

MY RESPECTS TO HENRY

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Henry Marx was my father in law and friend for over half my life, 28 years. He always exerted a steady, caring, positive influence on me and the rest of his family, including his wife Lise, his son my husband Steven, his grandchildren Joe and Claire and his extended family, my mother, Ruth Howell, my brother Mark Howell and his two daughters, my nieces Emma and Marie who are all with us today from Long Beach.

When we moved Henry into the nursing home a few weeks before his death, I introduced myself to his roommate as Henry's daughter-in-law. Then, I heard a very emphatic, if weak, "No, DAUGHTER" from Henry. You're right, Henry I said, daughter. I am moved and honored that he regarded me that way and will try to live up to it.

Henry was a loving, considerate family man. He was born into a loving family, the cherished only child of his parents and favorite of his grandparents. He left this world, surrounded by the love of his family and friends. He always knew deep in his heart that he was loved, so he was able to truly love himself and be truly loveable. His self-esteem and self respect gave him a unique joy and enthusiasm for life, which everyone who met him sensed.

One of the last paintings he did was of my little law office. I had asked him for a painting I could use for my holiday greeting to my clients. He sat across the street from my office for hours under a shade tree, painting. I could see him right out my window, with his jaunty straw hat, his folding chair, his pens and brushes, most of all with his

keen glance as he considered his next stroke. Now that he is gone, I glance out my window from time to time at that spot under that tree and still feel the warmth of his presence, the keenness of his vision.

It is fitting that we remember Henry on Veteran's Day, because, although he never served in the military, he loved this country deeply. He was an intense patriot. His vision of this country is one many people believe in, a refuge to those fleeing oppression, a country where the rights of the individual are harmonized with the good of the whole, a place where one person CAN make a difference...the land of the free and the home of the brave.

He was both free and brave. In the last days of his life, as his remarkable physical stamina began to wane, and he moved further and further away from the shore of life on which his friends and family stood, he had the dignity of an ancient king on a funeral barge drifting on still water. At one point he emerged from his coma and said something over and over again...ART, NATURE, CHILDREN. Are you praying, Henry? I asked him. Yes, that's what is important, ART...NATURE...CHILDREN. His chant went on for hours and then subsided.

Henry was a fighter, but he and I only fought once. He was sick with the flu and was agonizing over the tragedy at the Federal Building in Oklahoma City, watching the TV for hours. I tried to get him to turn it off and rest, and he confronted me : IF WE DON'T CARE, WHO WILL?

Art Nature and Children must be fostered and protected. The world must be made safe for them. If we don't care, who will? Henry, you leave us with a lot to live up to, and with a rich heritage of memories. You have my deepest respect, as does your

wife Lise and your son Steven my husband who are being brave with their loss. We miss and love you.

Goodbye, Henry.

November 11, 1995

Jan Howell Marx