

Harvey Yoffe, *Tzvi ben Yechiel*  
Date of Death February 28, 2008, 22 Adar I 5768  
Rabbi Eliezer Havivi

A story is told in the Talmud of R. Baruka of Chuza who used to visit the market. One day, the prophet Elijah appeared to him. The rabbi asked Elijah, "Are there any people here who are destined to share in the world to come?" Two men appeared on the scene, and Elijah said to the rabbi, "These two men will share in the world to come." The rabbi asked these two men, "what is your occupation?" They said, "We are professional jesters; when we see a person who is downcast, we cheer him up..." (Tan. 22a).

This story reveals much about the rabbis who told it. Who is it that inherits eternal life? In this story, it's not the pious Jew. Rather, it is the compassionate person, who tries to provide comfort to another human being. This afternoon, we have gathered to mourn the passing of Harvey Yoffe. And if the rabbis were correct, then Harvey has already merited and entered eternity, because all of us who knew him will attest to his being a kind, generous and compassionate human being, a true mensch.

Harvey Martin Yoffe was born on July 2, 1929, younger brother to Mike, raised by Eli and Mildred Yoffe in Chelsea, Mass, near Boston. He graduated Boston University with a business degree, went into the US Army during the Korean War, defending Washington DC, serving in the US Army Corps of Engineers. As a young man, in both Boston and DC, he was involved in Jewish affairs – fundraising for Israel and Jewish youth.

He met Susan Black from Brookline; they married in December of '62, lived in Natick, and then moved to the DC area. Jonathan, Ken and Jane came into the family, and in 1975, they moved to Kemp Road East in Greensboro. In Boston, Harvey had worked in the family fabric business, and had a hand in owning and running Camp Alton, the camp that his father had founded. He moved to DC to enter the world of finance. He worked with IDS Insurance as a financial planner, and moved to GSO to start a Southern Regional Office.

Although in those early years he travelled a lot, Harvey's children have a lot of fond memories of Harvey as Dad from those years – Many of them, nurturing food memories --Harvey making silver dollar pancakes, squeezing fresh orange juice, frying bulls-eye toast with, as Harvey would have said "the skilled hand of a surgeon" and teaching Jane to eat exotic foods such as anchovies and root beer.

They also remember family trips, with Harvey telling amazing stories of Irving the talking horse, and Sidney the talking bird, stories that went on for hours, so that the kids wouldn't fight in the backseat. He carried on his tradition of storytelling years later, with Sarah – she would ask incredulously – Is that true? And he would answer – "well, it's half-true."

Harvey played accordion and piano, he was a great tennis player and swimmer, and joke teller.

Harvey was very much a family man, not just with his own children, but with his extended family. Although he left the family business, he never left the family – He always held on to and nurtured, his family ties with cousins. He never lost his Boston accent, or his rooting for the home team. Harvey was delighted when the Red Sox won the series in 2005 and 2007.

When Susan and Harvey got divorced, Jane lived with mom and the boys lived with Harvey, off Pebble Drive but they were committed to the three children growing up together, so there was a lot of interchange over the years.

Harvey worked with different companies during those years, in financial products and investing and consulting. He traveled a lot for work – Jane remembers learning to make crockpot meals for the boys- Harvey gave financial lectures and spoke to groups – he was a great teacher in the business world, and also found time to teach Sunday School at Beth David and Temple Emanuel, where he was active in the Temple Brotherhood.

The kids were all Bar Mitzvahed and confirmed, and by 1988 Jane went off to UGA and Harvey was an empty nester.

Two years later, Harvey was a financial planner for a couple – Tzvi and Karen Sclare Shapiro. The business turned into friendship, and several years after that, when Karen was already single, Judith Cushman made Karen come to a singles' event at her house, she saw Harvey there, and they both agreed on how much they hated being there, and went off to sit together in a corner and eat some food,... and the rest is history.

Sarah was five years old, and Harvey became her playmate, and started all over again. He taught her to play tennis, and took her swimming, they played duets on piano. He helped her with school projects, and when they didn't want Karen to understand, they talked math together. Karen recalls that Harvey and Sarah often plotted against her, bringing high fat ice cream into the house. They were, as Harvey said, "great partners in crime."

Harvey stopped working full-time, and continued to dabble in business, helping and mentoring others, especially Patrick Parrish, who became like another son to Harvey. Harvey loved the Arts, loved the Symphony and theater, was a big supporter of EMF, and had many friends –Jerry Natkin, Gene McKauley, Ruth Jacobs, and Morry and Sol, Bruce Stewart, Mimi and Bill and Myra and Dave Stang, and Amanda and Howard Weinberg. He traveled to Israel in Oct '03, and met Karen there for an extended stay.

In November of '03, he was diagnosed with sacral chordoma – a rare form of cancer. He fought, and took treatments – surgeries and chemos and multiple radiation therapies- for five years. He was always positive and optimistic, and courageous, and open and maintained his wonderful sense of humor, and he continued to live his life.

On December 30, 2007, just two months ago, Harvey and Karen got married. He only regret was that he didn't do it sooner. Over the past months, Harvey got weaker and thinner, but was always able to respond, when we said "good to see you" – "good to be seen." When the nurse at Beacon place asked him if there was anything he needed, he replied, in classic Harvey fashion – "love and affection."

Well, Harvey enjoyed a great deal of love and affection from many of us here in this room, and showered us with the same over many years. He was a positive force in our world – he built many of us up with compliments and support. He was not a complainer, he rarely said negative things about people, with exception of certain political figures, and to everyone – from his own children, to his friends, he was accepting of our choices, and offered us his unconditional love, and his very, very good humor.

Harvey Martin Yoffe, *Tzvi ben Yechiel* left this world after almost 80 years of life, yesterday, February 28, 2008, the 22<sup>nd</sup> day of Adar Rishon, in the year 5,768.

To Harvey's children –  
Jonathan and Michelle  
Ken and Ellen and Emily  
Jane

Karen and Sarah

Cousins Bonnie and Harry and Mary and Avital/Abby  
Harvey's niece Glen and Paul  
Karen's brother Don and Jacob and Paige and Dov  
Harvey's brother Mike in New Zealand  
Cousins Robert Quinn and Gordon, Werner and Elaine, Fred and Lorrie  
Karen's cousins Harold and Barbara and Jennie and Isabel,

Our hearts and arms reach out to each other in comfort and consolation. Harvey's memory will always be a blessing for us.

Tributes today will be offered today by a number of Harvey's family and friends –  
Rabbi Jonathan Malino, Harvey Dank, Paul Bernstein, Bonnie Dank, Harvey's son, Jonathan Yoffe, and Rabbi Fred Guttman.

Burial will follow immediately at Greensboro Heb Cemetery  
Shiva will be at Harvey and Karen's home, 113 Batchelor thru next Thursday morning.  
Minyans will be here at Beth David Synagogue, tonight at 6:00, tomorrow at 9:30 AM, and 5:45 PM, and then Sun thru Wednesday at Karen and Harvey's at 5:45 PM.