

Annette eulogy of her brother Fred

Freddy was a very bad boy. You may not know that Ephraim was really Freddy all of his childhood and youth until the day he filled out his application to attend UCLA as an undergraduate and then assumed his given name.

You've been hearing (or will hear) stories of my brother when he was an adult... married man, father, doctor, researcher, artist, hiker fisherman. From his accomplishments you might not recognize the kind of child he was. Snips and snails and puppy dogs tails does not begin to describe him. He was the first son in our family of 5 children. I was next, and followed again by two additional sisters... all three sisters the bane and chagrin of his childhood... until finally he was redeemed by the birth of another brother... 13 years his junior.

It's hard to reconcile the adult Ephraim with Freddy the boy. He was a happy, energetic and mischievous boy... very focused, competitive, stubborn, determined, smart, creative and hyperactive. Every home movie shows him jumping in front of the camera... with arms flailing in front of the lens for attention. He never stood if he could jump, never walked if he could run and never spoke if he could shout.

He teased his sisters more than mercilessly... causing us to run whining to our mother to make him stop tormenting us, to stop spying on us and making fun of us when we did girlie things, to release me from playing checkers with him just so he could beat me. It broke my heart to play checkers again with him last month and force the game so that he could win.

In spite of that we all looked up to him... The oldest male in a Jewish family of immigrant parents is always special. And he ultimately came to deserve that special place.

He excelled in school and in art as well. At 7 years old he won an all city art competition in Los Angeles for creating a poster of a little Scottie dog and a beach ball. I remember tagging along as our mother took the posters to various stores for display. I didn't understand then how he intuitively knew how to make the flat shapes of the coloring book come alive using a variety of colors in a space instead of the childish way of filling the space solidly. I didn't realize then that it was called talent.

He studied Talmud with our Rabbinic grandfather who encouraged him to study at Yeshiva high school in NYC....Off he went on a 4 day train ride with our grandmother to NYC with a bag full of hard boiled eggs, fruit and bread for the journey. The family hoped, to have him return as rabbi and a scholar. He returned 4 years later as a scholar, yes...rabbi no.

Freddy the mischievous brother outgrew his obstreperous childhood and became Ephraim, a mature, serious and accomplished man in all his pursuits which included medicine and scientific research, art and sculpting, love of the outdoors, collector of fine wines, and of course a family man married almost 57 years to his beloved Dagmar and their children and grandchildren who were all the center of his life.

I will say good bye to him with poem by Hannah Senesch that describes the light and glow that he cast on all of our lives.

“There are stars whose radiance is visible on earth though they have long been extinct.

There are people whose brilliance continues to light the world though they are no longer among the living.

These lights are particularly bright when the night is dark. They light the way for us all.”