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Dear Bruce:

Do you remember the Yom Kippur I spoke about Victor Frankl? You told that me you were a fan, too, and that Man's Search for Meaning was one of the most important books you had ever read.

In the too few years that followed, Frankl was a leitmotif in our conversations. Given how we spent our days – me the rabbi, you the psychiatrist and congregational president – how could we bring as much meaning as possible into the lives of those we served? How could we best bring meaning into our own lives?

I go back to those conversations periodically, particularly when faced with a decision that is not easy. I try to imagine what you would say because I know that will be the right thing to do. I have never known anyone as good as you at melding what is right with what is kind, who embodied seriousness and responsibility even as your words rang with sympathy, kindness, and utter decency.

Your life was all about meaning: the meaning your compassionate wisdom gave your patients, the meaning your commitment gave the members of Temple B'nai Abraham, the meaning your love gave Susan and Mark.

You were not above self-indulgence, but it was rare. Your greatest joy was the impact you had on others. Your greatest desire was to live a life of meaning.

A year in, it is beyond evident you fulfilled that desire. Bon Zoma said, "Who is wise? One who learns from every man." You saw every individual you encountered as someone from whom you could learn. You saw every individual as someone worthy of respect, which in turn engendered the universal respect so, so many had for you.

A year ago, we prayed, "may his memory be a blessing." That the truth of those words became clear surprises no one. The blessings you bequeathed us are incalculable.

We miss you and we love you,

Cliff