





## *With Love from the Feuersteins, Whorls and Danzs.*

Sid or Grandpa Sid, no matter how you address him, has been an integral part of our families for 15+years.

Most of us met Sid when we visited Florida to see Mom. It warmed everyone's hearts to see them together as they sat side by side or walked holding hands like young lovers. They would come to visit us in Monterey, CA. These visits truly changed some of the rules in our household... those regarding who slept together. Our daughters used this as an argument and brought their parents into the 21<sup>st</sup> century. They would come to visit us in Monterey, CA.

Holidays and celebrations were shared together. This picture is from New Year's Eve at Century Village in 1997. Mom wrote on the back: "Not bad for an 83 year old woman." And not bad for an 85 year old guy either!



That summer we all vacationed in Montreal and Quebec City. It was the last vacation we all spent with our single children.

Then, shortly after that, the Feuerstein clan had a flurry of weddings. Elissa and Kevin wedded on October 25<sup>th</sup>, 1998 and 9 months later, on August 1<sup>st</sup>, 1999, Lori and Warren tied the knot. Sid was there to share in these celebrations. And, as the "patriarch," he was given the honors of blessing the challot.



At Elissa & Kevin's wedding  
October 25, 1998



At

Lori and Warren's wedding  
August 1, 1999



At the  
Whorl wedding; Quail Lodge



Sharing  
the joy with: Irene Danz, Stacey Bhalla, Laura  
Goldhamer, Roberta Miller



Lenore  
Rosenblum, Vic



Rena,  
Betty & Irv Markowitz, Vic, and Roberta

Vic and Rena traveled with Mom and Sid to Denver to help Lenore and Sam celebrate their 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary June, 1997. We did some sightseeing while there.



When Connor was born on September 6<sup>th</sup>, 2001, Mom came to California to be here for the birth and Sid went to NY. Then the infamous day happened --- 9/11. Neither of them could get back to FL. But they were determined to be together. They worked from both coasts and got flights to Dallas where they stayed several nights and then got their flight back to Florida.

Then Aaron was born, October 30<sup>th</sup>, 2003. This time they decided not to be apart. Sid was a big help and even held Aaron. But our fondest memory is of him down on the family room floor playing with Connor.



Welcoming Ella into the world on June 15, 2005



Celebrating Vic's 60<sup>th</sup> with us in Florida a few days after Ella had her baby naming.

On June 19<sup>th</sup>, 2006, along came Lauren. Sid was there for this blessing too. But, this was a little excitement attached to this visit. Sid wound up in Stanford Hospital. Luckily, his step-son, Dan Kapp,

was on staff there. Sid received the best care during his 4 day stay.

(Unfortunately, all the west coast pictures with the Whorl kids are locked into my back-up drive which is not functioning.)

Sid and Mom were together until her passing. Sid was by her side all the time. Since that day, we all have kept in contact (calls on holidays and birthdays) and visit with Sid every time we come to Florida.

To say Sid has been very special to all of us is an understatement. He has been an important part of all of our lives. And, we love that he made Mom so happy.

***HAPPY 100<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY, SID***

*We love you... Rena, Vic, Elissa, Kevin, Connor, Aaron, Lauren and Marc.*



And Gerry:







"Hey, what happened to my ice cream pop? You asked for just a TINY taste!"

That's a small example of Dad's mischievous side, the one where his eyes twinkle with an unholy glee at each re-telling of the numerous other "tiny" bits of rebelliousness. I grew up listening to the stories of scraps he got into - and out of! But whether the stories were about life on the lower east side, his involvement in Labor Zionism or his life in the army he usually put them across in a humorous manner. I loved hearing them because he made the people and times come alive. They're what got me interested in genealogy.

Recently tho I've been reading the letters from his army years and putting them into order. Mostly they're letters to and from my Mom and Dad tho there are also letters to and from the other family members. They're fascinating. All those stories I grew up hearing are there much expanded, more detailed and with an incredible immediacy. They're marvelous travelogues: whether describing the house in Algiers where he spent an early seder or being overrun by locusts in North Africa or describing his feelings and thoughts about those who lost their lives on the pock marked road up to Bologna. And always there is the deep concern for a host of Jewish and humanistic issues. Always there's the determined attempt to ameliorate the conditions he found in the various Jewish communities thru which he passed. So he arranged for Mom to send all sorts of packages from food to clothes and even curtains to the community in Pisa and in Germany he "liberated" goodies from his own 915<sup>th</sup> company and delivered them to the DP camp in Landsberg.

Those ideas and values were precious gifts from you and Mom. All those long discussions about these same ideas and values that we've had over the years have been greatly cherished. Just as important has been the encouragement you've given when I've wanted to go off and do things that seemed maybe a bit dangerous at the time - whether going into the city on my own in 7<sup>th</sup> grade or going to Israel just after 9/11.

Truly incredible gifts! So... please, keep on "just hanging around"!

Happy Birthday!  
Much love,  
Deb



Still Getting Into Mischief:



And Like the Energizer Bunny ... He Kept on Going:





*But, finally ...*

November 22, 2014

Laila Tov,

Lail M'nucha