can understand Aramaic, he can understand Hebrew… and I told him a whole slew of Tzadikim and talmidei chachamim that I want him to try. So I am excited for my father - because that's his way, that even after life, he is still going to be experiencing growth, because there's a whole other life. It's really just a birth. He is birthing into a whole new dimension of himself. And he's finally going to have the wings. He was so immobile the last couple years, but he's finally going to have the wings to fly into any beis medrash and he won't have to worry about being wheeled in a wheelchair! He won't have to be limited by that.

My father was always growing. I remember, maybe three years ago, he got so excited about Shemiras Halashon. He told me, "Shlomo, I want to tell you what we have on our table now. We have a Machsom L'Peh! It's on our table so that every day, people should see that we're careful about our words! (It was very much like the way he is careful about his food.)

You know, there are some people who read the news, and there are some people who realize that the newest news is really Torah- "*hamechadeish b'tuvo b'kol yom tamid."* My father was able to read the news and know what was going on, and still, the Torah was the newest thing he's ever read.

You know the difference between a philosopher and a scientist? Abraham Joshua Heschel says that a scientist sees something a thousand times and he thinks he knows it, but a philosopher can see something a thousand times and still realize how much we don't know about it! He'll still be stuck in wonder. That's the way my father was his whole life. He had that childlike wonder that drove him through everything in life, whether it was medicine, whether it was his children - he always saw that his children had *sodos* that were still to be found. And he always realized how his grandchildren were still *chiddushim*. The chiddush of life was never old to him; he was always tapped into the concept of "*hamechadeish b'tuvo b'kol yom tamid."*

My father was an *Ish tzadik tamim haya be'dorosav…* He was one-of-a-kind, and there will never be someone just like him!

And Daddy, the other thing about you is, you're really a *dugma chaya* (living example) of Shalom Bayis, both in your relationship to your wife, my mother, but also in your relationships to your children.

People say this world is a helios and this solar system is a heliocentric system, but in solar systems I think of, it is a Sheila-centric solar system! My father's whole world revolved around my mother, and her comfort, and her needs, and the family! He was so committed to his family, he didn't care about things outside of his *daled amos*! He was *tamim*, he mamesh was a *tamim*. He cared about my mother, and knowing that she was happy made him happy. Knowing that his children were happy made him happy. His eyes were not perusing outside around the other homes. *"Mah tovu ohalecha Yaakov, mishkenosecha Yisrael…"*

He was so family-centric. I remember this, in terms of how much you (Daddy) love my mother… Anyone who has ever seen them together knows that they are a one-of-a-kind couple. There never was and never will be anyone like them.

One example I remember: one Shabbos I was at a Kiddush in Shul, in this sanctuary, in this hall, and Daddy, I remember talking to you. I saw my father sitting at the corner as Kiddush started. Ten minutes later, he's still sitting there, talking to no one… Twenty minutes later, a friend had come over for maybe five minutes, and thirty minutes later, my father was still sitting there. Meanwhile the Kiddush wa starting to fade out, and my mom was talking to people, she is so friendly, and so I asked my father, I was like, "Daddy, should I walk you home, you want to go home together?" He said, "No, I'm fine." So I said, "Daddy, you're not talking to anyone, why are you here?" My father said, "because Mom is here, and I want to stay here as long as Mom wants to stay." I said, "Dad, Mom's gonna be here for another hour!" and he said, "I know she's gonna be the last one, but if she wants to be here, I want to be here!"

What kind of Shalom Bayis is that? I've never heard of such a thing. I really yearn for such a thing; I want to be that way with my future wife.

And so I encourage everybody, if there's one take-away from my father, it's to give everything to your spouse, make sure your whole life is dedicated to your spouse. My father lived that. Everybody knows this, but just, please, remember this, because there are so many broken homes in this generation, and my father was in this generation, and he shows that it's possible to have such a Shalom Bayis.

Another thing about my father: There is a beautiful Sfas Emes about speaking the words of Torah to your children, "*v'shinantam l'vanecha v'dibarta bam,* and you shall teach them to your children and speak of them… when sitting in your house, when walking on your way, when laying and when rising…" The way my father spoke Torah was not in words, it was in action - it was with *maaseh*. Everything with my father was this way. He wanted to see it, he wanted to hear it, he wanted to live it. Like my brother Arthur said, the main way that my father would teach us, was just by actually living what he learned and did.

My mother was talking on the phone to R' Pinson last Sunday, and she said the following about my father: "My husband is a Bais Hamikdash, and just like I can't have full joy until the Bais Hamikdash is rebuilt, I don't think that I could possibly have full joy without my husband, not until my husband is back with us."

That speaks volumes, the fact that my mother would say such a thing about her spouse. It really speaks to the *kedushas hachayim*, the holiness of life, of my father and their relationship. Some people make a Kiddush Hashem in one moment and then go into the next world, but my father, with every living, breathing second of his life, was in the posture of Kiddush Hashem.

Even in the hospital this past week, we heard countless times about how the doctors and staff were astonished at the amount of familial support there was for Daddy. One doctor even came in smiling and said, "Wow, this is so beautiful!" We were all just bluffing on the floor, just waking up - what was so beautiful? He said, "I've never seen a family that actually cares about their beloved so much. Most people on this floor have one person, if any, and there's maybe a pastor from some far away church to express care. Your family does not let your father be alone!"

One of the nurses said something similar, and my mom said to her, "I wish you could have met my husband. He was such a special man!" She said, "You don't have to tell me! I can see it in action - I've never seen such a loving family. In the SICU, where you are only allowed two people at once, which is usually more than enough. For your family, you have fifteen, twenty people here, trying to get in, squeezing in."

Daddy, you were mamesh a *chiddush* in this way. You had the power of Tzion and the power of Yerushalayim.

The Baal haTanya once said the following about the difference between Tzion and Yerushalayim. There is a tzadik who is like Tzion is one who has to speak volumes in order to be able to touch

one person, to touch the heart, and then there is a tzadik who is like Yerushalayim, who only has to say one thing to touch a person.

The way of my father was the power of Yerushalayim. He could say just one little thing and it would go straight to the heart, it would mamesh affect you - whether it was knowledge, whether it was related to his emunah peshuta, whatever it was, my father had this power of Yerushalayim. Just being in his presence made me want to be a better person, without his even having to say a word.

A third point that I want to make about the Beis Hamikdash is that I really feel that my father was like the Kohen Gadol.

It says in the Zohar: "One who makes himself great is actually the smallest person in the world, and one who makes himself small is actually the greatest person in the world."

I know my father was a kohen, but Daddy, I really feel that you were like the kohen gadol. You were great in that way because you took up no space - you always made the space filled with everyone else, you made space for everybody.

And so, I don't think it's by chance that a lot of us started to kiss my father's hand and his fingers and his limbs, cheek, forehead, and ears - because my father was the *kulo kodesh kadoshim*. Every single limb of my father, the whole fabric of his body.

The Piascezner wrote that his dream for his talmidim was that they should be able to bring every fabric and thread of their flesh into the confines of kedusha. My father never read his book, but he was *mekayem* the entire book. In the most hidden way, although just looking like a regular community member - over the course of his life, my father was progressively dedicating every single limb, more and more, even the way he was eating, every little dimension of my father was in a world of kedusha. I couldn't help but kiss his limbs, because I felt that this was kodesh kadoshim.

I want to end by saying that I think there is a revolution here. There exists a spiritual *yerushah*, inheritance.

The Maggid of Chernobyl had no money in his hands, but the one thing he did have was a lot of Middos that his children took. I really think that my father's spiritual *yerushah* is one he would be willing to share with the community and with any of your friends whom you can talk to about this.

My father has an *otzar*, a treasury, not of sefarim, (although he did, by the way - the house was filled with books,) and not of children, (which he did as well,) but an *otzar* of middos tovos. It was something noticed by doctors and nurses throughout his entire life, through his entire career. During the final month of his life, the nurses from his work would call to say that they missed Dr. Gaisin. What nurse would actually care about the doctor they're working for? But my father had that koach.

So I think my father has a spiritual yerushah. He blessed us with heirloom seeds of middos tovos, untainted from Avraham, Yitzchak, and Yaakov, from Sara, Rivka, Rachel, and Leah... Like his birchas habanim/ banos, he really blessed us with their middos. I really feel like I can count my father as one of the avos, my mother as one of the imahos.

We've heard so many of my father's middos tovos, but I'd like to remark on some of them.

My father's dignity: even in the last moments, you could see it on my father's face. He looked like the most beautiful person in the world. Even when he was comatose, even when he wasn't able to speak, he carried his dignity.

I remember the third or fourth to last shabbos that I was zoche to spend with my father in this world. My father had his makom kavua at the table, but it was too far for him to walk to. He couldn't make it over. We switched his seat with my mother's seat because it was closer for my father. By night, we were able to have my father come and make Kiddush, and it was so beautiful to hear him come and make Kiddush. He had such emunah peshuta when he said those words; he was just saying the bracha. His mind was nowhere else other than that bracha. But then by day, it was very hard for my father. Any morsel of food he would eat would cause pain as it digested. Any sip would cause pain. So it was very hard for my father. My mother thought to get him a crisp white shirt, that maybe that would help. My father had no koach, but when he saw the crisp white shirt that my mom brought down for him, he valued dignity so much that even just knowing that he could be dignified even in this horrible, difficult moment, gave him the koach to get to the table and to make kiddush. He forgot the words at first and then he remembered, he pulled through and made Kiddush. I think that's an heirloom of my father's dignity. That's my father's derech. He always wore a button up shirt, he didn't even consider sweatpants until the last couple weeks when his body couldn't handle other materials.

Dvar Torah at Shloshim

R. Tal Benschar
Son-in-law to Dr. Gaisin

Shabbos Pinchas (the Shabbos of Shivah):
In the Parsha we read about the Bnos Tselafchad.
ותקרבנה בנות צלפחד בן־חפר בן־גלעד בן־מכיר בן־מנשה למשפחת מנשה בן־יוסף ואלה שמות בנתיו מחלה נעה וחגלה ומלכה ותרצה
The daughters of Tselafchad, of the Menashe family - son of Chefer, son of Gilad, son of Machir, son of Menashe, son of Yosef - came forward. The names of the daughters were Machlah, Noah, Chaglah, Milka, and Tirtza (Bamidbar 27:1)

Rashi comments on the apparent redundancy of the words למשפחת מנשה בן־יוסף -
Of the families of Menashe the son of Yosef: Why is this said? Has it not already said, "the son of Menashe?" But to inform you that Yosef cherished the Land, as it says, "and you shall bring up my bones… " and his daughters cherished the Land, as it says, "give us a portion."

Thus, the Torah is emphasizing that when the Bnos Tselafchad requested an inheritance in the Land of Israel, they were following the ways of their ancestor Yosef in cherishing and loving that land.

R. Moshe Feinstein comments on this Rashi: we see from here that the Torah considers it superior to follow a positive trait or way of behavior because of a family tradition, rather than doing so on one's own, for a person who does so on his own may feel that at some point he has done enough, whereas a person who does so as a family tradition will always feel he has to strive more to live up to his family tradition.

We have heard many things during the hespedim and the shiva about the many wonderful qualities, traits and actions of Zaidy, Allen Gaisin. We should not only learn from them and strive to emulate them, but do so as a continuation of his tradition in acting in such an exemplary manner.

From the End of Shiva:
The traditional statement to comfort the mourners is: המקום ינחם אתכם בתוך שאר אבלי ציון וירושלים
May the Omnipresent comfort you among the rest of the mourners of Zion and Jerusalem

In this statement, we address Hashem as HaMakom, which literally means The Place. What is the meaning of this seemingly odd way of addressing Hashem, and why do we use it when comforting mourners?

R. Yosef Dov Soloveichik explained it with reference to a Midrash Rabbah, which states that we use the term HaMakom because "Hashem is the place of the world, and the world is not Hashem's place." Meaning ,Hashem's presence is all encompassing, and fills - and even goes

beyond - the entire world. We allude to the attribute of “Makom” wherever there is need to show that there is Divine Guidance within G-d's concealment - such as when a person is in a time of trouble and it seems to him as if Hashem abandoned him. In such a case, we use the attribute “HaMakom” for G-d.

The first person to do so was Yaakov Avinu. The Torah states:
ויפגע במקום - *And he came upon a certain place* (Bereishis 28:11)
Rashi there says that our Rabbis explained the language of “vayifga” as the language of tefillah, prayer.

Yaakov was in a very dire situation. He was fleeing from his parents’ house, pursued by his brother Esav to murder him, rendered penniless by Elifaz, and headed to exile to the house of Lavan. This was the time to address Hashem as HaMakom – the One who is with us even when things look bleak and we feel abandoned. HaMakom signifies the One who is with us and helping us even in the darkest times. (This is why Yaakov is considered to be the one to have instituted the tefillah of Maariv, which is said in darkness.)

Similarly, Mordechai stated to Esther:
והצלה יעמוד ליהודים ממקום אחר כי אם־החרש תחרישי בעת הזאת רוח - *If you choose to stay silent in this time, relief and deliverance will come to the Jews from another source* (Esther 4:14)

Again, this was a bleak time for the Jewish people. The Persian Empire had decreed genocide on them, and Hashem’s presence seemed hidden. Mordechai told Esther that Hashem - HaMakom would always take care of the Jewish people.

The same is the reason we address Hashem as HaMakom when comforting mourners. It seems to them they have been abandoned, and it seems a bleak and lonely time. We ask that Hashem act as HaMakom – the One whose presence fills the world, and who is always with us, even in the bleakest time.

Letters from Grandchildren

To our dear Zaidy,

We have missed you so much during this past month, and we will continue to miss you and think of you constantly. You were a role model in many areas: humility and selflessness, seeking out the truth, caring deeply for others and going so much out of your way to help them…Above all, you were a devoted family man. You were a loving grandfather; Shalva remembers your calling the kids "cookie," narrating story books patiently, and acting as "tickle monster." You took continued interest as your grandchildren grew older, making yourself available whenever they needed you and offering caring, down-to-earth advice on every topic.

We are so glad that Moshe had the chance to meet you. We are comforted that you knew him and saw the start of a new generation of your and Bubbie's wonderful family.

We feel lost without your physical presence, but we cherish all of the memories we have and thank you for the spiritual, moral inheritance you gave.

Love, Shalva, Netanel, and Moshe

Zaidy, it is so hard to live my life knowing that you are no longer physically with me. I still think I can call you and ask you advice and say hello, but I know I will not hear a response. I feel like I can still come over and give you a hug and chat while sitting beside you on the floral couch. I feel like I can still fill you in on the details of my life. I feel like you will still call me on Friday to give me an erev Shabbos bracha (this has always been the highlight of my week). I feel like I can still text you photos and messages, and that you will respond with something short and sweet and then write “love Zaidy”. I feel like I can still send you mail. I feel like I can still go out to eat with you. I feel like I can still laugh with you. I feel like I can still hold your hand…

Zaidy, you have always had solutions to my problems. Zaidy, you have always shown me unlimited patience and a listening ear. You would call to check up on me whenever I told you that I was upset about something. Zaidy, you have always been a humble and pure man. Zaidy, you have always been my role model.

I want you back down here with us; however, I know that is not an option right now. Right now is a time to remember. I may not be able to build new physical experiences with you, but I have the gift of remembering and appreciating our memories together. So I try to play back memories I have of you and with you. I learn more and more about you every day. I appreciate you more and more every minute. I miss you more and more every second. I always daven that Hashem will bring the Geula soon so we can reunite.

Zaidy, you were never needy but you always knew your limits. Zaidy, you were never afraid to ask for something if you needed it but you would never ask for something you didn’t need. You would always offer a big smile and thank you when someone helped you. I remember so many

times when I would get you some black coffee…. It was my absolute pleasure and you would be genuinely appreciative. You would never complain. No one knows how much physical pain you were in because you would not want us to feel bad knowing. Even when you were sick with pancreatic cancer and other serious health issues and the nurse asked you how you felt, you simply said "I could be better". You were a man of few words but your few words meant more than anyone's millions of words could ever mean. Your speech had power and everlasting effects that stay with us and comfort us today and forever. Your words were always reassuring. I never would fear anything that came out of your mouth. Zaidy, you had the perfect sense of humor. It was a soothing sense of humor that was brilliant and made me smile and laugh but would never hurt anyone's feelings. And you would still be serious and in the moment. I vividly remember hanging out in your living room on multiple occasions chatting with people… and you would chime in with a big smile and witty comment that would give us all a laugh.

Zaidy, you got along with everyone and saw the good in everyone, something I work on all the time. You were open to all kinds of people and ideas. You wished the best to everyone even when it meant better than what you had. You would never judge someone based on their past. Like a coworker of yours observed: you would treat the CEO of Keiser and the janitor with the same high level of respect and you would sincerely give them the best advice and care. You would speak only when asked or when felt necessary and never gossip. You gave everyone a full chance and never shut them down. You had unlimited patience with everyone even when they were looked down upon by others. You never labeled anyone. There was no such thing as he's…. In Zaidy's eyes everyone was a Tzelem Elokim and worthy of respect.

Zaidy, you have always lived in the moment. This is something I am learning from you all the time. I feel like the more I live in the moment the more I am emulating you and connecting with you. Zaidy, you were never limited by your body… It didn't matter if you were physically in pain, you would always continue to live in the moment. You would get up super early, drink your black coffee, go to work, do your best. When you were with patients you would be fully with them listening to them and giving them the best advice possible. When you came home you were fully with Bubby and no longer at work though you were there for 8 plus hours. When you were with grandchildren you were fully with us smiling at us and giving us your full attention, love and care. No matter where you were and who you were with, you made sure to be fully there. I remember spinning dreidel with you on Chanukah each year. And for Purim I always looked forward to seeing your costume! You shed simchas Purim everywhere. Zaidy, you would put all your energy into the moment to make us all happy.

Zaidy, you had no such thing as a "mood". There was no such thing as "x" happening so therefore I am in a bad mood or in a good mood… you always, under all circumstances, had simchas hachaim and believed that whatever Hashem did was good. Shlomo told me that even when you were diagnosed with stage four pancreatic cancer you said "this is a Bracha, I just don't know how yet" and you said "I view this as an opportunity to strengthen my emunah". Zaidy, you are the only one I know with such simchas hachaim and emunah peshuta even at the gravest time. Zaidy, your name Eliyahu, is very much fitting, for you've always been interested in miracles. You always believed a miracle could happen and you'd cry when you told over stories of miracles. I remember sitting at your shabbos or yontif meal and you wanted to tell us a story

you listened to and you started crying. It was a story about the Holocaust and about miracles. This struck me because it was one of the rare occasions I had ever seen you cry.

When I think of Zaidy I think of the Mishna in Pirkei Avos: “Emor Mi’at Va’asei Harbei”. Zaidy was a great anav. There is no way to express Zaidy’s anava properly. Here is just one of many stories highlighting Zaidy’s anava and how he exemplified “emor mi’at va’asei harbei”.

I was heartbroken after the passing of a special and dear man named Allan Glick, of blessed memory. My father would learn with Mr. Glick every Thursday evening for about 20 years. I felt close to Mr. Glick and would go in with my father sometimes when I didn’t have school. I was devastated when Allan was sick and then was niftar last January and was crying to Bubby on the phone expressing my pain and confusion over the tragedy. Bubby was sympathetic and validating. The next Erev Shabbos I received an email from Zaidy. Zaidy wrote me the sweetest, kindest, most amazing email to give me comfort through this hard time, and to help me go into Shabbos in more peace. He expressed full emunah in Hakadosh Baruch Hu. He wrote as follows:

Even if something happens that seems to you as “bad” or makes you "sad" you must realize that it is all for the best. Gam Zu L'Tova!

He went on to recommend books on emunah such as the Garden of Emuna, to help me through this time. Zaidy was fascinated in the topic of the afterlife and believed that the Neshama will become so close to Hashem and he expressed in a comforting way that Hashem will do justice and there is a good world to come. Zaidy also wrote the following:

While the physical body will eventually die and "return to dust", the Neshama is eternal. When the body dies, the Neshama goes up to Olam Habah, close to Hashem. As to why someone's body dies, that happens when Hashem decides the Neshama has completed its task(s) in Olam Hazeh……Hashem makes that decision for reasons we may never know.

A few weeks ago, when I was at Zaidy’s bedside in the hospital, I found out the back story of this email. When Bubby got off the phone with me, she mentioned to Zaidy that Esti feels so bad because of the loss of a special man who used to learn with my father for many years, and she wishes she could help me through it more, but she has to prepare for teaching. Zaidy listened carefully to Bubby and did not say a word. This is when he sent the email. Bubby did not know that Zaidy sent the email until I told her about it during the time that Zaidy was unconscious. It was only in the hospital room next to Zaidy that I put the puzzle pieces together of how Zaidy knew to send me that supportive email at that exact time. Zaidy was a man who personified “emor mi’at va’asei harbei”.

Zaidy, you did not tell anyone you were doing this; you simply did it. You took action. Zaidy, you did not need it to be a whole thing as most people would. Zaidy, you never did things for attention or honor or validation. You did things simply because they were the right things to do at the time. Zaidy never brought this e-mail up. Zaidy, you never told Bubby that you wrote it. Zaidy, this is your identity – speaking a little but doing a lot. Zaidy, you helped me get through this very difficult time and I know Zaidy, that you will continue to do your part to help take care

of us from shamayim and get us through the challenges of life, and especially help us through the tzara of losing your physical presence. You have always helped us through our sadness and so I know you will hold our hands through this tzara too.

Zaidy, you were niftar at the beginning of the three weeks and your shloshim falls out in the month of Av - which means father. Zaidy, you were a father to everyone you came into contact with. You were always caring and kind and wished the best to everyone. You believed that all Jews were brothers and you treated every Jew as a brother, with respect and care. Zaidy, the world needs you. You are irreplaceable. The whole world is mourning your loss during this month of Av, because you affected the whole world and the whole world has lost such a caring, loving father. You left us on Motzei Shabbos - a time of miracles, the time of Eliyahu Hanavi's presence. Zaidy, I will always remember your havdalah. You made me think of Eliyahu Hanavi, miracles, Mashiach and the Beis Hamikdash when you made havdalah. It was always with a full voice, a lot of singing and pure joy. It was surreal. Your life and the life of everyone in the room would freeze when you made havdalah. Everyone was quiet and listened to your holy words. We would all sing along with you. We would sing Eliyahu Hanavi, and clap, and dance. The house was full of simcha. You would light the blue flame. This lit up the whole house and is a memory no one will forget. Motzei Shabbos was a happy time in your house because though we were sad that Shabbos was over, we celebrated life, miracles and Eliyahu Hanavi. Every Motzei Shabbos I think about your havdalah and carry it with me. I feel it is so appropriate that your namesake is Eliyahu, and that you were niftar on a Motzei Shabbos. You also stayed with us 8 days after you had the stroke. You stayed with us 8 days which is the number of days before a bris milah (which you performed so many of). You wanted to be with Eliyahu Hanavi at his next bris. You wanted to be a miracle. The number 8 is one more than nature. I believe you will be a big part in helping to bring Moshiach. You were a father figure in everyone's life and you left us at a time of year when we were all mourning for the Beis Hamikdash. You left with Eliyahu Hanavi on a Motzei Shabbos, to a place of kedusha. You will be missed forever.

Like my mother said many times during shivah, you were someone who never spoke about people unless you were saying something beautiful about them that people wouldn't otherwise know about. Zaidy, I cannot tell you how many times I have called you with a question and you would give me a simple answer and then hours or days later you would call or email me with a fuller, better answer because you researched it for me to help me. Zaidy, you have always reassured me. When I was little you calmed me down, you sat with me with endless patience reading to me on the couch and tickling me. You would call me cookie and I would ask you "what kind of cookie?" I think we decided I was an M&M cookie. (You used to like green M&M's.) You said I was your favorite type of cookie!

The week after shiva I was in the car saying: "It just doesn't make sense that just 5 weeks ago Zaidy was totally himself and no one would have guessed that less than 2 months later we would lose Zaidy…" and my father responded with a powerful line that left a deep imprint on me, a line which I will never forget. He said "Esti, we just have to carry Zaidy with us all the time." This is exactly what we have to do. We can always be with Zaidy, we just have to take him with us everywhere. So now Zaidy, you are with us all the time everywhere.

It feels unbearably painful to go on in my life without you at my side. I know you are with me from shamayim but I wish you could be down here with me physically. I will always remember you, Zaidy. I will always talk to you, Zaidy. I will always love you Zaidy. And Zaidy, I will always be with you. I will carry you with me wherever I go.

All my love, Esti

Dearest Zaidy,

From a tender age, you gave an aura of warmth,
Like a blossoming flower, your love came forth.
You would always encourage the integrity of my every day,
Making sure it was amazing, not just okay.
You would tickle with devotion, with the right amount of care,
It was a friendly gesture you would gladly share.
You were knowledgeable in almost everything under the sun,
We would converse for hours, and I never wanted to be done.
I would sit next to you on our delightful visits,
And you would share Torah, and science, with your very own insights.
You respected all beings for the good in them,
Whether it was a scholar, a doctor, or a tailor fixing a hem.
With the utmost love, you called each of us “cookie”,
With making us feel good you were no rookie.
A devoted doctor you were to all,
At helping others, you would never stall.
We would call you whenever there were issues with my hand,
You would respond right away with advice we could understand.
Then one day you were diagnosed with a disease that was dreadful,
Yet even in this state you were always hopeful.
Even when in walking you would get stuck,
You still found time to cheer me up.
And even when overpowered by the gloomy disease,
You tried to battle the bad cells, and make them leave.
And in a time like that when people struggle to have faith,
You were always hoping for Hashem to do a Nes.
In books of Emunah you would immerse,
Using the sickness, as a time to soul-search.
And then one awful night you had a horrible stroke,
Yet in the fact that you were living, we found glimmers of hope.
You outlived the doctor’s predictions by many days,
Maybe because by the laws of nature you were never fazed.
And then for reasons we cannot understand,
Hashem took you from us and we cannot hold your hand.
The pain felt like too much to bear,

That we can no longer meet your loving stare.
Yet although wherever we look, you, we will not find,
You will always be with us in the front of our minds.
And although we won't see you when we call your name,
We will always love you just the same.
Yet it is hard to believe that you will not be there,
When I look at the sofa in your house, and the aligning chair.
It is difficult to imagine that life will continue to unfold,
Because without you in our midst, there is a large gushing hole.
Yet I know you are comforting us from your lofty place above,
And in whatever way you could, you are sending us a hug.
So, we will have to continue living life the best we could,
But your legacy will be with us, as it certainly should.
And I will try to learn from you and your noble deeds,
Which are as numerous as pomegranate seeds.
And I hope the world above is extremely superb,
As you reap the reward that you most certainly deserve.
And by Techiyas Hameisim we'll see you once more,
With a grin, and a hug for sure.

Yaakov Meir

Dear Most Beloved Zaidy,

I love you so much forever and ever. I will never forget you. I miss you so very much.

Zaidy, you should always know how much I love you. Whenever I would see you, you would cheer me up and make me happy because that's just who you were. You always loved the Torah and wanted to do as many mitzvos as possible even in discomfort.

Zaidy, I continue to love, love, love you so so much. You will always be a part of me and you will always be in my heart.

Love, Your Favorite Tirtza Neima Adler

I will always remember my dear Zaidy. He was always so smiley, fun to be with, and just overall the BEST! He always used to play with all of us, tickle us, and read stories to us! He was always fun to be around. Even when he was at a family gathering and I was playing with my cousins, it always made a difference when he was there.

His knowledge was unbelievable! When we had a question about health, he always answered with all the details.

I will always be thinking about my beloved Zaidy. I will love him and remember him forever!

Love, Chedva Rina Adler

Dear Zaidy,
I remember trekking through the weather's gamut to push you to shul in your wheelchair, leaving me sweaty and with your undivided attention. Although I've always enjoyed our conversations, I can only regret that I didn't treasure them more. I'd give anything for just a bit more time pushing you to shul, watching small talk take deep, profound nosedives in the short span of the walk.

Although your many happy years with us weren't enough, you will live on in the minds and blood of your beautiful, boisterous family.

I love you and miss you,

Tsvi

Zaidy, I know it sounds cliche, but thank you for being an amazing Zaidy to me. Thank you for being you.

You were always available, smiling, silently exuding love from your spot on the couch. Sitting next to you was a privilege, because it's you! Tickling us, reading stories aloud to us, or even reading a magazine or an interesting article on your phone, no matter what you were doing, it was special just to be in your presence.

You were full of good advice, whether medical, health related, or just wisdom for life. You had the answers and the questions, knew about things I didn't even think to wonder about. I learned from you how to explore new information without a trace of cynicism. I learned to be kind to every single person I learned when to be content and when to never stop reaching.

Something I really admire is your complete lack of judgment on others. You were nice to everyone, from family to the people you would meet on the street. And not only were you nice to them, but you respected every person and wanted to hear from them. I knew you as my Zaidy, the loving and patient patriarch of our family, but since your petirah I feel like I got to meet you anew. I've heard so many others talk about the impact you have made in their lives, heard so many stories I never knew. There is so much more that I've come to appreciate and admire about who you were. I will do my best to emulate the qualities that made you such a good, special, and loved person, and I hope that I can live up to being your granddaughter.

Zaidy, thank you for letting me stroke your beard when I was little and I was in a weird sensory stage. Thank you for tickling me for hours on end, and for reading to me and never losing

patience… Thank you for countless dermatologic consults, for ordering colloidal silver and essential oils for me, for the time you sat me down to discuss my career options, and for letting me drive your CR-V when it was brand new. Thank you for hosting me for every winter and summer vacation ever since I've been old enough to visit on my own. Thank you for your Friday night brachos and your shabbos zemiros.

Thank you; even through your illness, you managed to bring the family and Klal Yisroel together. As difficult as it was, there were so many beautiful moments filled with love, with kedusha, with good. So much ahavas Yisroel was stirred up, so many mitzvos brought about. It was an amazing zechus for all those involved. Thank you for giving us that gift.

Thank you for, together with Bubbie, building a home full of love for Hashem, love for Torah and Judaism, love of music, of learning and of information, and most importantly, a home bursting with love for our family. I feel lucky to be a part of it, and infinitely lucky and proud to belong to you.

Thank you for being my Zaidy. I love you so much.

Love, Nehama

I have a lot of memories of Zaidy. I would often come to visit with family or with other teenage relatives. Whenever someone came to visit or vice versa, he called their name in a booming voice and gave them a hug. When grandchildren were visiting, he was always happy with whatever activity we decided to do. He was a great person to talk to and get advice from, as he was a very good listener and was very wise and knowledgeable.

Love, Yehuda

Dear Zaidy,

I have a few memories I would like to share and here they are:

I remember when you called me "Cookie" and when you read stories to me.

I even remember the blue fire you used to make by havdalah.

I liked the Shabbos and Yom Tov meals and the Friday night brachos you gave.

And when you got excited when I had things going on!

I miss you a lot and I hope you feel comfortable in shamayim.

Love, Meira Eliana

Dear Zaidy,

You were very special to me. I miss when you read me stories and called me “Cookie.”

Your house is missing one of the *most* important parts of it! It will never be the same without you!

Zaidy, I hope you have a good time in Shamayim.

You were a great Zaidy and a great person.

You deserve the best spot in Gan Eden!

Love, (your favorite) cookie monster/ Chanala

Dear Zaidy,

I miss you sooo much. I wish you could come back. My life will be sooo different without you by my side. Your neshama should have an aliyah that grows bigger and bigger. You meant sooo much to me. I cannot even tell you how much. It was sooo fun to do art projects with you. You always helped me with the computer which was sooo fun. I still remember kissing your hand in the hospital. And the feel-better booklet I gave you that made you smile with joy, making it medicine which made you feel better than ever. It was sooo fun when you babysat us (me, Shammai, Shani, and Chaya). I want to tell you one last thing: You are the best Zaidy ever and you will always be my Zaidy.

Love, Aidel Tirtza