

Eulogy for Noah Temkin
by Bruce Temkin (October 31, 2010)

*We're Rhode Island Born and Rhode Island bred and when we die we'll be Rhode Island dead.
So go go Rhode Island Island, go go Rhode Island Island, go go Rhode Island, U! R! !!*

That's the University Of Rhode Island fight song, and dad loved that song. Even in the last few months of his wicked battle with Alzheimer's I could get him to sing it with me.

And it's a great sign of who he was. He was so enthusiastic; even my kids know that song – and none of us went to URI.

Dad was passionate about every cause he joined. He loved to help. Whether it was his Fraternity AE Pi, the JCC, the paraplegic association, his Hope High School reunion committee, **or especially his family**... dad loved to help. And that's how he spent most of his life; helping other people. He loved life; and he loved to joke. I learned many lessons from him that started with the question "*why is it that there are more horses' asses than there are horses?*"

Even as his memory left, he still retained his fiery passion for life and his sense of humor.

Dad's last years were characterized by a battle between his strong will for life and his ever-worsening memory loss. I think dad decided to leave us when he could no longer fight that battle. He refused to let his memory issue frame who he was.

I actually found a poem called "[When I'm Gone](#)" (by Mrs. Lyman Hancock) that captures how I think dad would want to be remembered:

["When I come to the end of my journey
And I travel my last weary mile
Just forget if you can, that I ever frowned
And remember only the smile](#)

[Forget unkind words I have spoken
Remember some good I have done
Forget that I ever had heartache
And remember I've had loads of fun](#)

[Forget that I've stumbled and blundered
And sometimes fell by the way
Remember I have fought some hard battles
And won, ere the close of the day](#)

[Then forget to grieve for my going
I would not have you sad for a day
But in summer just gather some flowers
And remember the place where I lay](#)

[And come in the shade of evening
When the sun paints the sky in the west
Stand for a few moments beside me
And remember only my best."](#)

Dad, you were Rhode Island born and Rhode Island bred and now you've found peace, being Rhode Island dead.

We miss you and we love you.