

2 days later..

Eulogy

Efroiem Ben Jacob June 2nd 1922-December 29, 1994

Age: 72 years.. father.. lithographer, retired, United States Navy,  
World War 11, married four times.

Mother Helen

Sons Steven and Douglas

Acute Myocardial Infarction, interval between onset and death.. 10  
minutes .. due to or as a consequence of: arteriosclerosis.. interval  
between onset and death.. years.. due to or as a consequence of:  
abdominal aortic aneurism.. interval between onset and death..  
months.. this is not my language..it is a foreign tongue..  
Who were those doctors? I don't know their names.

Mi shebarach avoteinu Avraham, Yitzchak, v'Ya'akov,v'eemoteinu Sarah,  
Rivka, Rachel, v'Leah. Hu y'varech ve rapeh et ha choleh, Efroiem ben  
Hannah v'Jacob.

I still dream of my father

Adonai yeesadenu v'ychazkehu b'orech-ruach v'ometz-lev.

recollections...

my father was afraid of the dark.

Yten Adonai chachma v'tusheeya b'lev ha rofeh leegot mach'ov  
v'yeeshlach la cholah b'rakov refuah shlema; refuat ha gouf.

recollections...

my father was a difficult man

Yoseef Adonai lo shnoot chayim v'shalom l'hodot ul'halel la rofeh ha  
ne'aman. v'harachaman l'orech yameem. V'nomar amen.

recollections...

my father was an angry man

recollections...

In the mirror, I see my father. The father from photographic  
memory.

recollections:

Father and son had a difficult relationship

recollections:

The Father gave up, gave in, moved out of his body

My father was a difficult, angry man

I have my father's hands.

Two days earlier.. December 29, 1994 11:35 AM

I'm in the ICU with my father. We are alone. He is breathing well,

but there is still a tube down his throat which they say will be removed today. The doctors expect him to recover fully. Suddenly he is in a great deal of pain and there is a lot of commotion..nurses responding to beeping machines and the words, "something, something stat". I feel a sense of dread and time slows down..things around me become clear and I know that I want to remember every moment of this, and remember it in great detail. The doctor enters the room and tells me that I should leave, the implication being that this might (and probably will) become unpleasant. "No, I'll stay". Again, I want to bear witness to all of this, whatever the outcome. My father is clearly dying and the doctors and nurses are swarming around him in a sort of controlled panic, reading digital displays, turning dials, reporting to each other in a static, dispassionate tone that belies no hint of fear or knowledge of what might come to pass. It occurs to me at that moment that they do not know my father, have no relationship to him at all. Amid this chaos, standing in the doorway motionless, I can feel very clearly, my father slipping from his body. Giving up and ceasing to fight. I can feel this as clearly as I have ever felt any sensation before in my life. It is as if for a single moment, I am in my father's body, experiencing his final corporeal moments with him. Father and son, joined together for eternity as one passes and one stays behind. Then the chaos comes back into focus, the doctor yells "clear" and applies the paddles to my father's chest. He jerks almost upright, but the monitor remains flat. Twice more the doctor defibrulates him, but no response.. I know why.. he is not here anymore, not in that body. Finally, the doctor plunges a large needle full of some sort of liquid directly into my father's heart, and nothing. The chaos recedes, the doctor and nurses glance at each other, remove the tubes from him and file out of the room. The doctor says something to me, I already know and I am alone with my father. I feel a torrent of emotion like I have never experienced before. It wells up in coming from a place so deep that it is like a foreign land existing inside of my own body. I am laying across his chest hugging him and sobbing that sort of sob that you remember other's sobbing at funerals you have been to. I hold him for a long time, until his body is cool and resistant to me. Then I find myself taking a pair of scissors from the nurses station and I am cutting a lock of his hair. I place the lock in a small bag and slip it into my pocket. I will keep him with me, my father.

2 days later..

Eulogy

Efroiem Ben Jacob June 2nd 1922-December 29, 1994

Age: 72 years.. father.. lithographer, retired,united States Navy,  
World War 11, married four times.

Mother Helen

Sons Steven and Douglas

Acute Myocardial Infarction, interval between onset and death.. 10 minutes .. due to or as a consequence of: arterosclerosis.. interval between onset and death.. years.. due to or as a consequence of: abdominal aortic aneurism.. interval between onset and death.. months.. this is not my language..it is a foreign tongue..

Mi shebarach avoteinu Avraham, Yitzhak, v'Ya'akov,v'eemoteinu Sarah, Rivka, Rachel, v'Leah. Hu y'varech ve rapeh et ha choleh, Efroiem ben Hannah v'Jacob.

I still dream of my father

Adonai yeesadenu v'ychazkehu b'orech-ruach v'ometz-lev.

recollections...

my father was afraid of the dark.

Yten Adonai chachma v'tusheeya b'lev ha rofeh leegot mach'ov  
v'yeeshlach la cholah b'rakov refuah shlema; refuat ha gouf.

recollections...

my father was a difficult man

Yoseef Adonai lo shnoot chayim v'shalom l'hodot ul'halel la rofeh ha  
ne'aman. v'harachaman l'orech yameem. V'nomar amen.

recollections...

my father was an angry man

recollections...

In the mirror, I see my father. The father from photographic  
memory.

recollections:

Father and son had a difficult relationship

recollections:

The Father gave up, gave in, moved out of his body

My father was a difficult, angry man