

I thought that on this happy occasion, I would like to take advantage of this "golden" moment, that will not come again, and put some of my thoughts into words.

Artie and I are privileged to be the first in our family to reach this plateau of 50 years of marriage together. Actually, we know each other longer than that, since we became acquainted at the age of 8 years on the street where we lived; on East 78th Street in Yorkville, Manhattan, where I was born, as well as my kid brother Sidney. Will my kid brother please stand up, so that our guests will know who I am talking about.

We feel blessed and lucky to have reached this juncture. However, along with the gladness, we also feel a little sadness because many members of our family were not so fortunate. On this occasion, I would like to mention their names, so that they are not forgotten.

I had a sister who died before I was born. All through the years, Mama had in her possession a card from a cemetery in Staten Island. Mama passed this card on to me. I have it here; it is 76 years old. It reads, "Mollie Weingart" died, 1908, age, 2 years and 3 months.

My brother Oscar died in 1918, during the First World War. He had returned from basic training at a camp in Georgia. He contracted the "Flu" during the terrible influenza epidemic. He was 25 years old, I was 8. I still light a "yahrzeit" candle for him, even as Mama had done through the years.

Papa, whose name is Tobias - which is the origin of Tervia's name - died at the age of 57 in the year 1927, the same year that I graduated from Julia Richman High School. Exactly one month later to the day, Papa's first grandchild was born and that was of course, my nephew Kenneth Jack, called Ken. (Ken stand up)

When Artie and I were married, Ken served as the ring bearer at our wedding. He was 7 years old, dressed in a white suit, carrying the ring on a small white satin pillow, with long ribbon streamers. The little pillow that he carried was hand made by Artie's sister, my sister-in-law Rosalind, who also made my wedding dress, and who made Tervia's wedding dress. (Rosalind stand up) Before I proceed, I want to publicly thank Ken. We have been living in Rhinebeck for 7 years. Ken has written us a letter every week for 7 years, filling us in on the life in the big city, and as an extra plus, all the latest jokes.

In 1968 my beloved sister-in-law Esseye died. She was 65. In 1970 Mama whose name is Celia or Clara died at the age of 96. In 1976, my brother Sam died. In 1981 my brother Harry died. In 1982 my dear cousin Rose died, and in 1983 cousin Abe died.

In 1938 Artie's father named Hyman died at the age of 60, just one month before Artie graduated from St. John's University, and 2 months before his first grandchild, Tervia, was born. Artie's mother, Mollie died at the age of 62 in 1948. Artie's sister Ruth died at age 67 in 1982, and Ruth's husband Harry, died 5 years earlier. I add to this list the very recent death of Rosalind's husband Henry.

I want to add this comment, that I was blessed with 6 great sisters-in-law, who made up for the sister I always wished for and never had. Florence, Harriet, and Rosalind who are present, please stand up. My older brother Philip and his wife Kitty, live in Florida and are not present. They want to be remembered to all the family.

Before I close this short family history, I would like to crow a little about our children, who are the end result of our union. Our son, the Engineer, Leonard and his wife, Barbara. Their children Chris is 19 and he is away at college, Jesse Noah is 11 years old. Please stand up. Our daughter Tervia and her husband Barry, Please stand up. Their family, please stand up as I mention your name - Miriam Joy named after Artie's mother; Miriam is 18 and is graduating from High School the end of this month. Julie Esther named after my sister-in-law Esseye, she is 15, Charles Adam called Chad, our Bar Mitzvah lad, is named after Barry's father, and Claire Beth named after my mother, she is 11. Our family has brought us much joy. We want to thank all our guests for honoring Chad on his Bar Mitzvah and for joining us in our celebration.