

Dear Family,

The VA Rabbi led Dave's funeral service. The Rabbi had frequently visited Dave in the hospital and Dave had enjoyed at least one Shabbos morning service when he was in the nursing home in New York. After the Rabbi recited a couple of psalms, I read the enclosed remarks followed by Elena's moving description of how happy Dave was to travel back home to New York and Beth's reading of messages from family & friends. The military honor guard then, to taps, presented Joel and Doris with the American flag. Doris closed the service with a tribute to Dave's life and struggles. At Beth David cemetery, the coffin was lowered and we recited Kaddish.

IN MEMORIAM

DAVID LIPSON CHARTERS

11/25/19-1/24/00

Some of my earliest memories are of being little, under 2 feet tall probably, being swung and twirled on "rides" by my amiable and tall Uncle Dave. At 6 feet, when Uncle Dave lifted my sister and me up onto his shoulders we were as awestruck as an adult atop Mt. Everest. The "rides" Uncle Dave gave us kids grew so numerous that he wisely started demanding "tickets" and we made him boxfuls.

Giving great hugs of joy, Uncle Davey, as Mary, our beloved babysitter called him, would announce himself on what I recall as a weekly basis throughout my childhood in Brooklyn. By that point, Mary had known Dave for decades, from the days she helped look after baby Doris while Grandma Rose worked hard in the Lipson dress shop, known as the Public Arts Store.

Since my mother always bragged that her brother Dave ranked in the 99th percentile nationwide in mathematics, I thought it would be no problem at all if he helped us with our math homework. And he did, all the way through calculus.

Delighted to have another male in the house, my father spent loads of time with my Uncle Dave. A workaholic himself, my father never gave up the idea that my brilliant PHD-bound Uncle would one day find a meaningful job.

My more practical mother, in the meantime, gave Uncle Dave many jobs; in return for her preparing a fine Shabbos brisket, she would ask her brother to play chess with us or wash the dishes. It was then, either between turns or between drying and putting away, that Uncle Dave taught me to commit to memory so many marvelous poems and songs - from Wordsworth to Gilbert & Sullivan.

Uncle Dave was a more than welcome member of our household. Each of my parents came from emotionally generous families - supportive of those