

It is an irony of tragic coincidence that the period of mourning ushered in by the death of Morris Behrman is contemporaneous with the season of national Jewish mourning which began seven days ago and culminates the day after tomorrow in the Tisha B'Av fast, commemorating the destruction of both Temples. The deep sense of anguish of the individual mourners is enhanced and aggravated by the common grief of all Jews. For in a way, just as the national tragedy is felt by all our individual correligionists, so is the affliction of one individual human being or mourner shared by all people endowed with sensitive spirits and sympathetic souls. The sound of the soul departing from the body, relates an ancient Jewish ^{source} aphorism, is heard from one end of the world to another. *the other*

And indeed Jeremiah, in the very first verses of that monumental national dirge, the Book of Lamentations, exclaims: *וְהָיָה יְרוּשָׁלַם כְּאַלְמָנָה רַחֵלָה וְהָיָה בֵּיתָהּ כְּאַרְבָּנוֹת וְהָיָה יְרוּשָׁלַם כְּאַלְמָנָה רַחֵלָה*
"How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people; how is she become as a widow". This prophetic comparison of the tragedies of national destruction and widowhood is no mere poetic ~~metaph~~ simile; it rises from the deep knowledge of a soul tormented and in anguish. For national exile and personal misfortune, while differing in degree, are the same in kind. The greivous point of similarity between the calamity of Jerusalem and the woe of the widow lies in that one word " *יָחִיד* ", solitary. The great metropolis of Jerusalem remains alone, a ghost city, bereft of its proud sons and gay daughters. The widow and the orphan feel desolate, robbed of a parent or mate by the bitter irony of Fate. How oppressive the solitude, how terrible the loneliness.

But this feeling of Badad, of solitude, is not restricted to the Prophet or the mourner. Loneliness is a stark reality which people, all people, fear all their lives. Is not the fear of Death essentially the fear of eternal loneliness? Is it not a fear that the cruel rhytm of Time will obliterate every memory of that human being who now fights and fears, sweats and strives, hopes and aspires? Is it not a fear that their memories will become extinct, that they will drown in the Sea of Eternity? And ruefully does the same Prophet, in the last verses of his Lamentations, plaintively ask:

וְהָיָה כְּיָמֵינוּ וְהָיָה כְּיָמֵינוּ

"Wherefore dost Thou forget us forever, And forsake us for so long a time?"
From beginning to end, the Lamentation of the Jew, individually and collectively, was and is the fear of loneliness and solitude based on that deeper fear of being forgotten.

And, my friends, if we have in our day seen the consolation of Jerusalem because we have remembered her through the long and dark years of her desolation, let us too be determined to forever cherish the memory of the deceased who lies before us now. Let us remember the days of the life of this man who, the son of a Ben Torah and younger friend of Ramaz Margolies, went on to graduate from a highly respected American university. Let us remember ~~this~~ man who, himself a distinguished member of his profession, raised a son who graduated from the same school with high honors, and who yet remained true to the faith and ethics of his fathers. Let us remember his great and humane tolerance for his fellow men; let us remember - and emulate - his profound and tender understanding, his natural and genuine sympathy for and love of his family and friends. ^{Traditions} Let us remember - and emulate - the basic humaneness which inspired and motivated and dominated his every action to the end of his days. Let us cast away this terrible loneliness by ^{cherishing} these noble memories, and let us, thereby, find our consolation

Moshe Hirsh Behrman, in your life you distinguished yourself as a Certified Public Accountant. Now you are being called upon to present the Book of your Life before the Chief Accountant of the entire Universe who investigates the ledger of every being. We, your friends and relatives, know and hope and pray that after the Divine Accountant checks your books, He will find that your Credits far outweigh the Debits. We hope and pray and know that He will find ~~in your favor~~. ^{meaning}

of eternal happiness.