

In his sorrow, Job cried out:

יְיָ נָתַן וַיִּי לָקַח. יְהִי שֵׁם יְיָ מְבֹרָךְ

God has given; God has taken away.
Blessed be the name of God (Job 1:21).

May the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts be acceptable in Your sight, O God—our strength and our redeemer.

We take a moment to offer our own silent prayers...

Hesped

David Holtz & (possibly Jim Holtz)

It is customary at a time like this for me to find a text from Jewish tradition to relate to one's life, and I suppose it is not surprising that the first examples that came to my mind were not words, but illustrations. I was especially focused on an illuminated edition of the book of Ecclesiastes. I think the artist was Shraga Weill, and of course the refrain of a Time for every purpose played in the background of my mind. But a wonderful text did come to mind as well. It is told of an old man, but I think Pearl would encourage poetic license...

There is a story about an old woman planting a tree. She sat digging in the soil. For a strong youth it would have been an easy task, but she did not complain. Using a small spade, she slowly dug a hole big enough for the fig sapling she wished to plant. As she toiled, a young man chanced by. The young man asked, "Why do you work so hard planting a tree, a fig no less, which takes many years to bear fruit? Surely you will never see the result of your labor."

Patiently, pleasantly, the old woman set down her spade for a moment and faced the young man. She said, "Before I was born my grandmother planted a tree. Throughout my lifetime, I have enjoyed the fruit of her labor. Now, when I am old, I plant not for myself, but for my grandchildren, and the generations that will follow." She smiled lovingly, picked up her spade and returned to her labor.

Pearl planted for the future as well. Instilling in her family values and qualities worthy of emulation. She was courageous, strong and adventurous and had a wonderful, artistic talent. She was born to Nathan and Sarah Caplan in Toronto, June 10, 1910. After her mother's early death, when she was just fourteen, she took on the responsibility as the maternal head of the family. She helped considerably to support her family, and filled her mother's role for her little sister Marcie.

Pearl always put others first, working through the Great Depression, making sure Marcie had nice clothes and dancing lessons.

Pearl married Arthur Holtz in 1940, seeing in him a great potential and expecting that, with him, life would not be dull. She was not disappointed and enjoyed a wonderful marriage until his death in 1976. She missed him, but went on with strength to many more adventures in this next phase of her life.

She was a talented artist and encouraged art for her children and their children. She appreciated often overlooked details of nature such as feathers and leaves, and took her grandchildren, and other family on little excursions to collect such materials and return to make beautiful collages.

Perhaps her artistic talent skipped a generation, but her penchant for collecting family mementos and other memorabilia did not. At least two of her kids admit to being packrats, I didn't get a chance to ask the third.

In addition to her depth, and strength of character, she had great physical courage. When the kids were young, she took them to the woods. While she was out of the cabin warming a bottle, a curious bear came to investigate. She stared at him, and calmly returned inside and closed the door. In her late '60's, travelling in Guatemala, she scaled a volcano, in a cast no less.

It is such a beautiful description painted by her family, especially her children about whom she would say she loved all three best...

Pearl Holtz will be missed by her family and friends. Her little sister, Marcie, Her children and their children: David and his wife Diane, their children, Nathan, Stella and Julianna; Jim and his wife Karen and their children, Eva, Emily, Abby, Rebekah and Arthur; and Sara and her husband David and their children, Ted and Billy. There are many other family members and friends here who honor her memory as well.

The tree she planted has deep roots and the branches reach out to gently encourage the generations that follow. May the gifts of her spirit never fade.

Tape
Words from Pearl herself.
1972 . Jim's Boston commending tapes
and her Arthur and her responses