

July 18, 1986

David Rose was my uncle, my professional colleague, my friend.

But most significantly he was (as was his brother Sam, my father) a role model, a living example of how a civilized man in our society can lead a full and satisfying and productive life.

Whether in his work, his charitable activities, his leisure pursuits, Dave applied himself with imagination and enthusiasm, with decency and energy, with intelligence and compassion.

In everything he did, he exuded a sense that whatever occupied him at the moment was important, that he was giving it

Uncle Dave, pleasant dreams!

his best, and that he was enjoying the process hugely!

Whether it was searching for technological cures for pain or hunting for old Hebrew manuscripts in the Soviet Union; on archeological digs in Israel or modifying an apartment house floor plan; exploring desalinization techniques or relocating German refugee scholars; living among primitive tribesmen in New Guinea or chartering a helicopter to peer into the smoldering crater of Mount Saint Helens; designing concrete boats in World War II or holding forth at an Aspen Institute conference--or any of his many other involvements--Dave was always vibrantly alive, busy, curious, productive.

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In his personal relations, all who had dealings with him came away stimulated, energized.

He went through life giving, not taking--doing, improving, suggesting, volunteering.

Most of us fall into one category or another--some are nouns, others adjectives. Dave was a verb, and an active one at that.

A man of limited formal education, he received honorary doctorates and similar awards. A practicing businessman, his closest social friends included Nobel laureates, college presidents and other academics.

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As brother, uncle, cousin, he taught us what those words can mean.

As colleague and friend, he brightened our lives in many ways; and my personal debt to him is beyond easy expression.

In one of life's supreme ironies, this morning's N.Y. Times said David Rose had no survivors. How preposterous! All of us whose lives he touched and influenced are his survivors, and his reverberations continue.

Dave loved poetry, and one of his favorite verses, learned as a schoolboy and recited over the years, seems appropriate

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today:

*"So live, that when thy summons comes to
join*

*The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall
take His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained
and soothed By an unfaltering trust,
approach thy grave, Like one who wraps the
drapery of his couch About him, and lies*

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down. to *pleasant dreams.*"

Daniel Rose talks can be found on:

www.danielrose.org

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