[adapted from his eulogy and memorial speeches]

Harry Langsam passed away on October 28, 2014 at the age of 93. He was born in Poland and survived the war years in Siberia in the Soviet Union. He lived in Israel and served in the Sinai Campaign of 1956. He arrived in the U.S. in 1957. He lived life to the fullest after the war. In his later years, he wrote his memoir and stories of his shtetel, Strzyzow. One of his stories, about the Miracle of Hanukkah was published in the Jewish Journal. He was an active member of Hollywood Temple Beth El, and participated in and led Shabbat services beginning in the 1970’s. He was predeceased by his wife of 67 years, Anna, and his daughter, Rema. He is survived by his daughter Esther Friedberg, grandchildren Jeffrey Nadel, Jonathan Nadel (Michel), Sarah Holtzman (Todd), Eva Isaak (Ari), and Stephanie Friedberg, and nine great-grandchildren.

Arriving in Eretz Israel was a dream come true.

He participated in the 1956 Sinai Campaign, a foot soldier who could not focus his rifle without tying a bandana over one eye!  He hated it.  He was a peaceful soul who did not want to fight.  Not much thereafter, he left for America to be with his sister in Los Angeles.  It was 1957 and he became “Harry.”  His wife and two daughters followed a year later.  He loved singing  songs.  He had a small journal with his handwritten Yiddish songs.

 He was fluent in Polish, Hebrew, Yiddish, Russian  and English.  He spoke in his old-fashioned ways such as:

“close” the lights or television instead of turning them off.

An Israeli mechanic in Reseda, California (Shlomo of “American Auto Tech”) remembers him calling “brakes” belamim בלמים

He is remember for his stories and they truly are among his greatest gift to the world, because he had written them down to assist in making them be shared to future generations.

He remembered a beautiful life in Poland before the second world war.  He had stories about the people, about his life there, then of survival.  His stories painted a picture of a time and place now lost to us.    He needed us to know about a world and a life that was stolen from him.  His stories were his gift to us. He translated a historic book so that his shtetl would never be forgotten.

He treasured his family.  He never gave up on anyone.  He never gave up on himself.  He never stopped living life to its fullest.  In his retirement, he enjoyed his garden, taking writing classes, reading books, writing books, traveling, studying Torah, socializing with other survivors.

He was never bitter; he was passionate but not angry.  He never lost his sense of humor.  He told jokes and funny stories until the very end.

He was a righteous Jew.  He never cheated, did not lie, did not judge.  He continued to evolve and change.  He was self-educated.  He wanted to discover the world.

He enjoyed Café Europa for survivors and his senior writing classes.  He knew Judaism – the Torah, Shulchan Aruch, tradition.  He was a “go to” person when a Judaic question arose.

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