

Eulogy

Hello everyone,

For those of you who do not know me, I am Ellis Horowitz, Horowitz being Flo's maiden name, and I believe I have known her the longest of anyone here, as I was her first nephew. We have kept up an active relationship all of these 75 years and I am so sorry that it has come to an end.

Before talking about Flo I want to mention her parents, to whom many of us owe a great debt, Tillie and Elias Horowitz. Both were teenagers when they fled the Pale of Settlement in what was then a combination of eastern Poland and western Russia. They emigrated to the United States at the turn of the 20th century. In Flo's autobiography she writes about them:

Oh, those streets of America paved with gold! How they beckoned to my mother and father at the turn of the century.

To my mother they offered an escape from the hard work and lack of opportunity in a small town in Poland. Some mystery is attached to my father's reasons for leaving Russia, and it ranges from stories that he was a playboy fleeing from the authorities to one that as a Jew, he was

running away from a seven year conscription in the Russian Army. Actually, none of us ever really learned the true story!

I will be taking a few quotes from an autobiography that Flo wrote when she was much younger, in her 80s. The complete biography is available on the website horowitzfamily.com

Elias sold fruit and vegetables from a horse and wagon and Tillie was a homemaker who, by the way delivered five children all at home. They both spoke Yiddish and barely mastered English. Life was a challenge for the immigrant parents and their children. Here is how Flo describes it:

We were a family of seven living in three rooms with a coal stove for warmth. The depression was just around the corner. we all had part time jobs. Two brothers worked mornings before school began, and then returned to their jobs in the afternoon. I used to work in my oldest brother's combination radio repair shop and bookstore, where I spent many afternoons assuming the role of the main, and only, clerk. All the monies which I would have earned automatically were given to my mother for household expenses.

As Flo predicted the depression arrive and the family situation grew worse. She writes:

Due to my father's death and our financial straits, thoughts of my going to college were abandoned. instead I enrolled in secretarial

school, and shortly thereafter I began to work in an office.

Towards the end of the story she gets philosophical. She says:

The yesterdays have gone by so quickly. I must admit that now, more than ever, I realize that life is not eternal. Change is not that simple to achieve- it just takes a bit more effort.

I have not accomplished all of the goals I had outlined for myself and my family. Change became inevitable, and while some were painless, others took some courage to attain. I like to believe that before the women's Liberation movement took hold, that I initiated my own liberation. But this would not have been possible without the wonderful assistance of my husband.

And finally she writes

Before you conclude that I am an octogenarian, and reveling in the years gone by, please remove that dismal picture from your mind. I am not quite ready to accept that rocking chair. I refuse to accept the candles on my birthday cake. I want to see, smell, touch, read, taste much that is new to me and so, when my next birthday approaches I have decided to gather up

all the candles and toss them out. The future is yet mine!

She wrote that when she was in her eighties, and I really like it because it shows what a positive person she was. For me personally she was a substitute mother as my own mother was suffering from Multiple Sclerosis and unable to appreciate the life changes I was going through. Flo introduced me to the wonders of Manhattan, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Broadway theatre, and through her husband to the world of business, all of which I would have had no exposure to. As the years went by she was always ready to hear about what I was doing and kvell about whatever joys I was experiencing. For me it is a great personal loss though I will always have so many fond memories.

And finally I want to thank cousin Marty for doing such an outstanding job taking care of his mother. He has been a great comfort to her these past few years and I want to deeply and sincerely thank him.