

FUNERAL ORATION - MAX KAIMOWITZ

"Lord who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle?"
Who shall dwell upon thy Holy Mountain?
He that walketh upright and worketh righteousness.
And speaketh the truth in his heart.
That hath no slander upon his tongue,
Nor doeth evil to his fellow.
Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour
In whose eyes a vile person is despised
But he honoured them that feareth the Lord
.....
He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

This perfect portrait of a gentleman as it has so aptly been described by The Psalmist 3000 years ago is as if it were specially composed for our dearly departed Uncle Max. For Uncle Max was conspicuously marked by an undeviating rectitude, an inflexible integrity and an unfaltering uprightness in all aspects of his life.

Family and friends. We are gathered here today to say goodbye and pay our last respects to a truly remarkable man. Max Kaimowitz was a man, who though physically small was a giant in stature. He was a man with a golden heart, and if one thinks of the manner in which he died, struck down by a heart attack, it is as if his heart had grown so large by doing good deeds, that it finally succumbed.

There is a saying - "What is bred in bones comes out in the flesh". My dearly beloved grandparents instituted in their children a love for the highest principles of life. Max loved and carried out the works and deeds of his parents to his utmost. Max was a religious man. His religion stretched however not only to the trappings of religious practice, but he carried out teachings of his ancestral faith. He was good, he was kind and charitable, and he loved his fellow man. If you will permit me dear friends just a personal note, I would like to illustrate the aforementioned by giving just a few memories of Uncle Max.:

When I was just a few years old, and very ill, and my father being very ill as well, it was Uncle Max and Aunty Goulda that I was sent for nursing. A few years later, I suffered extensive burns, and again I was sent to Uncle Max and Aunty Goulda. My father today is not a well man, and it was Uncle Max who together with his brothers kept a caring eye over him as a father. It was Uncle Max who decided that his present slippers were not warm enough for him, and so went out to buy him a new pair. He simply could not do enough.

He loved and worshipped in the Garden Shul. There was a time when the frosted globes which illuminated the Shul were unobtainable in Cape Town. Knowing that

my Dad could not withstand the light emanating from the normal globes, he scoured the whole country and eventually purchased them in Johannesburg, and donated a large quantity to the Shul.

As a father and grandfather, he was loving, warm and kind. He may have got irritable at times, but he lived for his family. His home was as big as his heart, and his hospitality was like a magnet, attracting visitors from all over, and even after his dear wife died, he carried on the best traditions of our family, an open home. Saturday after Shul was synonymous with a bracha at Uncle Max's home.

Max was not only known as "Uncle Max" to his nieces and nephews, but this benevolent appellation was lovingly used by many of his business contemporaries. In the stationery industry, he was a pioneer, and played a leading role in its ramifications.

Max was known for his impeccable honesty and integrity, echoing the sentiments of our sages, when they said, that there are three crowns which a man can wear: The crown of Torah; The crown of Priesthood; The crown of Kingdom.

BUT THE CROWN OF GOOD NAME EXCELS THEM ALL.

Uncle Max's name will live on for ETERNITY.

We ARE ALL THE worse off in his passing, but we should be comforted to know that he goes to join his beloved wife, Goulda whilst the fond memories which he left behind will be a guideline to all those who were privileged to know him.

May the memory of Max Kaimowitz be for a blessing to us all.

Delivered - Harold Kaimowitz : Cape Town
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