

HERB, January 15<sup>th</sup>, 2012

My husband had a wonderful life and he knew it. Together we had a wonderful life and we knew it. This coming June we would have been married for 60 years, and it was not enough! Really, very few shadows crossed his life until now. I do think we appreciated everything as we went along, but now of course I wish we could go back and take it over and appreciate it even more. So I say to you, "Appreciate what you've got while you've got it."

We met when we were 17, and freshmen in college. Someone came back to me in the dorm and said, "There are three boys in the living room to see you, and one of them is a monster." When we were engaged, he drew me a cartoon of little tiny me, stirring a big pot on the stove with huge children (and him) looming over me, and the caption was: "What's for dinner, ma?" (And it came to pass.) In June of 1952, now almost 60 years ago, we graduated from college, he had his 21<sup>st</sup> birthday, and we were married. Within a year I and my two closest friends each had a daughter named Susan. That's how it was then, except...not very many women went to graduate school in those days, especially not with children (we soon had David), and he was very supportive of me and we shared everything as we both did our graduate work at Columbia. Later, when I was bitten by the birth bug, he also supported me as I changed careers and became a midwife.

We were always very close. For us, it was like there was a rubber band between us: We always had a good breakfast together—he regarded breakfast as the best meal of the day. Then, we could be following our separate pursuits, but we were always each aware of what the other was doing, and later would come together and debrief and share, usually before

dinner over a glass of wine and some cheese that segued into dinner.

Things he loved: He loved his family. He loved his wonderful parents, he certainly loved me (and I him), it just got richer with the years, and he loved our terrific children and grandchildren. He loved each of you children and grandchildren, and your partners, and he was always a great and involved dad and cheerleader. Last Friday evening, the night before he died, Peter was telling him about a paper he was writing and Herb was right there, involved and asking good questions.

He loved math, and math loved him back. Others are going to cover this, so I will just say that he was thinking and doing math all the time until the day he died. As far as I know, he is the only mathematician who won both the national award for seminal research as well as the national good teaching award. He also was honored with two big birthday math conferences, one when he was 65 and the other this past spring when he was 80. He was a great believer in leveling the playing field, so back in the 90's he persuaded each of his publishers that it would be a good thing to have his books available online for free download. Also, in 1994 he founded an online peer reviewed journal in his specialty. Others were initially skeptical, but of course it quickly became a very well respected journal, and what was key to him was that not a penny, not a penny, has ever changed hands for this journal. All week I have been saying to people, "Please Google him and go to his home page at the Penn math department and enjoy reading his stuff." I say it again to you all now.

He loved being a geek, and loved high tech stuff. He started working with computers in the 1950's, and always had to be

the first kid on the block to have the latest. Our sons David and Peter and son-in-law Curtis and he were always flashing emails back and forth about the latest.

He loved traveling and speaking at conferences and had so many friends who were colleagues, and colleagues who were friends. The ultimate was when he could combine going to give a talk with flying himself there—wow! And that brings me to flying. He learned to fly when he was 52, and loved it and his little Cessna madly. We went to Stanford on sabbatical by way of the Canadian Rockies and Alaska, for instance, flew to Newfoundland, Baja, the Bahamas, and often more locally would fly away for the weekend with friends. What a blast.

So everything was great until now. ALS is a cruel disease, but he bore it with equanimity and grace. We did not expect it to end up so soon, I still don't believe it, and miss him so much it can't be described. So many of you in this room and many who are not here today have been so marvelous and helpful and supportive, and we both thank you from the bottom of our hearts. The letters, phone calls, and emails have been amazing, including several really beautiful and specific ones from grown children of our friends. I thank you, and will answer each in time. I and our family thank you so much for your love and help and support, and for coming here today to honor my truly beloved Herb.