

## A PRAYER FOR MY BELOVED

The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away - Blessed be the name of the Lord.  
One generation passeth away and another generation cometh. The earth abideth forever.  
There is a time for all things. A time to be born. A time to die.  
A time to forget and a time to remember. This day is a time for remembrance.  
We remember and cherish the memory of our beloved who enriched our lives with love  
and beauty, with kindness and compassion, with thoughtfulness and understanding.  
This day we remember that our generations are bound to each other, our memories will  
conquer death's dominion. Our love is stronger than death. Our love is everlasting.  
Our beloved will live on in our hearts, our minds, and in our poignant memories.  
There is a time to born. There is a time to die. From God back to God is the way of  
life, each terminus an occasion for blessing. In times of happiness and in times of  
sorrow, we are heartened by the knowledge that we are never completely cut off from  
the Fellowship of God, and we know, too, that our Heavenly Father is just and merciful.  
Our beloved Belle has been called to her eternal home. We who mourn her are bowed  
down in grief. During her lifetime she did justly, she loved mercy, and she walked  
humbly with her God. The Midrash tells us that, "Blessed art thou when thou comest  
into the world, and in thy going out from the world." "Happy are those whose hour of  
death is like the hour of their birth." Belle lived her life in the light of God,  
an honorable life, a blessed life. She reached the ultimate destination of her life,  
which is in the arms of her Heavenly Father. We are grateful for the years that she  
was with us and we are happy in the certain knowledge that our beloved has been greeted  
as she enters the world beyond as she was greeted when she entered this world with the  
gladsome cry : "Blessed art thou in thy coming in."  
May our beloved rest in eternal peace.

Amen

In memoriam,

Harry



Almighty God - Heavenly Father

On this somber doleful day we turn to You and to each other, as we seek comfort, solice, and consolation. For You, O Lord, have called our beloved, Belle Rose Gunsberg, to her eternal rest.

The shadow of our grief has fallen over our hopes - The bright sun, that was our Belle, has set, never again to rise to illuminate and to enliven our days.

Nahamu Nahamu Ami, yomar Elohehem. We are heartened by the words You spoke to the Prophet Isaiah, " Comfort Ye Comfort Ye My People, saith your God. " Tell My people that their God is a refuge in the time of trouble. He is a shelter in the Time of storm. He is a consoling force in the time of sorrow. "

Lord God, I pray that You will be with me and that You will strengthen me, as I now fulfill my promise to Belle.

I ask this, Lord, even as I confess that during my beloved Belle's long illness, there were many times when my heart was filled with anger towards You. I cried out to You from the depths of my soul, " Why Belle ? Why us ? Why now ? Why did it have to be such a catastrophic affliction ?

Lord, You did not answer. You were silent. In contrition and in sincere repentance, I ask You to forgive me Heavenly Father. For I knew, in fact we all know, that these same questions have echoed against the Gates of Heaven since the beginning of time. We know, too, that You, Lord God, are the only One who has the answers to our Why's. Answers that are bound up in the Divine Design which underlies all of life. We all humbly bow to Thy will.

Belle Gunsberg, was truly an Ayshes Chayil. A Woman of Valor. The psalmist has written; " That the heart of her husband trusteth in her. She doeth him good all the days of her life. Her children rise up and call her blessed. Her husband findeth much comfort in her and he shall praise her." And I now do.



Almighty God, You were Belle's shepherd, she knew no want. You made her to lie down in green pastures. You lead her beside the still waters. You restored her soul. You guided her in straight paths for Your Name's sake. O Lord, even as my Belle walked through the valley of the shadow of death, she feared no harm, for she knew that You were with her. Thy rod and Thy staff they comforted her. You have now prepared a table for her in the presence of her loved ones. You have annointed her head with oil and her cup has been filled. Surely, goodness and mercy shall always be with her as she dwells in Your House, Lord, forever and ever. Amen..

Let me take all of you back in time to the Spring of 1927. The place was the main corridor of the old Central High School. I saw a beautiful girl coming down the hall and as she passed I fell in step with her. I introduced myself and she told me that her name was Belle Baron. We became friends. Our friendship blossomed. I truly believe that from the beginning, on that eventful, wonderful day, 56 years ago, that we both knew that someday, we were destined to become life partners, sharing our lives and our dreams. Thank You, Lord.

Belle and I have always been grateful to the Almighty for granting us a long and most fruitful marriage. We were blessed with two children, Emily and Robert. Belle was a zealous mother and wife. She was engrossed with her family and her household reflected the love, care, and devotion that filled her days and her life. Her great love shaped the character of our children, and that love remains, everlasting, immortal and indestructible. Belle's love made our house a home, where Emily, Robert, and I, were encouraged, comforted, nursed, and gained the strength to face the challenges of each new day. Belle taught us a doctrine of hope. By word and by example she showed us that trouble was an inseparable part of human life. That inequalities and injustices were an integral part of every persons destiny. She taught us that there is always hope. A hope that springs forth from our faith in God.



Belle was an independent, self reliant human being. She was a compassionate person. She was blessed with a sensitivity, an understanding, that served to inspire all who knew her. She loved doing things for her family and for her friends. She was ever ready to be of help whenever the needs arose. This trait was a keystone of her character. I remember how concerned she was in times of family illnesses. I remember her distress and sadness when we would mourn the passing of a loved one. I remember with gratitude how she tended my beloved mother during her final illness. I remember with love and gratitude how Belle opened her heart and home so that we could observe Shiva for my mother, and for Cynthia and for Edward. Yet, throughout a lifetime of devoted service to others, Belle, like the true Ayses Chayil, never neglected the needs of her immediate family or her home. Emily, Robert, and I cherish the memory of her love. We brought her our troubles and our problems. She had a knack for turning troubles and problems into viable solutions. We recall how she insisted that we always celebrate our many joyous occasions, together as a family. How great was her happiness when we welcomed Kenneth Rhodes and Eileen Klein into our intimate family circle. She embraced them both as her own. How great was her happiness when we were blessed with grandchildren : Steven, Karen, David, and Marcie. Poignant memories flood my mind. Poignant memories of things she had planned for our golden years. Things she wanted to do for our children and for our grandchildren. Things which the Lord decreed would never come to pass for Belle. Her plans and her dreams turned to dust on the second day of January, 1981. The stroke which felled her was severe. The loss of the use of her right arm and leg presented a difficulty - but - the loss of her voice, the ability to orally communicate - that factor was most devastating for her. Never again to be able to discuss matters with me / never again to be able to speak with her children and her grandchildren / never again to make or to receive the daily calls with her sisters / never again to be able to talk with relatives and friends / - I am certain that each of you can visualize the torment, the anguish that wracked her body and soul.. Her tears and frustrations filled my heart with a resolve ~~to seek~~ <sup>to seek</sup> a possible cure for Belle's aphasia . It was not meant to be, each of her doctor's told me that the brain damage was irreversible.



The deprivation of her independence - the need for total reliance on others - the indignity of incontinence and her inability to control bodily functions - were all factors that deepened her misery. Her proud spirit was overwhelmed. It was not easy to watch my beloved fade before my eyes. The weeks and months turned into years, despite my best efforts I could not stem the downward slide. Belle, many, many times, let us know that for her it was the time for Dayenu. It is enough. Please, no more emergency rooms, no more tubes and IVs, no more pills, no more 911s, just let me go. We are all grateful that Belle experienced very little physical pain. There is a time for all things. A time to live and a time to die. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

In my heart I know that these are the things that Belle wanted me to say on this sad day. Lord God, strengthen me just a little longer, because I want to express for Belle and myself our appreciation to loved ones who helped ease the ever present pressures. Robert and Emily, your love and devotion cheered your mother. You gave me strength to face each day. Emily, your visits were truly a godsend, and the way mother's face lit up when she saw you, should remain as a meaningful memory. Robert you were with me at the beginning and at the end. You and I know the many crises we shared. Both of you are very dear to me. Anne, Mettie, Dorothy, you gave us great support. Your frequent visits brightened Belle's days and gave me hours of respite. Your wise counsel gave me courage to cope with trying episodes. I am truly grateful. Eileen, Kenneth, Bob, Herman, Marion, Sally, so many of you helped to cheer Belle. To my sister Rose and my nephew Paul, who took me into their hearts and home in Florida when I was truly mentally and physically exhausted, your love and concern bolstered my spirits and you sent me back to Belle, refreshed, rested and renewed. There are no words to express my appreciation and thanks. Belle and I thank all of you. Lord God, please answer my prayers that You keep them all safe and sound. Grant them health and happiness. I am truly grateful to Dr. Richard Minkin, to Carolyn Furnish, R.N., and to Lottie Tyson, N.A., who were magnificent in their ministrations. Many times above the call of duty. May the Lord bless them.



5.

And now my beloved soulmate the time has come to say farewell. You will live in my heart, forever, and in the hearts of your children and grandchildren. Your family and friends will cherish your memory.

" Your sun shall descend no more.

Neither shall your moon withdraw itself.

For the Almighty shall be an everlasting light unto you.

And the days of your mourning shall be ended.

Lord, I am thankful that You stood with me and helped me fulfill my pledge to Belle.

Now, Lord, let me be and let me mourn for my beloved.

Amen and Amen