

Sy, one of the first conversations I remember having with you was at a break-the-fast dinner at the Lunds' house. After surviving the closing ceremonies of Yom Kippur at Eilat, we were sort of wedged into the corner section of their big leather sofa, paper plates in hand, when we got started on some pun-laden tangent based on the activity in the room. It wasn't long before we were trying a slew of old jokes on each other, finding, much to my satisfaction, that with the prompting of a few key phrases you could finish all the stories I started. Things were looking up, I thought; my girlfriend's dad has a great laugh and a keen sense of humor. The gauntlet had been silently thrown down; someday I hoped to tell you a joke that would make you laugh that you hadn't already heard.



There was much I didn't know about you yet, but learned as you sang at my wedding, at the weddings for your oldest grandchildren, at Wendy's 50th birthday, in plays at shul or Leisure World, while in the audience at a concert, in the car...pretty much everywhere it seems. Man, you sure do like to sing. I like that you sing on key, have a nice voice and make up funny lyrics just for the heck of it. Very cool.

You are obviously quite used to being a leader. You are comfortable with being in charge of a meeting, a family event or a performance. Too bad the coaching staff for the Eagles just doesn't seem to catch on to what you keep telling them about calling for a run play against a nickel defense on 3rd and long...it's like they can't hear you screaming.

You are a fun guy to be around, well-read, well-traveled, interested in almost any variety of subject or activity. I enjoy having you and Miriam over for Shabbat dinner, playing board games and just hanging around for a chat. It would be fabulous if you could just get over your reluctance to express how much you love your great-grandchildren, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, children and great-grandchildren. Did I mention how much you seem to love your great-grandchildren? They sure are all lucky kids.

I hope you remember that I did eventually tell you a joke you never heard before and that it made you laugh. Wendy reminds me often of the time we saw the Cantor correct a Torah reader, having them attempt a phrase repeatedly to get it right before proceeding. From this event, I coined the phrase "5-yad penalty" and actually got to hear you tell it to someone else. That made my day and it would have, even if you hadn't given me credit.

Charlie



Grandpa-

Hershey Park, Valley Forge, indoor pools, turnpike rides, Toys R' Us trips, graduations, on the sidelines, in the kitchen, cheering in the grandstands, wedding songs, and the birth of my children...These are all memorable moments that I shared with you. I cannot remember a great moment in my life where you have not been there to cheer me on. I am very proud to call you grandpa. You have been an exemplary role model as a husband, father, grandfather, friend, and leader. You were the one that sparked the passion in me to teach.

Mahatma Gandhi once said, "You must be the change you wish to see in the world." You have always worked to change the world around you. Be it the work place, the home, or the community, you have tried to leave a lasting impression. When my brothers and I were young, we would eagerly await the yearly visit from you and grandma because this meant a trip to Toys R' Us to pick out a toy. What I didn't realize is the impact these visits would have on my future. Before we could walk the aisles of toys, you would take us by the party supplies. Working our way through these napkins, plates, party hats, and utensils you would show us the labels and proudly tell us which ones were produced by your students. I saw the joy you took in seeing your students' products out in the real world. I can still remember how in awe I felt thinking that you could make something in Pennsylvania and it could end up at "Our" toy store. When I reflect upon why I became a teacher, I see this a one of the defining moments. I wanted to feel that pride you had in your students. I work everyday to have the same influence on young adults as you did.

So thank you for the gifts and time you spent with me. Thank for steering me and encouraging me into such a rewarding profession. But most of all, the students I teach thank you for giving me the passion to teach. Everyday I share a piece of you with them. Noah may have gotten your ability to command and brighten any room, and Brian may have gotten your masterful skills in the kitchen, but I am very proud that I got your fondness for teaching.

Happy Birthday, Grandpa...and may I, one day, be the change I wish to see in the world.

Josh



Dear Grandpa:

#1) One time in my life I remember is when I crossed the country with Sy and Miriam from PA to CA. We stopped at the Grand Ole Opry, slid down Slide Rock in Arizona, ate at great restaurants along the way. I was able to watch Hank Aaron and Willie Mays live on TV during a home run derby (pre-recorded though, but I was young and thought it was so cool even though it was in black and white). I was able to reaffirm my dad's recollection of his childhood because Sy would know the songs coming on the radio and sing them all aloud. Really amazing the love I felt from both people along this long and wild trek.

#2) Another remembrance is his love and special connection with me, since we are both left handed. I always felt unique and special in his eyes. I think he has a special way of making each person in his life feel this uniqueness and special love without downgrading another person's love.

#3) Sy always seems to have the ability to look and feel young. He has been able to attend my sporting events, plays, births of my children, parties, etc. and have a spirit that makes you feel strong love and youthfulness. To me, he has this youthful spirit and now with the great grandkids he feels even younger. He has been able to baby sit for my kids overnight. (A side note to this is that Miriam looks even better and high energy than I have ever seen her. She is wearing hip outfits and looking thinner and younger than ever. But this isn't about her.)

#4) It makes me so happy to see the joy my son, Ripken, gets from going to Sy's house to ride in the golf cart and hear him sing (and wash the windows, play with the bird, throw the checker pieces). Ripken may be one of the few people that requests Sy to sing in plays and would pay big money to see him perform over and over.

These are just a few of my memories and I hope this lets everybody see how great my granddad is.

I love you,

Noah



To my Grandpa,

Happy 80th birthday, Lefty. Thank you, Grandpa, for every kiss, every hug, every time you smiled my way. Your legacy of dedication, generosity, and creativity has not gone unnoticed.



I have seen you from the audience of every play and recital watching attentively and proudly. I have seen you at birthdays and graduations with your camera in hand. I have listened to you at California Angels games when you let us know “how it used to be.” I have seen you on the sidelines of every football, basketball, roller hockey, baseball, soccer and lacrosse game with jersey and hat to match. I have seen you in the restaurants that I have worked in trying to slip the kitchen extra money for a special meal. (Who do you think you are, Sinatra?) I have seen you so often growing up that I thought you might have a twin.

Besides being a grandfather, you have accomplished a lot. Your devotion to the theater from acting to directing to writing has always been top notch. Your creativity and hard work shines on

opening night. Sitting in the audience, watching your plays is always exciting. When you enter the stage we whisper to each other “there’s Grandpa” as your lines spill out effortlessly- no microphone needed. Your talents are not limited to the stage. Your cooking is filled with care, you can almost handle keeping a pet bird alive and safe, you golf, and you have been on every committee in your community. Do you ever sleep? These are the things you have been doing after retirement. There is not enough room in this letter to detail your life before grandpa. (L.B.G) I can just say that you have taken the steps from son to father, grandfather (where I met you) to great grandfather with style and grace. I admire you with all my heart.

My fondest memories of you are at your dinner parties. You have taught me how to create a spectacular evening. You know what great tasting food is, how to enjoy a well made drink and how to entertain a room full of friends and family. Whenever I am looking for the center of attention, the clues always lead to you, Grandpa. I remember one of Grandma’s birthday parties in a private room at a fancy restaurant. You were dressed to kill, but what I remember most is a moment right after you took a drink from a chocolate martini. The chocolate rimmed glass left an imprinted “smile” on your face. To me that moment is the symbol of enjoyment and bliss. Another fond memory is an unbelievable dinner at the Monkey Bar in Manhattan. What service! What style! What a culinary celebration! I consider that experience the birth of my gourmet culinary journey and I have you to thank. That night we did not just eat dinner- we dined. As an aspiring chef, I hold these culinary evenings close to home.



Watching you I have learned to appreciate the decadence of fine dining! I truly believe that to dine is to celebrate. To celebrate is to be alive. So on this special occasion, your 80th birthday, with friends, family and of course food and wine we celebrate you. I hold my wine glass up high- cheers to my grandpa.

Sincerely,

With tons of hugs, kisses, and smiles,

Your grandson, Brian

Poppy,

It is a true joy to be your grandson. It is wonderful to have your grandfatherly support in any and all of my endeavors. From little league to piano recitals, you have always been there to watch and in some cases even participate in the activity. I am talking about one of my comedy gigs. (Imagine that, a grandson of yours pursued stand-up comedy.) It was a Mother's Day benefit show at Martini Blues for the Giggle's for Gilda cancer association. I was sitting at the front table with you, Mima, my mom, and Charlie prior to the show. We joked in passing that it was going to be hard for you to contain yourself while that close to a stage and a microphone. Little did we know what would come next. It was announced that the show was about to start. As the host began to approach the stage I went to the back room to relieve myself in preparation for the show. I was gone for no longer than three minutes when I returned to see you sitting on a barstool on the stage getting laughs from the audience as you "helped" the host with her act. Somehow you manage to find a way to capture the attention of any crowd. Whether you're singing one of your cleverly composed parodies or delivering an amusing anecdote, it is always a joy to observe your entertainment. I am proud to call myself your grandson.

Love,

Your Number Four
(Sammy)



The Great Grand Kids Speak Out



We are more into fun and eating than formal education so we have asked a ghost writer to tell our story about what we think about Zeyda.

We love to come to his house and have his crazy bird flying all around. We love that he let's us make our special "music" on the piano.

We have heard he used to have all these rules and was very strict, but with us it seems like "anything goes". He is our mellow fun friend.





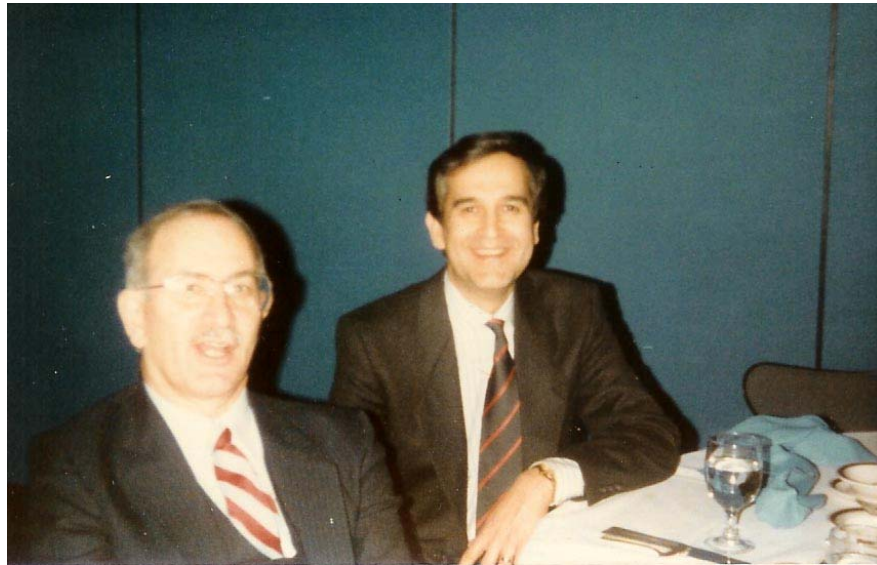
He seems to have a perpetual smile on his face when he is around us and he thinks the way we eat is pretty funny, but sometimes we just can't get everything in our mouth.

Most of all, we just love when he holds us and we can't wait to see all the things he has to show us as we grow to be the next great set of Welliksons.



We love you, Zeyda,

Ripken, Jake, Brad and Hope



The most memorable thing I remember about Seymour is when he was inducted into the outdoor pinochle game on South Fourth Street in front of my grandpop's tailor shop. He had to play with the formidable trio of his father-in-law, Sam Orchow, his Uncle Al Steinbock, and my father, Uncle Lew Yarnoff. He had to pay his dues by taking abuse because of his lack of pinochle skills. This was a big money game. Five and ten cents - not dollars. This took place in the fifties and was known all over South Philadelphia.

Seymour: Andrea and I can't believe this is your Big 80 birthday. You don't look a day over 79. We wish you and your wonderful family continued good health and have a fabulous birthday.

Marty and Andrea Yarnoff

When I think about Seymour -

I don't think about calling you "Sy".

I do think about calling you "Seems" and then I think about the song "Seems to Me I've Heard That Song Before". That's what my Dad always sang to you when he would see you.

I think about sitting on your lap as a little girl on Hollywood Street in Philadelphia. I think about you singing "Would You like to Swing on a Star?" to my brother, David, my sister, Rhona, and me. This is one of my all time favorite memories of you, Seymour.

I remember your drawings of the Little King.

I think about our visits to Wilmington to see your folks – my Aunt Anna and Uncle Jake.

I think about being called "Fishy". You and your parents were the only ones who called me that childhood nickname – and you continue to do so. I love it!!

I think about your wedding – I must have been six or so – and remember how wide open my eyes and mouth were at the beauty of it and how beautiful I thought your bride, Miriam, was.

I remember singing "Mimi, Mimi, tell me your answer do. What has Sy got to capture a girl like you?" I thought that was so spectacular.

I remember the visits you and Miriam made to our family when we lived on 18th Street.

I remember how much my Mom loved you – her little cousin.

I remember babysitting for Larry, Elissa and Wendy – and a week in Atlantic City with your family.

I remember your visits to Los Angeles after Larry and Sharon moved here.

And I remember the most beautiful and touching letter you wrote to us when my Dad died. It took my breath away – and still does.

And then -----I remember missing you for a very long time.

And now -----you are back in my life along with Miriam and your family. And we have a happy ending to this story.

Happy 80th Birthday, Seems.

Love and Kisses, Fishy

(Phyllis Isenberg)

