

In Praise of Rosie

1. One of my 1st memories: I=~3 yrs old, in Parkchester/Bronx, looking out of window, see R walking up street from train station, coming from W'msburg to baby sit w me (best one I ever had!). My reaction: such undiluted and ecstatic a joy as only a child can experience. That joy mellowed, matured, and grew--and it always enriched my life. I adored her.
2. She=10 years older than I. She was for me an aunt/sister/even--daughter... *called her every day for at least last 5 years*
3. I remember her graduation from Eastern District HS (W'msburg). Yearbook--her picture with characteristic quizzical look, and caption read: "Her eyebrows are question marks"... Indeed, she had many questions, most of which went unanswered--perhaps because they were unanswerable. Her life was not, as they say, a bowl of cherries, not an uninterrupted sequence of "simcha"s. She knew pain and frustration and disappointment and suffering and, especially for the last 21 years, debilitating illness.
4. Yet, as her sainted father זצ"ל taught her, פון א קושיא שטארבט מען נישט, To be intellectually and spiritually mature=to live with the ubiquitous tension of unanswered questions, unexplained experiences, unrequited loyalty, unresolved problems. She was fully aware that God owed her no explanations. רשע וטוב לו, צדיק ורע לו, were really, for her, not questions, but declarative judgments upon the perverse and inexplicable nature of life as we mortals, with our severely limited capacities, can attempt to understand it. And if it be a question, well then: פון א קושיא שטארבט מען נישט...
5. As a result of this outlook, she never complained--about anything. She kept her privacy with great and charming dignity. That was Rosie.
6. Her deep love and reverence for her father. Her devotion to her mother, who lived with her for many years after her father passed away. Her devotion to her late husband Isaac. Her deep love for her children--Nachum, Malkie, Josh--and her pride in her grandchildren.
7. She worked for a good part of her life--and was good at what she did
8. She never bluffed herself. She saw through sham, but rarely if ever let on that she knew what was happening.
9. Great sense of humor. Laughed easily and well.
10. דרוש: ש"י עגנון, רשות לקדיש--שהקדיש הינו מעין נחמה לקוב"ה על שאבדה לו. אבדה כה חשובה ויקרה.....
11. So: Wordsworth poem...

The Rainbow come and goes,
 And lovely is the Rose,
 The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go.
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

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III.

Now,
