

אשר אברום לעל בן שמעל
Eulogy: Albert Leonard Germansky

We are gathered, in this solemn hour, to begin to say goodbye to a man loved and treasured by his family and friends, Al Germansky. Our task, is to bring forth memories of him, memories of love and concern shared with him, memories of music created with him, memories of joyful events, and sad. A bit later on, I will invite friends and family who wish, to stand wherever they are, to share some feeling or thoughts about Al with us today.

Everyone here understands that a remarkable man has passed on. Al Germansky was a unique and multi-faceted person: loving and creative, interesting and insightful. He was a man capable of balancing contradictions in his life. He was methodical and organized, and had the discipline to hone his craft as a musician, yet he was most attracted to jazz: music that was free, unconventional, and uninhibited. He was a sincere and reliable person, and yet he was a man unafraid to be a little different, to try something new with his life.

The people in this room connected with him in so many different ways. Some knew him as a gifted musician, a drummer, who played in the best of clubs, playing with talented partners, even playing the White House. Some knew him as the man who managed a business, the swimming school. Some called him friend, someone to trust, to talk things through with; someone with an uncanny ability to size up a situation - to see beneath the surface of things, to truly understand them.

Some will remember his playfulness, his sense of humor, his memorable one-liners, his ability to let loose. Some will remember his serious side, his deep integrity, the sense of frustration he suffered as an artist who could make music for music's sake, but could not tolerate making music to make a living.

Some of you have known him almost all of your lives. For Al's devoted family members, it is literally so. Ida, your son Al was loved by so many people. He brought excitement and pleasure into so many lives with his music. You raised an extraordinary son, his was his own person, to be sure; a man with the courage of his own convictions. We share your grief today, and perhaps we can offer you some comfort, knowing what a difference Al made in so many people's lives. *Gen/Dignand*

Dorothy, as his sister, you too have known Al all your life. You bear memories of him from his earliest days, precious and unique memories. Your loss is profound. No words can adequately express the feelings of this moment. It takes time, time to remember, time to gain perspective.

Some of you, were blessed to know him as "father." What a privilege for you, Mitchell, Jess, Steven, and Leslie, to have loved this man and to have known his love. He had the highest of standards for you, he desired to share his love of music with you, to help you develop the discipline necessary to play and create and enjoy music. He loved you deeply, proving his devotion to you selflessly, unconditionally. You knew first hand what a unique man he was, and the partners you have brought into your lives, Ellen, Cynthia, Seth, and Maureen, also grew to know him and love him. *I don't think children ever fully comprehend the joy and meaning they bring into a parent's life...but it is so.*

Doris, for thirty nine years you shared his life in marriage; years the two of you built a family together, a career, a business, a home. You built a lifetime together. It was lifetime rich with variety and substance, travail and triumph. You stood by him through his illness, you were his strength and his companion. Now that he is at peace, and suffers no more, you can finally stop to reflect on it all, and secure your memories of Al of the days of joy and not those of sorrow, days of health and love, and new explorations and new experiences. You shared so much together, you became grandparents together, of Shayne and Morris, what a blessing! Your task now is to share your memories with this new generation of Germansky's, to help them know what a special man Al was.

Everyone here feels a sense of loss; there is much sadness in this room. But it is sadness mixed with love, and precious memories. Some of you have glorious memories, amusing memories, warm and loving memories. It is through our memories that we can hold on to our loved ones. Death may take so much from us, but it cannot vanquish love and memory.

I once heard a beautiful analogy that may help us understand what we face today. Imagine, if you will, that the life of Al Germansky was a song recorded on an LP record. The record is treasured and lovingly played, the song enjoyed over and over. And then one day, the unthinkable happens, the record drops to the floor and shatters. The record is gone, but has the song died too? Certainly not! As long as it is remembered, a song is eternal, and so too is a life. Treasure the memories you share of Al Germansky, times you laughed and cried, lived and loved. They are yours forever, bound up, as we say, in the bond of life. *Marie Mitchell*

At this time, I would like to encourage any friends or family who feel they would like to offer some words today, just to stand wherever you may be sitting

NOTES FOR MY FATHER

1/3

DAD, I'M TAKING THIS OPPORTUNITY TO REFLECT ON MY LIFE WITH YOU. THIS IS SUCH A HARD TIME FOR ALL OF US, BUT I FIND COMFORT IN THINKING THRU SOME OF OUR SPECIAL MOMENTS.

YOU HAVE GIVEN ME SO MUCH. AND SINCE YOUR EXPERTISE IN MAKING LISTS ^{HAS} RUBBED OFF ON ME, PLEASE ALLOW ME TO LIST SEVERAL KEY THOUGHTS.

YOU'VE GIVEN ME

- THE IMPORTANCE, STRENGTH, AND LOVE OF FAMILY
- THE ABILITY TO LOGICALLY ANALYZE SITUATIONS
- THE LOVE OF MUSIC ALONG WITH
 - MY EARS
 - MY CHOPS - DOUBLE FLAM PARADIDOVES
 - AND MY FIRST BOWTIE

YOU GAVE ME

- THE DRIVE FOR EXCELLENCE

- AND THE AMBITION TO BE FAIR AND

THE COURAGE
RIGHT THING

TO STAND UP FOR THE

THERE ARE SO MANY MEMORIES:

- THE TIME IN FIRST GRADE WHEN YOU WERE MY SHOW-AND-TELL AND YOU PLAYED THE DRUMS ~~FOR~~ FOR THE CLASS
- OUR FIRST BASEBALL GAME WITH THOSE FIELD LEVEL BOX SEATS BEHIND THE PLATE AND WATCHING MANTLE'S GRAND SLAM IN THE 7TH
- I REMEMBER WHEN YOU BROUGHT HOME BASEBALL GLOVES FOR ALL OF US AND HOW WE THREW THE BALL AROUND THE BEDROOM.
- AS A SMALL BOY, YOU GAVE ME
— TRANE, DIZ, MONK, BIRD, DUKE, AND SASSY
AND I WAS NEVER THE SAME.
- I WAS JUST A KID WHEN YOU WOULD TAKE ME TO LOCAL 802 ON WEDNESDAYS. I WAS INTRIGUED BY YOUR ABILITY TO NEGOTIATE A "PACKAGE" TO GO WITH THAT BUSY SATURDAY NITE IN JUNE.
- THERE WAS ^{THE} THE SUMMER AS A BAND BOY WITH LETMY POWERS WITH THOSE LONG DOUBLE HEADERS ON LONG ISLAND AND WHEN YOU'D LET ME SIT IN FOR THE MOONGLOW SET.
- YOU WERE INSTRUMENTAL ^(PUN INTENDED) IN PREPARING ME FOR COLLEGE AND MY CAREER.
- AND OF COURSE THERE WAS THAT PASSOVER SEDER AT GRAMMA IDA'S WHEN YOU WORE ONLY YOUR BOXER SHORTS

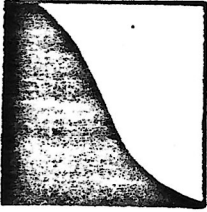
- WE ALL REMEMBER YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR, AND DRY WIT.
- SHAYNA TOLD ME THAT ONE OF BEST THINGS ABOUT SLEEPING OVER YOUR HOUSE WAS HAVING TIME TO PLAY WITH YOU.
- I WAS ALWAYS SO PROUD WHEN I MET SOMEONE AND THEY SAID "OH, YOU'RE AL'S SON".

YOU'VE BEEN MY TEACHER, MENTOR, FATHER, AND FRIEND.

WORDS CAN NOT DESCRIBE MY FEELINGS FOR YOU

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE WITH ME AND I

WITH YOU.



TELEPHONE: (CODE 212) 972-2260
FAX: (212) 972-2558

PETER DUCHIN ORCHESTRAS, INC.
305 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10165-0933

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Dear Doris,

Al was a person I really adored. My relationship with him over the years meant a huge amount to me and I learned a great deal from him. He was a person in my opinion who had a most individualistic take on life - one filled with wry humor and deep honest feelings. I relied on his friendship, his criticisms, and his witticisms, and I shall always remember him with much love.

Please accept my deepest sympathy.

And much love,
Peter