

This has probably been said a number of times by others, there really aren't any words that can be shared when someone has been taken from us too soon. I didn't really know Len that well as a husband, a father, or even really that well as a rabbi, but I feel truly grateful and blessed to have gotten to know him as my father-in-law over the past five years. Between the quirky, often less than funny dad and rabbi jokes, was a man with real life advice to give, always communicated without an ounce of condescension, who valued fairness, respect, and doing the right thing no matter what.

Most importantly, he was a saba who relished being with his grandkids more than anything and would crisscross the country a hundred times by plane or by car to help any of his own children (or those married in) out. My boys, Elijah and Zev, are three years old. They may never truly understand how much it means to have a saba who was willing to spend the equivalent of a luxe European vacation, despite his own uncomfotability being in the hustle-and-bustle of New York City for nine weeks, so that he and Judy could help out after they were born. They probably won't remember the countless times he consoled them on his shoulder for hours when they would throw fits or get upset, or turn their tears to laughter with "the claw" at many family events, visits, and inevitable days/weeks of saba/savta childcare. They'll also never get to do so many fun things that Len always looked forward to doing with them as they got older and of course, that makes me...incredibly...sad.

So I'll have to tell them about their saba, not just by showing them pictures and telling them how much he loved them, but by exemplifying his moral compass, and reminding them every so often how lucky they are, how lucky I am, to have

had a saba and father-in-law like him in our lives. Len, thank you for so, so much - you will be utterly and truly missed.