

Greeting:

I want to thank everyone for coming today.

This is a familiar spot. We gathered here almost 2 years ago to bury Helen Sassower--and where in the years before any of my grandmother's grandchildren were born--was buried Louis Sassower--who my grandmother described as "the most courageous man she knew"--who refused to be defeated by the illness that paralyzed him--and who, earlier in life, after being turned down by the insurance-burial society as too great a health-risk--founded an organization of his own--this very brodyer brothers association.

Also buried here is my grandmother's only brother--Morris Akner: who she loved dearly--and who, like my grandmother, was a man who deeply enriched the lives of those around him. His death left Dotty, a young widow--and his two small children, Lois and Jeffrey, fatherless.

My grandmother was a strong woman--who lived in the present and planned for the future. Yet, in the years after she moved to Florida, coming to this place was always part of her itinerary. Carey, Beth and I each came to know that--just as Grandma would come here and for some minutes go behind the stones of these graves and engage in her private grief--about which she never spoke--so one day--we too, her grandchildren, would be mourning for her in that small, cramped space which had always been empty.

So, here we are today.

This is the first time I am participating in an unveiling ceremony. I wanted to do this--because I know the pride my grandmother would have felt--the joy, the nachas--that I was able to read and understand the hebrew prayers. My grandmother had a deep love of Judaism and lived a life permeated by Jewish values--and I trust my grandmother would regard it a tribute to her that I stand here and say he'neni.

Although this is a difficult day--particularly for me, who unlike my grandma, can easily wallow in tears--it is also a day, which personally at least, is somewhat of a comfort. As you know, our grandmother had a very close relationship with all her grandchildren. Even when she moved to Florida, we used to speak every week by phone. No matter where we were, Grandma used to write each of us letters--on a regular basis--and send us "care packages" of rugala and mandel cuts packed in coffee cans or danish cookie tins. Carey was an especially good correspondent as far as letter-writing. I, on the other hand, became known as the "silent correspondent". In short, our grandma was such a part of our life--we loved her so much and were so proud of her--that, at least for me, there's an urge to bring her into the present by talking about her. But, on most days, there's a

feeling that you can't do that--at least not in the effusive and excessive way that your heart wishes to. But on this day with its moment of public remembrance--when we can--and hopefully will share with each other the memories of Helen--is a precious occasion.

Unveiling is a modern development--not bound by any halachic requirement. Although it is traditional to begin with a psalm, we're going to open with two passages from Kohelet--Ecclesiastes:

One generation goes and another comes,
While the earth endures forever.

The sun rises and the sun sets
And hastens to the place from which it rose.

The wind blows toward the south
And returns to the north.

Turning, turning, the wind blows,
And returns upon its circuit.

All rivers run to the sea,
But the sea is never full,

To the place where the rivers flow
There they continue to flow.

Our grandmother was a very neat, organized woman who believed that everything had its right place.

TO EVERYTHING THERE IS A SEASON, AND A TIME TO EVERY PURPOSE UNDER HEAVEN.

A time to be born -- a time to die

A time to plant -- a time to reap

A time to kill -- a time to heal

A time to break down -- a time to build up

A time to weep --a time to laugh

A time to mourn -- a time to dance

A time to cast away stones -- a time to gather stones together

A time to embrace -- a time to refrain from embracing

A time to get -- a time to lose
 A time to keep -- a time to cast away
 A time to rend -- a time to sew
 A time to keep silence -- a time to speak
 A time to love -- a time of hate
 A time of war -- a time of peace.

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Our grandma was deeply attached to the family--to whom she was doubly related. She was blessed to have so many cousins--all of you--who are here today--and she always expressed the love and feeling she felt. Of course, much of the family was killed by Hitler, and some few pioneers such as Abraham Ackner--who she called Al--settled in Israel. I came to know cousin Al when I was living in Israel. He was a wonderful man--with the same eyes as my grandmother--beautiful blue eyes. He visited the States only once I believe--in the 40's--and he never forgot my grandmother's hospitality--how she refused to let him go to a hotel and made room for him with her. In the year after Louis died, it was with cousin Al and his wonderful wife Celia that my grandmother lived--until she received a wire that I had been born--when she came home. In fact, thirty years later, when I was living in Israel and was struggling to learn Hebrew, cousin Al pulled down from one of the shelves a book which had been my grandmother's when she was there--also trying to learn Hebrew. In any event, over the years and the separation of 6,000 miles, Al and my grandmother corresponded. Cousin Al died in March of 1987--eight months before my grandmother. In the years before his death, however, he wrote several books--including volumes of poetry. The following selection is called "What will I take with Me".

-- "Can't take it with you". Important thing is not what we take with us: but what we leave behind.

-- Grandma left alot behind: enriched us with so many wonderful memories--so much joy

--her example--courage, devotion to family, Judaism, civic-mindedness (award by miami beach mayor)

-- exchange of recollections:

Carey: letters

Pepe:

Beth: poem-- "I haven't died"

EL MALE RACHAMIM: (translation)

Remembrance of other loved ones buried here: to continue to other sites. Also Hilda--who was the closest that my grandmother every came to having a sister: came together to U.S.: also another grandmother to us.

KADDISH

To other gravesites: