

## Remembrances of Hal Lazarus:

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> I would like to reinforce some of the wonderful comments Mark and Eric made with a few personal anecdotes about Hal from my perspective as his sister-in-law—and friend.

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> When Diana and Pam remember their childhood with Hal they never think of him as a boring old relative. Just the opposite. They remember the optimism and joy—as they describe it, the happy times, the good times, the fun times. And so we all do. I remember the touch football games on my father's and Louise's lawn, with Hal the captain of the Mark/Eric team and Gene the captain of the Diana/Pam team. Hal, always reinforcing even to his competitors, insisted that Gene was the more strategic and the more athletic captain. I remember Hal leading field trips to breweries, to bakeries, to milk bottling factories, to the Bethlehem Steel, turning the rather dull town of Bethlehem into a touristic paradise for the children. I remember walks around the lake with Hal at Mohonk Mountain House, his favorite place on the planet, with Hal stopping to examine every flower, every tree, every stone. I remember Hal's devotion to his students—and his 85-page syllabus, perhaps the longest ever in university history. I remember our shared love of movies and the day Hal and I ran through the rain to make sure we wouldn't miss even a minute of the movie, "Run, Lola, Run," which turned out to be one of the worst we had ever seen. I remember Hal's hilarious—and politically incorrect—Yiddish jokes. I remember Hal's gift for charming people, even in potentially embarrassing situations—the times he went from table to table at restaurants asking people, most politely, to stop smoking—and they did, or the time he asked the then-girlfriend of a notorious politician what she saw in the man and she replied, "Power," or the time he asked a rather sullen colleague of mine, again very politely, how it felt to be married three times. And as I was about to crawl under the table in embarrassment, I watched the colleague perk up, delighted that someone had finally asked him. I could fill hundreds of Zoom sessions with my memories of Hal. But I will conclude with his favorite story, one that he repeated many times over the years. We called it "The Man in the Brown Suit." At Gene's and my wedding reception, Hal said to the band leader, in his inimitable way, "You play beautifully. Could you make it just a little lower please?" The band leader obliged. Blanche, Gene's mother, went up to the band leader next, and asked, in her inimitable way, "Why are you playing so softly? Aren't we paying you enough?" To which the band leader replied, "The man in the brown suit asked us to lower the volume." Blanche's response: "Tell the man in the brown suit to go f---himself." Hal loved it!

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> Carol, Mark, Eric, Anna—and all of Hal’s family and friends gave him great joy, as he gave all of us. The inscription on my father’s grave (I think first suggested by Hal) is from Shakespeare: “We shall not see his like again.” That same tribute can be given to Hal. We shall not see his like again.