

Thank you for being with us as we mourn the passing of Herb Sauer and celebrate his life.

Dad was such an unusual person. He was a gentleman and a scholar in the truest sense. It took me many years to begin to "get" who he was. Each day I appreciate him more. I've come to realize I've never known anyone who tried harder to do the right thing.

Here are a few brief thoughts and recollections.

When I was a little girl, and we lived in quiet suburban Maryland, Dad would carpool to Washington, D.C. to work. Sometimes I would walk a few blocks to meet him at the end of the day, when his ride would drop him off on Kenilworth Ave at the end of our street. I don't think it was very far, but it felt like a big adventure. I have fond memories of those simple times, of holding his hand as we walked home.

We would walk by the Steinberg's house, our friends and neighbors who lived two doors away. Dad was always ultra-frugal, and even in those in days used a teabag more than once. So Mr. Steinberg would wise-crack when he saw Dad "Oh, here comes Herb, let's dust off the tea bag!"

Dad had a wonderful garden in our back yard on Kennedy St, and I enjoyed playing in it and learning from him, picking beans and okra, cucumbers and tomatoes, thinning the radishes and lettuces. I did NOT enjoy weeding or painting with aluminum paint fence that bordered it and our yard. I think I can speak for Chuck when I say we did a lot more chores than any kids we knew, and it felt like drudgery. Yet, it clearly didn't hurt us, and every time I work in my yard now, which is as often as I can, I think of Dad and am so grateful for the gardening love he instilled in us in his own quiet way.

The soil in our Maryland yard was pretty awful originally, containing a large amount of clay, and I remember our parents saving kitchen waste and Dad burying it in the back corner of the lot. I knew that was pretty odd, as were many of their ways. Yet we learned at a young age about composting, just as we learned through his example the value of exercise and of eating healthful food. Our parents were way ahead of their time in so many ways and lived so consciously.

A lesson Dad taught me when I was very young is one I am still digesting. I have a most vivid memory of playing wildly with Chuck one Saturday morning. Some version of a game of "good guys-bad guys," I suspect. I remember running around the house trying to catch Chuck, and I shrieked joyfully, "I'm going to KILL you!" Out of no where, our Dad barked loudly and sharply, "Don't you EVER say that again!" I was stunned, and I was hurt and mad that our innocent game was spoiled by him. I know that that was not easy for Dad, as he did not want to spoil our fun. Yet it was a great teaching, that words matter, that some things are too important to kid about.

I can't begin to list the many wonderful things our Dad did for us. Homemade play equipment better than anything else I've ever seen. Travels all over the country to visit relatives, to go to World Fairs, and to camp at national parks. He and Mom even helped me see the Beatles in person, not one but three times, because they knew how important it was to me. They helped us buy homes, and they helped with funding our educations, not just Chuck and me but their wonderful granddaughters. When I spoke with Dad's brother, Hugh, after Dad died, Hugh told me in such a simple and heartfelt way, "He taught me generosity." I was deeply touched to realize the effect that Dad's way of living had on his baby brother. What a tribute! Dad and Mom taught so many of us generosity. What a great legacy for us all, including his dear granddaughters Liz and Hannah.

We all remember Dad as the statistician and researcher who thought hard about all kinds of things and would say about himself that it was an insult when someone would say, "You know Herb, the trouble with you is that you always try to see both sides of an issue." And Dad found that insulting, because he wanted to be able to see 10 sides of every issue. For many years we would get letters where he discussed his thoughts on many social issues, and he genuinely wanted feedback about how he was thinking.

Yet he was good at giving simple, practical advice. When I was finishing medical school and getting ready to choose a residency program, I was really conflicted about two locations. As I talked with him on the phone, he surprised me by saying, You could flip a coin. Then if you like what the coin decides, that tells you that's where you wanted to go, and if you don't like what it tells you, that tells you something as well. That was really helpful advice.

I also remember an uncharacteristically simplistic way he discussed an acquaintance who was near the end of his life and was afraid of dying. He said, in essence, if you believe in God and heaven, there's no problem. And if you don't

believe that there's anything after life, then there's also no problem.

And on the topic of religion: many years ago he told me how troubled he was by Christians who place emphasis, above all else, on worshipping Jesus as divine. He said he wished there was more emphasis on living the *teachings* of Jesus. I had never heard anyone express it that way before, and it made such sense to me. Any of us who knew him well know how well he succeeded in living those teachings. He always wanted to help.

After Dad died, I found letters he had written to Chuck and me after Mom died. He adored our mother, as she adored him. In one letter, he talked about how it was six months since Mom had died and he still missed her so much. He said he was dedicating the rest of his life to trying to do a better job living up to the saying on the bumper sticker that she put on their car: "Live Simply, So Others May Simply Live." I'm not sure he could have done this any better. He never wanted anything for himself, and he always wanted his resources spent on those in need.

Speaking of letters, one of my favorite things Dad did was write letters from his cats to ours. It was a sweet and playful side that our shy Dad didn't show to very many. He would refer to himself as his cats' assistant servant, with Mom, of course, being their main servant.

There are more stories I wanted to share, and then realized I would be talking way too long. So I want to end with an image I have of Dad related to his love of growing up on the farm. He often told the story of Ol' Jess, the Driving Horse. Jess's job was to drive the workers to the farm field that was across the road from their main farm, what they called, "the other farm." In the mornings, Jess would lumber out slowly, and he needed a lot of encouragement to keep going to reach his destination. But at the end of the day, he knew he was going home to his barn and his oats, and he practically sprinted to get there. Telling that story always made Dad smile. I like to think of Dad like Ol' Jess. Near the end of Dad's life, he was steady and still strong-spirited, but he moved awfully slowly. Yet when it was time for him to leave this earth, to go Home, his spirit raced out of here, just like Ol' Jess, ready for what awaited, ready for his well-earned reward. We love you, Dad!