



SOUTHERN JEWISH HERITAGE

SPECIAL ISSUE

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HARRIET WISE STERN - 1933-2012

Harriet Stern was a founding member and the first president of the Jewish Historical Society of Memphis and the Mid-South. She also served as co-editor of Southern Jewish Heritage. This special issue is a tribute to her memory.

“Saint Harriet: None Like Her”

Eulogy Delivered by Rabbi Micah Greenstein

In our main meeting room at Temple where torah study takes place every Sabbath morning without fail, a chair will be empty. The chair where Harriet listened intently and spoke up when she had a thoughtful comment or great question to offer. The chair will be empty but I have no doubt that Harriet will still be seated among us, just as she will be with her children and grandchildren and relatives wherever they are and wherever they go. Why? Because Harriet has merited a place in their hearts and in all of our hearts forever.

What Harriet did for me personally was teach me what it means to be a religious Jew. Her parents named her Harriet but she became the initials T.O.M., a Tikkun Olam Machine. Tikkun Olam is the Jewish prescription for healing a fractured and broken world and Harriet was Tikkun Olam's master practitioner.

Harriet may have been the only person you and I will ever know who never did anything for herself. She respected ritual and even if there were only 8 people at a prayer service, you could bet that Harriet was one of the 8, but ritual and religion in general, at least for Harriet, had to serve the ethical. For Harriet, the greatness of Judaism is its energy and passion for improving the lives of others. In 1999, I remember returning from a small religious summit with younger rabbis from all the streams of Judaism, Orthodox, Reform, Conservative, Renewal, just fifteen. I started a spirituality group, went more deeply into Jewish ritual, taught others how to shake the lulav, lay tefillin, keep different forms of kosher. Harriet was intrigued, genuinely interested, and respectful. One week when my spirituality prayer group met, Harriet didn't show up. Where was she? Tutoring a child and bringing food to a needy family not far from where we are, where most East Memphians wouldn't ever go. I asked myself, "So in the Creator's eyes, the God who Judaism contends cares most about the well-being of all creation, who is more religious? I, who am davening in the chapel, or Harriet, whose Jewish impulse calls her



Tom and Harriet Stern

JEWISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MEMPHIS AND THE MID-SOUTH - FOUNDED IN 1986
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Eulogy . . . continued

to be in South Memphis helping a family or a kid?" Harriet would resent any comparison or contest when it comes to religion; she would say, "It's not the number of mitzvahs you do but the spirit behind whatever mitzvahs you commit yourself to," but what I'm trying to say is that Harriet quietly became my role model for what it means to be a religious Jew. Her selflessness was as natural as breathing. For Harriet, ritual and education were paramount but only if they shaped one's behavior and opened one's eyes to God's world and the world of others.

God has 70 names in Judaism, from mother and father to a rock to Yedid Nefesh – which means "Soul Friend." Harriet was that soul friend to everyone, including and especially to those with little or no family. We have heard from Susan and the grandchildren, but for those with little family or without family, Harriet BECAME your family, didn't she?

Forgive me for not reading the 16 reflections a number of you here and others not here sent me since Saturday evening. One in particular seems emblematic of all of them. The writer was in Harriet's first grade Sunday school class in religious school at Temple where Harriet taught everyone how to bake a challah. Considering that Harriet never learned how to cook until midlife, teaching others to bake was no small feat for Harriet. The writer's mother and I became close, and whenever I went to her apartment to visit her in her dying days, Harriet was always there. Always. I had presumed that Harriet was related in some way since the woman's granddaughters also considered Harriet their grandmother, but as with so many of you, Harriet was closer to your heart and soul than many of your own blood relatives. When the daughter of Arlene Gussin learned the terrible news of Harriet's death, this is what she wrote me without a word unchanged.

Dearest Micah: My mother used to call her "Saint Harriet." My daughters were sure that she was a lamed vavnik, one of the 36 righteous people hidden in this world, but they made me promise not to tell her that we knew, because then she'd have to go away. As for me, when I am faced with an especially difficult situation in my life I have a conversation with myself that begins like this, "What would Harriet Stern do?" Because I know that if I want to do the right thing, the kindest thing, the truly good thing—that's the thing that Harriet would do. For the b'nai mitzvah of my daughters Harriet wove by hand their tallit/prayer shawls. When my mother was dying, Harriet came to her home and made matzoh balls and chicken soup in her kitchen, filling my mother's home with the sounds and smells of the very best Jewish nurturing. And the night my mother died, Har-

riet read Psalms with me and spent the night with me in my mother's home so I wouldn't be alone. Harriet was a comfort in tough times and a joy at all other times. When she came to visit our family in Philadelphia about a year and a half ago, we took her to Famous Fourth Street Deli. We could not get over the gusto with which she enjoyed her corned beef on rye—especially the mustard. Now, when ever our family eats there, we think of Harriet and we've dubbed the mustard, "Harriet's mustard." For me, my husband, and for our daughters, Hannah and Leah, Harriet has been and always will be a powerful presence and an inspiration to make the world a better place. I have never met anyone as naturally selfless as she. Performing acts of lovingkindness really was the source of her greatest happiness. The world is less bright with Harriet gone from it, yet each of us who loved her is so much better for having had her in our lives.

Tomorrow is not only Christmas Day, it meant Harriet dragging her Memphis grandchildren (and Jim of course) out of bed to deliver meals on wheels to cheer up families who could use a lift. But get this, delivering the meals with a smile was enough. I'm not making this up. These Jewish Edelman kids would have to sing Rudolph the Red Nose Reindeer and Jingle Bells to total strangers because Harriet told them to.

It was Nate who gave Granddad Tom his last smile

"My mother used to call her 'Saint Harriet.' My daughters were sure that she was a lamed vavnik, one of the 36 righteous people hidden in this world . . ."

before he left this world, and Harriet gave these grandkids, well—everything. The ones living here would spend the night at Harriet and Tom's every weekend, usually Friday nights, sometimes Saturday too. Andrew would put a blanket on the air mattress starting at age 5. Harriet wouldn't wait for the kids to come to them, she would crawl on the floor like she was one of them. And she WAS one of them. The magnolia tree in the backyard became the climbing tree and comfort for the kids, so much so that Rachel attributes the beginning of her passion for the environment from the feeling and experience she had in her grandparents' backyard. Listening to everyone at the Edelmanns last night, whether it was Michael, Katie and Max, or Parker and Harrison, or their parents, Carol put it so well when she said, what Mom gave us and all the children in this family you can't wrap in a present. She gave them and she gave us the gift of experience, experiences which opened our eyes, experiences outdoors, whether at a camp, a lake, in the mountains or in a garden.

And Harriet did it all with unbounded energy and enthusiasm. Aunt Harriet the schoolteacher would have breakfast ready for a visiting nephew before leaving to teach at LaRose in South Memphis and then return home after a demanding day, equally excited to walk or run or drive to a nearby garden and pick vegetables. Harriet's love of the outdoors,

grandson Andrew shared, goes back to her own childhood with her father Harry the fisherman. It won't surprise you all to know that Harriet was canoeing on the Wolf River with another relative Liz just a few months ago.

And friends? Harriet had lots of friends because she was the consummate friend. If she would do anything for anybody, even a total stranger, imagine what she would do for friends? She befriended everyone, because she believed that everyone deserved a friend, hence the widest array of friends you could ever imagine. The phone tree with the hospital, which started with Marjean was 40 people long, and that was just the beginning.

Harriet was at times hilarious, often unwittingly, but sometimes intentionally. As Michael said, she may have appeared like an old lady type, but when you got to know her, you realized how much fun she was. Even her frugality was funny. As we all know, she wouldn't spend money on herself, she wouldn't even buy a microwave oven until friends bought her one for her 50th birthday. And let us not forget that Harriet was above all else - a teacher. Not just for inner city kids at LaRose or tutoring at White Station Elementary. She taught all of us through her own example while insisting never to draw attention to herself. I'm convinced the only reason she accepted the Senior Volunteer of the Year Award was because Marjean Kremer and other close friends of Harriet from the Jewish Historical Society nominated her.

There is no adequate way to convey just how much Harriet will be missed. Harriet's death is not only mourned throughout Memphis but throughout the world. From Paris and Morocco, where family members now are, to Africa, Mexico and across the United States. So many prayers are being said with gratitude to God for Harriet on this day and at this very moment.

At Temple, where to start? Ask chief archivist Margie Kerstine and she'll tell you that Harriet was the stalwart, almost like a staff member at Temple. That was Tuesday through Thursday. On Friday and Saturday, you'd find her in chapel or main sanctuary for services and early Saturday morning around the learning table BEFORE services for torah study, bagels and bible. She was a legendary Sunday school teacher, she was asked to serve on the Temple Board of Trustees forty years ago when she was only 39 years old. Perhaps the longest volunteer AND staff member, Erma Cohen, said it best: "Harriet never did anything half way," Erma said, "but quietly put her heart and soul with compassion and full commitment into anything she touched. I will miss her heart, her deep devotion, and her wonderfully quiet sense of humor as she set about to make her piece of the world a better place in which to live." All this is to say that Temple will not be the same without Harriet, but Temple is everything it is because of her. And that's not just me saying that. I know that every Rabbi and Cantor would agree. From Rabbi Wax and Rabbi Danziger to Rabbis Grossman and Bauman, Cantor Kaplan and every rabbi who has ever served our congregation.

I have been very composed during these weeks when Harriet stabilized and even since her death, I have answered the questions of dozens of congregants asking about Harriet's condition. I think all of us, of course this family most, cannot fully understand just how much she will be missed wherever and however Harriet filled our lives, but I do know that every relative and friend is so thankful and truly grateful for having had Harriet be such a deep part of our lives. I also know that the reason for our gathering this morning is a surprise to many of you for a very simple reason. Prior to her recent admission to the hospital, the last time Harriet Stern was a patient in a hospital was 50 years ago when she delivered her youngest, David. The only other two times were when she gave birth to Susan and Carol.

If heroes are ordinary people who do extraordinary things then Temple Israel and the general community lost a hero and a giant today. The Talmud's advice for humanity is to say little and do much. That was Harriet. The random words of praise bespeak not only an exemplary individual but a Jewish role model for people of all faiths and for people of no faith. As another Temple member put it so well, "It is almost impossible to replace those who walk so softly but carry a big stick. Harriet was so gracious and so involved, wasn't she?" this person asked.

We certainly wanted her around for more than 79 years, but get this, she hadn't been in the hospital as a patient since she delivered David 50 years ago. Not bad. To never have a serious illness or get sick until you leave this world as she did without having to linger or suffer any more. We prayed for Sabbath peace on Saturday. We prayed fervently at Temple during services for Harriet's recovery. Instead, she left us peacefully, just as Tom did on the Jewish Sabbath, what the rabbis call, "n'shikat elohim," a kiss of God, receiving back the soul of a special person, how fitting that both Tom and Harriet who embodied the very best in Judaism—goodness, generosity, kindness, love, wisdom, a listening ear, and a caring heart—how fitting that these two Jewish role models, religious to the core not by outward trappings of piety but outward acts of lovingkindness toward total strangers, how fitting that these two Jewish role models left us on Shabbat. And get this: When we were in the hospital on Saturday and her soul was released from her body, just before Shabbat ended, guess what we are to read from in all chapters and verses of the torah. Parashat Vayechi, the closing chapters of Genesis, verses of torah so fitting for Harriet's release from her condition, it gave me chills just thinking about it. As her life ended, the Book of Genesis comes to an end. And in those verses, the patriarch Jacob dies and eventually Joseph too. But that's not what the torah portion is called. The patriarch of the Jewish people dies and guess what the portion is called: "Vayechi," which means, "And he lived."

Harriet Wise Stern lived. And her name will be remembered forever as an eternal blessing. And let us say:

A-M-E-N.

Harriet Was Devoted to Her Family and Always Needed to Be Busy

Harriet Stern never sought accolades for her volunteerism in the Memphis community. Her husband Tom once remarked that Harriet was “vice-president of many things.” She never wanted to lead—she only wanted to do. Her daughters Susan and Carol said that Harriet “always needed to be busy,” and Harriet’s idea of busy was to have her fingers in many pies at the same time, both figuratively and literally. She might be clutching a phone in one hand discussing ideas for her latest volunteer job, and a spoon in the other hand stirring a batch of her famous pickled peaches.

Harriet was born and grew up in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Her family had emigrated from Europe to the United States before the Civil War in the mid-1800s. She was a great-granddaughter of the illustrious Rabbi Isaac Mayer Wise, the leading exponent of Reform Judaism in America and founder of Hebrew Union College, and her great aunt was married to Adolph Ochs, former owner and publisher of the Chattanooga Times and The New York Times.

Harriet’s parents, Dorothy and Harry Wise, Jr., were both college graduates, her father from the University of Wisconsin and her mother from Smith. Both were only children as was Harriet, and in her early years both sets of her grandparents lived in the family home. Conventional wisdom suggests that she should have been a spoiled child surrounded by so much attention, but Harriet’s unselfishness and commitment to performing acts of Mitzvah as an adult suggest otherwise. Her father owned a dairy in Chattanooga with Jersey cows on the premises. Later her parents moved to a home on Missionary Ridge, the site of a famous Civil War battle. Two cannons remained in the yard, and Susan and Carol remember playing around them when they visited Chattanooga as children.

Following in the footsteps of her mother, Harriet graduated from Smith with a degree in history. After marrying Tom, she became connected to a group of Jewish women

who were actively involved in various community organizations and thus began her career as a volunteer. She studied for her Master’s degree at Memphis State University in order to teach reading in the public schools and became a Reading Specialist at LaRose Elementary. When Harriet realized that there was no Scout troop at LaRose, she not only organized one but also became its leader.

Her work and volunteer activities never prevented her from being fully involved with her home and her family.

Harriet was a devoted daughter and daughter-in-law, a strong supporter of her husband Tom, and a mother who was very much a part of the lives of her children, Susan, Carol, and David. Growing up she was not allowed in the kitchen because her parents had a cook. When she got married, she “couldn’t boil an egg,” however, she soon learned to cook and enjoyed entertaining guests. She took care of her own yard and had a deep appreciation



for nature and the outdoors. Some of her family’s fondest memories are of outdoor vacations—camping, canoeing, and hiking—in National Parks or sometimes more exotic destinations such as Nepal. She loved music, played the piano and also learned to play the harpsichord.

Harriet was an extraordinary grandparent. She was likely to be found sitting on the floor with them playing games or reading. She watched their sports activities and was always “game” for something new. Carol recalled that when Harriet would come to visit her family in Colorado, she was like the “Pied Piper”—all her daughter Katy’s friends flocked over when Harriet was there, to be part of a challah-baking session or to pick apples and make cider. When each grandchild was about 13, Harriet and Tom would take them on a special trip to unusual places such as Belize or some off-the-beaten-path spot in Mexico. Harriet would keep travel journals and make scrapbooks of each trip and present them to the children as souvenirs. She also made scrapbooks for her friends who were celebrating birthdays or other special occasions.

She Was Devoted to Her Family . . . continued

Harriet and Tom were extremely philanthropic and often refused to be recognized for their generosity. They reached out to the three children of Tom's brother, who had died very young. The children were welcomed as an integral part of Harriet and Tom's family and often joined in on the family vacations. Harriet would sometimes raid her own children's closets for clothes to give to needy families. She was generous almost to a fault; along with her generosity toward others, however, she was notorious for her thriftiness when it came to buying anything for herself. She showed up one night at a friend's home at 11:00PM because she needed to use their typewriter—she was unwilling to purchase her own. Her beloved daughter-in-law, Deb Stern, once jokingly referred to her as "Harriet (never-buy-new-when-what-you-already-have-will-do-just-fine) Stern!"

Even as Susan and Carol were performing the heart-breaking task of clearing out the family home on Waring Road, there remained visible evidence of Harriet's impact on some of the lives she had touched. Still taped to the door between the kitchen and dining room was an array of crayon-decorated hand written thank-you notes from children at White Station Elementary School, where Harriet had tutored up until the day before she went into the hospital with her final illness. Here is a sampling:

"Thank you for tutoring me. I know how to do my math now. Love, TeKayla."

"I think you are a great tutor. You helped me with my reading and I think reading is easy now and thank you. Deron."

Harriet's legacy will be felt for many years to come in the Memphis community. If others are inspired to follow her example and continue her good works, it will be the most fitting tribute to her memory.



Harriet shows Richard Kremer one of the many scrapbooks she created for family and friends.

Harriet Received a Volunteer Mid-South Spirit of Giving Award

Despite her desire to quietly "do her thing," Harriet agreed to allow the Jewish Historical Society to nominate her several years ago for a Volunteer Mid-South Spirit of Giving Award, and it was no surprise that she was a winner. Every service she offered to various organizations and to the community in general affected people's lives for the better. Included in the long list of items on the form nominating Harriet for the award were the following: well known in Memphis City schools for her unending support, tutoring and ACT preparation; volunteered with MIFA, Ronald McDonald House, and League of Women Voters; manned a hotline for suicide prevention through Gailor Psychiatric Hospital; started a daycare program at Kansas Street; helped found the Fund for Needy Schoolchildren; helped create a brochure, "I Am a Man," honoring sanitation workers; adopted a Vietnamese family and a Russian family; housed people for Opera Memphis; served on the boards of Brooks Museum, League of Women Voters, Peace and Justice Center, Smith College Club, and Memphis Area Women's Council. In the Jewish community she helped found the Jewish Historical Society and served on its board as well as on the boards of Hebrew Union College, Temple Israel, National Council of Jewish Women, and the Memphis Jewish Home.

Harriet's Contribution to the Archives

By Margie Kerstine

I first met Harriet Stern in 2003. She was Chairperson of "The Past"—Temple Israel's 150th Anniversary dinner. For a month or two I had been helping Linde Feibelman, who was in charge of the Temple Israel Archives. Harriet wanted to meet with Linde who wanted me to join them in discussing what we had, and the kinds of displays we could present. I recall all went well, and we were feeling positive that we would be ready by October; however, none of us knew the history of the Temple and had very limited ideas on what we had in the Archives to help us. Harriet came and went almost weekly to check our progress. We continued to grab at straws and look through the files for relevant data. She continued to ask for an outline of the history and often added to it with relevant information from each of the Temple Israel past presidents she interviewed. We were very lucky by finding publications used at both the Jubilee and the 100th Anniversary celebrations.

I remember Harriet showed up one day with an 1872 map from the Shelby County Library, which I believed to be brilliant because no one knew where Bass Avenue Cemetery was located. It not only showed the locations of this first cemetery but also the first Temple Israel location. With this data, I liked her idea of a Time Line and could agree to do the computer display. It was a surprise to both us and a good laugh at the time that we actually completed it by the night of the dinner. This was a successful beginning of many such adventures over the next nine years.

After "The Past" display, Harriet took a short vacation from the Archives. I am not sure what brought her back, but thank goodness she kept showing up to help. No matter what you asked her to do, she just sat down and did it. She did many different types of tasks; she and Kay Rosenberg organized the mess of newspaper clippings, certificates, photos that are now called the "Peres Collection." Both Kay and Harriet spent many hours sorting genealogical news clippings and invitations for family folders as well as identifying spouses and children. They helped with the High Holy Day and Jewish Historical Society 25th Annual Meeting displays by selecting the more interesting items and helping to lay them out in the sanctuary lobby. In December, 2005, Kay, Harriet and Dr. Tom were there helping us by lifting and shelving boxes from the storage area to our new state-of-the-art workroom and storage rooms. Just last year, when the Schwab family offered to give their family tree records to the Jewish Historical Society, she arranged for the pick up

and accompanied me to Beale Street on what seemed like the hottest day in July. She continually looked for and brought others to the Archives to volunteer.

As time passed the Archives went from a garage clean-up operation to a research workroom. I recalled how Harriet had gone to the library without being asked. I started giving her the research requests that came from outsiders from California to Israel. She checked the cemetery registries, the Schwab notebooks, Rabbi Samfield's and Rabbi Wax's Marriage Registries and genealogy folders available to be sure we had looked carefully for all the names listed. She read through all the data and simplified the information for me to forward to the individual. She often used the Archive resources in writing her articles for the Southern Jewish Heritage newsletter. These included articles about the Rex Club, the Lichterman Nature Center and a number of others.

Harriet was very helpful in acting as the liaison with the Temple's and Jewish Historical Society's Legal Counsels who wrote our two Donor's Agreements. Because she enjoyed writing, I gave her many writing assignments—either to proofread or to create the rough draft. She developed the Donor Letters, newspaper releases, and thank you notes. For a short time the writing expanded into a campaign to promote interest in helping members organize their private collections of their papers and photos. We used her collection as a way to practice, and then she actively helped find a few members who were interested in our services.

Harriet decided and arranged with the National Council of Jewish Women to donate their archival collection to the Jewish Historical Society's Archives which is housed at the Temple. They agreed, and she worked diligently bringing the boxes to the Temple and organizing all of it, as well as bringing in volunteers. She also helped to find the first names of all the presidents. This took research because prior to the 1970s, women's organizations used only the woman's husband's name, not her first name in minutes and directories.

Harriet was one of the strongest and most positive women with whom I have had the pleasure of working. She represented my definition of a good friend because she was always there to help and to support me, and she tried her best to always get the project done. The volunteers of the Temple Israel and Jewish Historical Society Archives will truly miss her.

May she rest in peace.

"No matter what you asked her to do, she just sat down and did it. . . . As time passed, the Archives went from a garage clean-up operation to a research workroom."

IN MEMORIAM

By Leonid Saharovich

With the passing of Harriet Stern, the Memphis Jewish Community lost a great leader, strong supporter and founder of an organization that contributes to the preservation and dissemination of the rich history and the lives of Jews from Memphis and the Mid-South.

Twenty-eight years ago, at Harriet's initiative, the Jewish Historical Society of Memphis and the Mid-South was created in Harriet and Dr. Tom Stern's home, in the presence of many of their friends and a diverse group of Jewish leaders from the community. Since then she continuously promoted and encouraged education, research and the study of the lives of the Jews from Memphis.



Jews from Memphis.

Harriet was the first president of the society, and she suggested the writing of the history of the Jews from Memphis, which came to fruition when Selma Lewis was commissioned with this noble task. Harriet was active in the organizing of conferences of the different waves of Jewish immigration to Memphis and of several programs illustrating the contribution of the Jews to the fields of medicine and law. All of these were received with great interest by large numbers of people. Both Harriet and Tom were also lovers and supporters of music and the arts in Memphis.

Those who were privileged to work with Harriet will miss her noble character, her modesty, unselfishness and great personality. I am very proud and honored to have been a friend of Harriet and to have worked with her to bring to life many projects of the society.

Harriet Stern and Leonid Saharovich (Photo courtesy of The Hebrew Watchman)

Tributes by Members of the Temple Israel Torah Study Group

Harriet lived the Jewish Law—she repaired the world every day. She will be missed by all. *Honey Scheidt*

Harriet never said much but when she had something to say, people listened. *Sam Zalowitz*

A quiet woman who spoke volumes by her deeds. *Sherwood Platt*

When we are blessed with a treasure like Harriet, we are just so grateful to have known her and appreciate that she was with us. *Shelly Pierce*

Harriet was phenomenally active to the very end, always drawing in others. Her passing is a great loss to the entire city. *Eunice and Chip Ordman*

Harriet was one of the most unpretentious but charitable people I've ever known. She acted on what the Torah and her heart told her to do. She was truly a Jewish maven. *Hermine Davidson*

Harriet Stern was a humble, giving, loving woman who led many ways, especially by example. Her life was a blessing to those who knew her and to countless souls who weren't fortunate to have met her. *Joe and Myrna Levy*

In Their Own Words . . . "Harriet Looked Out for Everyone"

Before I ever met Harriet, I noticed her sitting by herself in a corner of the sanctuary with her embroidery. Always one to put every minute of her day to good use, she created handwork for her children, grandchildren and friends. When I did meet Harriet, she made sure that my time was used well also, predictably getting me involved in tutoring at White Station School across from my apartment.

Later she introduced me to the archive project at Temple where she gave me the biggest gift: she helped me make a book of my family, so many lost in the Holocaust. The book is in the archives, gift to the generations, including my own children and grandchildren.

A funny story: On one of the many times that Harriet drove me to places I could not get to on my own, she had a flat tire. I waited patiently for her to call for help. Not Harriet. She opened the trunk, took out the tools and the extra tire, and changed the tire herself. We soon were off doing a good deed for someone, no doubt.

Lieselott Esser

We knew Harriet from the day when we came to USA from the former Soviet Union in 1990. And we immediately became her extended Russian family. We were invited for holiday parties. She always was available if we needed a ride to go to schools, doctor appointments, interviews, shopping, etc. She became Number One friend with our parents. She took them to museums, exhibits, shows and symphony. She encouraged them to be more active, to go for walks or picking fruits and berries. She always tried to help us with anything we needed. We miss her very much.

The Savchenkos and The Finkelshteyns

As I sit at the computer organizing and planning my monthly calendar, I wrote down Harriet Stern's name to drive me to an appointment. This is still so difficult to think Harriet will not be driving me anywhere. Harriet is gone, but not my thoughts and memories of our time together. Thanks to GUB, Harriet came into my life when I lost my vision and could not go anywhere by myself. I called Harriet to "get there."

I had the opportunity to learn about her family all over the USA. She visited her family as often as possible. In fact, she called me from Colorado to let me know she was out of town right then and would get back to me. At other times, she would rearrange her schedule to help me. Harriet was every definition of a mensch! She always looked out for everyone! Harriet was always ready for her family and her family was always there for her. One time in particular, we went to an appointment for me and she didn't know that she had locked herself out of the car. She called Susan and shortly her grandson would appear to help us both out.

Harriet was invaluable to me two years ago when I lost my mom. So understanding about my feelings. Her kind words offered me sweet memories to remember again and again.

Also, when I was experiencing great difficulties at work, she was so supportive and drove me back and forth to receive help from an agency. Harriet assisted me with reviewing and editing what I would put in a letter. As I said at the beginning, I keep thinking I need to call her on the phone for help or just to say hello.

I miss Harriet so much!

Susan Hiller

