

OBITUARY - JACK KAIMOWITZ

Friends, we gather together to mourn the loss and say goodbye to JACK KAIMOWITZ, a dear husband, father, grandfather, great grandfather and friend.

People always speak of the loneliness of the long distance runner. I think there can be nothing more lonely however than the loneliness of a mourner who has lost a loved one; all that is left behind are memories, but alas I am no Keats or Milton to wax poetic about a beautiful man that was my father, or a Rabbi Akiva to give Talmudic words of wisdom, so forgive me Dad as I humbly attempt to describe you.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His Holy Place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

If I was asked to describe my Dad in one word I would say he was the personification of a human being in every sense of the word. He indeed fitted the description of the Psalmist by having a pure heart and being impeccably honest in all aspects of human relationship. He did not have to read the Torah to learn those statutes governing the conduct of a righteous person. It came naturally to him as if hewed into his soul.

Some men achieve greatness through a notable contribution to literature or art. Others have greatness thrust upon them by the accident of birth or the capricious force of circumstance. Others attain to eminence by all accommodating opportunism. My Dad attracted the respect, the confidence and greater still the affection of all those who were brought into contact with him by the irresistible magnetism of nature's gentleman.

It was symptomatic of my Dad that even in his darkest hours when life was slowly ebbing away he would quietly sing that smash hit "Don't Worry - Be Happy". He never complained and it was rare indeed that I saw my father down. He always welcomed you with that warm magnetic smile that gave you such a feeling of wellbeing. You could be rude, irritable, happy, sad - he always remained the same.

It is said in ethics of our fathers "Who is a happy Man - He who is contented with his lot". My father aspired to improve himself but he never coveted his neighbours' fortune. What he had he shared for he was generous to his family as well as to numerous charitable institutions, his first love being the Gardens Shul.

My father was a giver, not a taker. He always said the giver was better off than the taker.

I recall that I used to remonstrate with him when he refused presents. Dad, I said, you give so graciously, please learn to receive in the same fashion.

As a husband he had no peer. He treasured my mother. I recall an incident which epitomizes my Dad's character. From the age of 20 he suffered an ulcerated stomach. On his 70th birthday he decided that he wished to have an operation to alleviate the continual pain he had suffered over the years. Unfortunately, matters took a turn for the worse and he hovered on the brink of death for six weeks. Here I must recall the devotion shown by his brother Solly in supervising and orchestrating his treatment day and night for the whole period. It was as if he was pulling him away from the jaws of death.

When my father had recovered he said to me - "Harold, I knew I had to pull through as I was worried as to what would happen to Ma if I did not!"

Today, we sadly bid farewell to a prince amongst men, a true man of peace. It is indeed a sad day but the memories that he left behind are happy ones; his way of life a yardstick to be followed by all those who seek the true essence of goodness. We will certainly all miss him, and have been made richer by the privilege of having known him.

May the name of Jack Kaimowitz be a blessing to us all. May his soul rest in peace.

HAROLD KAIMOWITZ

13th MARCH 1989