

Ariav's Eulogy 6/28/13

Tammuz 20

Sabba.

As I hear about your final trip to the hospital, my tears are not for you.

Your struggle is finally over. You've lived a long life and a blessed one, filled with Torah and Mitzvot and a loving family.

My tears are not for you.

It's been so hard to see you in the state you've been so long, yet somehow so enjoyable your company.

These tears are not for you, Sabba—the tears I shed silently—as I recall all our last memories.

When you lost mobility, your conversation was yet so cherished. When you lost conversation, your sense of humor still shined through. When you lost touch with most your surroundings, still, somehow, so enjoyable was your company.

My tears are not for you as you move on to a better life. A heavenly life you've deserved for so long and earned through **מעשים טובים**, and also **ייסורין**. We'll never know why you were kept here so long with so little left to do, yet I dare to say I'm even joyful today, knowing how close you must be to G-d and the paradise that awaits you. You lived your life in an attempt to discover G-d's world and to understand life and G-d Himself. Maybe now you finally will...

Yet my tears are not for you, Sabba, they're for me. Me, who never got to know you as the man you used to be. The scholar you once were.

When I was young and you were healthy, we hadn't much to talk about. You were a wise, intelligent philosopher with so much to teach me. I was a thoughtless little boy, too young to appreciate my grandfather. I never knew what I was missing. Only as I grew older, I learned more and more of what could have been.

As my passion for science was born, your ability to discuss it was dying.

As my philosophical mind developed, yours declined.

As my skills in Torah learning sharpened, yours faded.

The more I learned, the more you forgot.

I still remember the riddles you asked us and the divrei Torah you gave at the Shabbat table. If you could only have given them a few years later... held on a few years longer...

I remember trying to catch your wisdom while I still could. The first game of chess we ever played wasn't even fair, the second wasn't even finished...

As I grew in Torah I learned how lucky I would have been to be able to learn with you, discuss with you, debate with you, philosophize with you...

I just so happened to have the perfect Sabba to match my new found passion for Judaism, Gemara, and Hashkafah. The perfect Sabba, only a few years too late.

The more I grew, the greater the loss; the stronger I felt what a shame it was.

My tears are not for you.

They're not for you, Sabba, they're for me, and for the *you* I never got to know.

My tears are only driven by all the knowledge I could have reaped, the discussions we could have had, what I could have gained, the relationship that could have been, the opportunity that was lost.

My tears are for the bond that never realized its potential.

Yet somehow a bond was still formed. Somehow we still got to know each other, to enjoy each other, to learn from one another. Somehow we still connected on a much deeper level, and I think I now know why.

With all that was declining, one thing never budged. Your passion.

When I tried to learn Gemara with you I saw how badly you longed to continue and how much it pained you that you couldn't hold your train of thought. That I took from you.

You must have seen that passion in me too. I'll never forget the smile on your face whenever I spoke of my learning and told you divrei Torah. Though you may not have understood more than the gist of what I was saying, just the idea of it made you happy.

And so we grew closer. I continued to learn in your name, knowing that you no longer could and understanding how important it was to you.

The more you forgot, the more I learned. I've learned this is no coincidence.

And so when I received the call informing me that you had about an hour left, moments before I was to enter a chavruta for about an hour, I had no more tears left to shed. There was nothing better to do then to proceed to learn Torah as scheduled.

My tears are no more. All that's left for me to do is to continue learning and continue your legacy.

I trust you'd be proud knowing that I'm living in Israel, serving in the army, and returning to yeshiva soon, and then to college.

When you lost your life, I gained a legacy to continue. A legacy that I will not continue alone, but with three siblings who have all inherited your passion for learning and thinking. My father has continued this legacy prominently, and we will too.

When you lost your life, you gained a new one. One in this world pursued by you children, and one in the next waiting for you with open arms.

My tears are no more.

There is no reason to be sad. Only to look forward and let your memory inspire us for the rest of our lives.

My tears are no more, yet I will always miss you.

Love,

Ariav.