

*Jeff and Kathryn,  
Wishing you all the best in Chicago*





Jeffrey, you are our go-to person when it comes to theater and literature. If I ever needed a clarification on a Shakespearean phrase or plot, I always knew I can turn to you. When you invited us to your showcase performance of the English drama in Manhattan, I was impressed by your natural talent in memorizing long passages and reciting them realistically in the play. Whatever role you attempted you always did it to perfection. You also are a connoisseur of books on record.

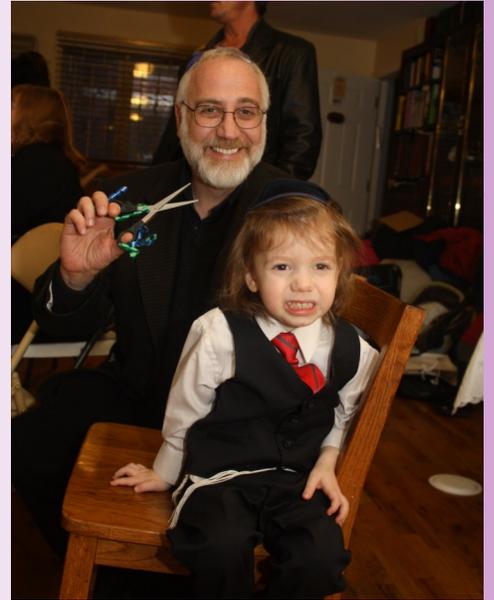
Kathryn, you are an expert on antiques, the decorative arts, and country life. You and Jeff have done a magnificent job tending to your four-legged friends. In the process, you have become expert guides to the highways and byways of Central Park. When I think of Maltese, it's not the falcon anymore, but the furry ones.

I appreciate your thoughtfulness when I was a patient at Mt. Sinai Hospital. You brought small gifts that said a lot and helped me recover my strength.

*(Drumroll)* Now we are engaged in a great transition as you plan your move to Chicago. We wish you the best of luck and success. We hope to join together for many *simchas* in the near future. Surely, your change of location will be accompanied by a burst of good fortune and good health.

Sincerely, with much love,  
Shlomo and Basha Newfield





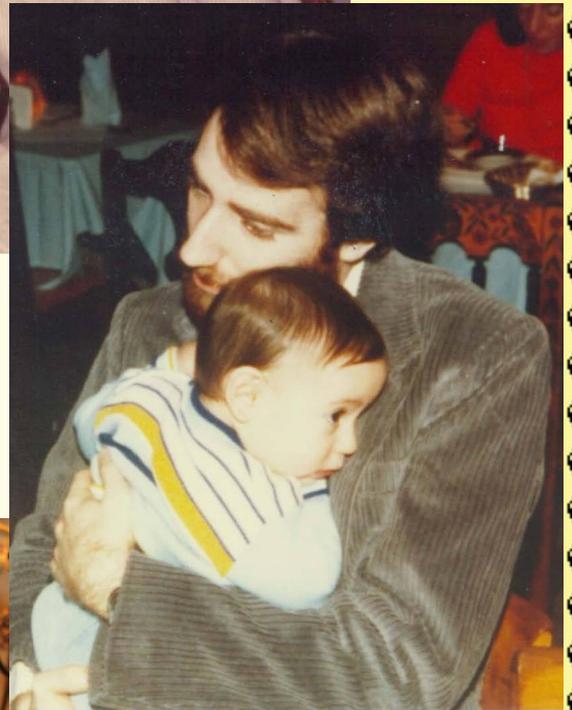
I remember Uncle Jeffrey from a very young age coming over on Purim with Bubby Esther. I loved getting dressed up as Queen Esther with my brothers wearing coordinating outfits to look like other characters in the Purim story. I also remember Jeffrey coming over to help me with my homework and play with me and my friends on the block. Jeffrey spent thanksgivings with us in Southampton with Bubby Mildred. I cherish those memories. I remember Jeffrey trying to help coach me to speak clearly and differentiate between “mouth” and “mouse”.

Another special memory I have is when Jeffrey came over to my home when Baila was a little baby and walked around holding her while singing Yiddish songs until she fell asleep. Baila looked so calm and peaceful in Jeff's arms. I always looked forward to seeing Jeffrey and Kathryn at the wonderful annual Chanukah parties. Kathryn bought us many wonderful gifts for Chanukah and *upshernish* presents including my purse that I still use. I will greatly miss them.

Love,

Miriam and Asher Friedman and Baila, Esther Malka, Shimon, Moshe, Mendel, Eli, and Levi





One of my earliest memories with Jeffrey was going to baseball games with him. I looked forward to these games more than anything.

The first game I ever went to was at Yankee Stadium. I can still remember the first time I saw the grass at Yankee Stadium. It looked truly majestic to me. Once we were at the stadium, Jeffrey also bought me a game program, which I tried mightily to fill out during the game. It was all new to me, learning the various symbols that are used to fill out the program.

It was after one such baseball game that we went back to Jeffrey's apartment in Manhattan before continuing on back to Crown Heights. I noticed Jeffrey take out a box from the freezer and put something into the toaster oven. That was the first time I ever saw frozen pizza bagels!

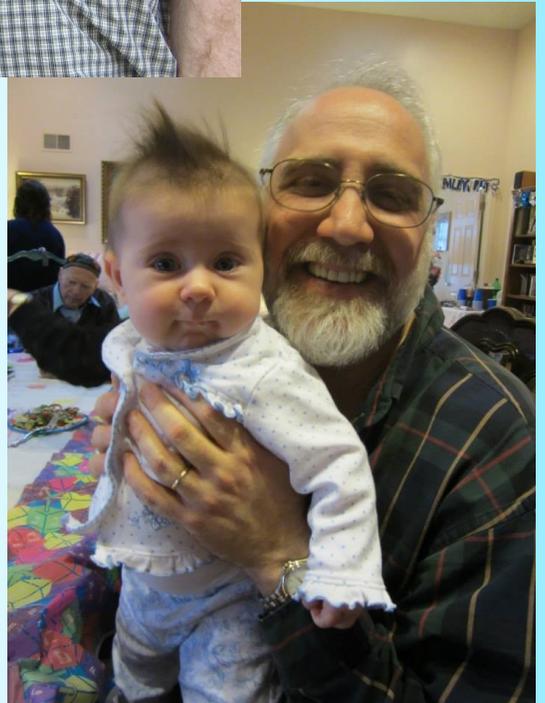
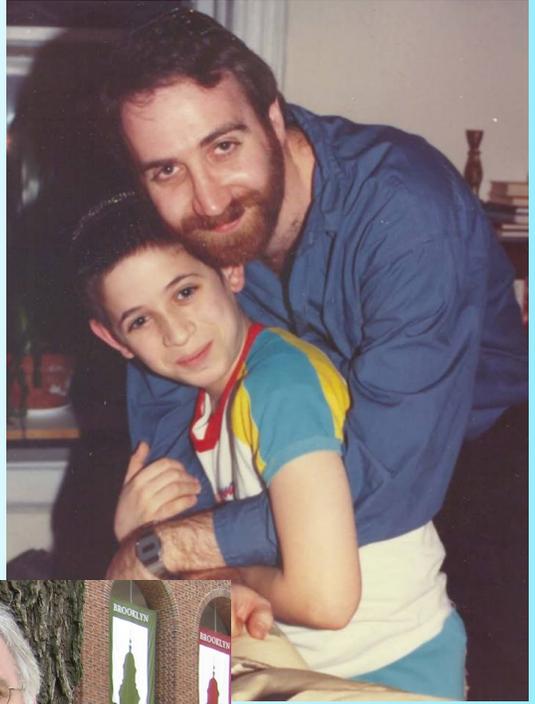
But, more importantly, not only did Jeffrey take me to baseball games, he also played baseball with me in the park and in our narrow alley. I could spend hours just throwing the ball back and forth with him. I was greatly appreciative of the time he spent with me honing my baseball skills.

As I grew older, and began going to baseball games on my own, I still greatly enjoyed talking to Jeffrey about the baseball season and how the New York teams were doing.

I am grateful for the time we spent together, on and off the field...

Love,  
Yossi Newfield





## Dedication

To my Uncle Jeff Janus, a true lover of books, knowledge, and culture.

This dissertation is dedicated to my dear uncle, Jeff Janus. He played a major part in interesting me in starting college in the first place. Did I ever dream of going to graduate school back then?

For years, while I attended yeshiva high school and rabbinical school, he encouraged me to learn to read English and explore the world beyond the walls of my yeshiva. His love of learning and his passion for culture, particularly Shakespeare, Dickens, and Molière, were and are infectious. I remember with great fondness the time we spent together in the basement of your New York apartment taking turns reading out loud *The Merchant of Venice*, *Hamlet*, and *King Lear*, consulting the Signet Classic notes at the bottom of the page when we encountered obscure words or phrases. I learned much more than just “what doth trouble” Hamlet’s mind. I learned about the beauty of language, about the joy books can offer a diligent reader, and that I had an uncle who cared a great deal about me and about my future. You were a faithful guide to a world I knew nothing about and I will be forever grateful for your many kindnesses.

Love,  
Zalman, Jenny, Liba, and Maya





What do I say to my aunt and uncle who are moving away?

Dear Jeffrey and Kathryn,

As I sit down at the computer after putting Moshe to bed my mind starts racing furiously. I begin to reminisce about all the good times we spent together.

Jeffrey, I have great memories of you coming to our home for Purim and Chanukah and many days in between. I remember making holiday skits with my siblings with elaborate (or so we thought) costumes and sceneries to entertain the adults. You would give us acting advice and join in the fun with your impersonations, funny voices, and juggling acts. I still remember the driving lessons you gave me and tips for passing the road test. It was great to spend time together and I'm a better driver thanks to you.

Thank you for encouraging me to succeed in school and helping me edit my reports from grade school to graduate school! I remember when you coached me for my class presidential debate between "Bill Clinton" and "Bob Dole" in 1996. My classmates were blown away with my knowledge of political science at the tender age of thirteen. Little did they know that I had you as a running mate. I appreciate that you came to my graduation from the speech therapy program at Brooklyn College despite the heavy downpour. After years of hard work, I felt proud to graduate with my loving family at my side.

Kathryn, thank you for your love and care for Shimmy when he was sick. He was always so happy when you visited him at the hospital. I remember the adorable photo album you made for him with pictures of a teddy bear going to different places. When we took Shimmy to a Yankee baseball game, we all had such a good time. We felt so privileged to have a private audience with a major league player, David Cone. Shimmy cherished the autographed baseball cap David Cone gave him.

I felt so special when you and Jeffrey took me out for my birthday to see Anna and the King. It was the first time I saw a movie on a big screen. Thank you for attending the family Chanukah parties and joining us for *simchas* including *brisim*, *upshernishes*, and weddings. I felt so happy to be surrounded by family and loved ones on my wedding day.

I was very touched when you and Jeffrey came to visit me in the hospital after Moshe was born. I felt very scared and worried when he was in the neonatal intensive care unit. However, your visit in the tiny, closet-like, meeting room helped relieve some of my fears. Thanks for the gifts and warm feelings you brought.

Recently, we've become steady e-mail correspondents. Kathryn, you're really a great pen pal! You're excellent at writing back promptly (despite the late hour, usually), addressing every issue, and even researching articles on topics we're discussing. Thank G-d for modern technology. With the internet we can stay in touch easily no matter the time difference or state line.

What do I say to my beloved aunt and uncle who are moving away?

I'm reminded of a popular Yiddish song traditionally sung at the end of Chassidic gatherings.

"*Tayere brider, tayere brider, mir vellen zich vaiter zehn. Der Aibishter zol geben gezunt un leben...*" Loosely translated, it means, "Dear brother, dear brother, we will meet again. G-d should bless you with good health and long life!"

Jeffrey and Kathryn, I wish you both much success in your move to Chicago. You should be blessed with good health and happiness together. We should meet often to celebrate many more happy occasions.

Danny and Moshe'll join me in wishing you au revoir.

Love,

Your niece, Chana Sara Freundlich



It's hard to imagine that you are moving to Chicago. Thankfully, though, it's not that far away and I hope you will be able to visit often. As I sat down to write, I started thinking about all the things that remind me of you.

Uncle Jeffrey—The first thing that comes to mind is your prickly beard. I remember even as a kid, kissing you and feeling your prickly beard rub against my cheek. When I hear someone reading aloud or singing, I often think of you and how with your loud and confident voice you often read passages or lead songs at the Chanukah party (after a bit of encouragement from my mother). You inspired us to read books and listen on tape when we didn't have time. Yesterday, I saw my sister listening to a book while washing dishes. I had never heard of the concept before you introduced us to it. Now I'm pretty conscientious about wearing a seat belt while driving and I make sure all my passengers do as well. But, I remember a time when I didn't realize it was so important and you showed me that this is not a matter to give in on. You were taking us on a trip in the car (the one with only two doors and the chairs folded forward) and we resisted putting on seatbelts. I still remember how you refused to drive or turn the car on until we put on our seatbelts. It took quite some time and tears, but we finally all complied.

You somehow always knew something about everything I was learning in school. In college, my macroeconomics professor said that we could receive help on a term paper. I was taking the class and I still didn't know what half the questions were asking. I read you the questions, and without delay or research, you started answering the questions and telling me about your opinions of foreign money markets and stocks. I grabbed a pen and tried to write it all down as quickly as possible! We (you!) got an A+ on the paper. Lastly, you have an excellent sense of humor and are a great sport. You trek again to the cemetery each year with my mother, read the *tehillim* aloud, and brave the cold—all with good cheer.

Kathryn—The first thing that comes to mind is your beautiful perfume. I smell a whiff of it as soon as we exchange greetings. Next comes your creative style. How you match the clothes and design outfits amazes me. You are extremely creative and have great taste. I still have (and wear!) the earrings you got me for my bas mitzvah. I keep them in their original boxes with their velvet casing that you gave them to me in. You have sound and practical advice too. I like what you told me about only keeping things that spark joy. It's something that I think about each time I step into my overcrowded room, which isn't sparking much joy lately. I really want to try your idea and get rid of all the extra clutter. You also inspire me with your communication skills. You are able to understand and relate to others well. It's easy to talk to you and you always have something interesting to say. These are only a few of many random thoughts that come to me at the moment.

I love you both very much,

Rivky Newfield



Uncle Jeffrey, I began to appreciate your extensive familiarity with world culture all the more when I set out to get my bachelor's degree. Who else could I turn to for instant updates on literature, music, grammar, spelling, etc., etc.? You generously gave your time and effort to correct many of my assignments which I sent you by email. When I sent you some finished essays for your own interest (which I had already submitted) you were so enthusiastic that you corrected them as well.

I especially needed help with my "Music Appreciation Course." Unfortunately, I did not have any time to listen to more than a few notes of music and needed to proceed directly to the final examination. You provided invaluable guidance choosing the right answers.

Most memorable are our yearly visits to the cemetery to visit your parents. You read the psalms you were assigned loudly and clearly. I enjoyed hearing stories you and my mother shared about your "growing up" years. Those visits were special and important family time that you made an effort to participate in.

Kathryn, you really know Jeff like the back of your Beacon house. When we played the family trivia game at the Chanukah party, you came in first place. You are the world's expert on Jeff's hobbies, interests, reading list, vacation travels, favorite foods, and shopping habits. I hope you know as much about Chicago now that you're moving back.

May you enjoy good health, wealth, happiness, and success in your new location.

We'll miss you,  
Love,  
Esty Newfield



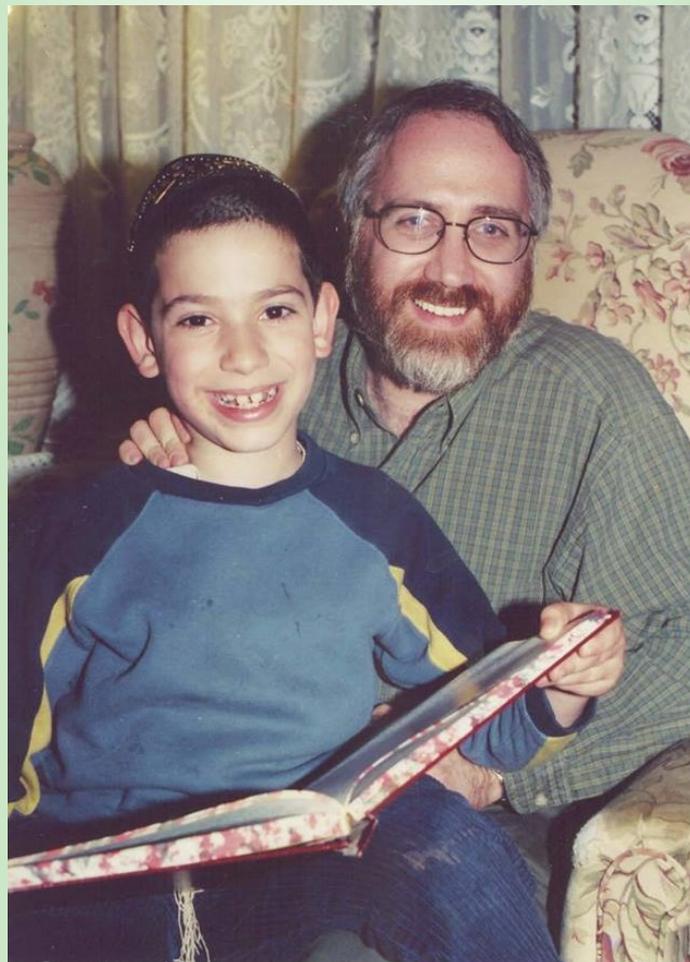


Uncle Jeffrey, you introduced me to the world of chess. You showed me the subtleties and mysteries of the game. At the same time, you encouraged me to expand my knowledge of chess and read more about it. You generously shared your chess library with me, which became the basis of my English library.

Kathryn, you always added fun to our parties with your stories and laughter. You had a wonderful idea to make our yearly get-togethers in your recreation room. We also enjoyed meeting your sister, Amy, and her husband, Steve, and the boys. They are now our neighbors here in Crown Heights.

Looking forward to hearing all about the blizzards in Chicago while I'm in Miami Beach, Florida. Just kidding, I hope you are warm and safe in your new home.

Love,  
Mendy Newfield





With so many exciting occasions that we spent together, it's definitely hard to pick just one to write about. If forced to, though, I would say the adventure that really stands out in my mind was your generous invitation to join you for the day at the New York Times Crossword Puzzle Tournament. Though I didn't exactly inherit your talent for completing the tricky Friday puzzles, I still love to try the Mondays (albeit at a snail's pace,) and regardless, your constant encouragement makes me feel like a pro. You can see why I was so enthusiastic to take off from school and attempt to enter the world of the literary elite. The details of the trip are still vivid in my mind because it was such a novelty and great experience. My father and I "borrowed" ID badges that had been thoughtfully left on the table and eyed all the contestants decked out in crossword costumes. I was so thankful for you being there to explain the proceedings and introduce us to friends you had met over the years at previous tournaments. It was really incredible to be among so many people who shared the same interests.

I am so fortunate to have grown up having such an awesome uncle. You introduced me to Shakespeare and Mark Twain and with your vast knowledge of so many different subjects I am never disappointed when I ask for your help doing research. I want to wish you much success in Chicago and in everything you do.

Love,  
Chaya Newfield





With some people - if they move away - you can say, "Good riddance!"  
How do we say to our dear Jeff and Kathryn that, "We'll miss you so much?"

When Jeff was born, Uncle Steve and I were given the distinct honor to be his Godparents (*kvater*). The only such designation ever bestowed on us. Can you imagine how much it meant to watch this cute little red-headed boy grow up, asking the brightest questions, in an articulate voice? If that was not enough, we were always privileged to see him strut across the stage at many theatre performances, in which he carried strong leads, whether it was at the Bronx High School of Science and beyond. How remarkable was he on stage doing Shakespeare and other classics. What *nachas* we *shepped* of his talent and his character.

With Kathryn at his side he would delight all of us at our Passover Seder, with a strong voice reciting the Kiddush. We can only hope that the Chicago cousins will be the benefactors of this spirit, and this dear couple's devotion to family.

Some twenty years ago, little did we know how much his chosen *kallah*, Kathryn, would mean to all of us. With intellect, honesty and integrity, she has endeared herself to our family. This accounts, of course, for why we will miss them.

So as you go west with our heartiest wishes for much good health and happiness, do continue to share your successes with us. May the right forces always be with you as you continue in love and laughter.

With much love from one and all,  
Your Aunt Ethel Fisher





We are so glad for Jeff and Kathryn as they head out on their exciting adventure. It's always good to expand your mind and open up your senses to new sights, sounds, friends, foods and activities! Life is a gift and we know you'll take advantage of the opportunities that will open up before you.

Starting with Jeff since I knew him first. We grew up together and he was one of my first friends. We were always playing ball. I especially remember playing football in my mom's living room next to the piano. I always looked forward to the weekends where Mike and I would go to New York and stay at your dad's apartment and go to the pasta store and eat lots of spaghetti for dinner. That was the beginning of my love of pasta!

Playing with our dogs, Pepper and Prince, was also a highlight. I couldn't have imagined a childhood without them and still think of Prince when I see a collie or sheltie.

We always had such fun at Rosh Hashanah when you and Beth would stay over and we would go to temple.

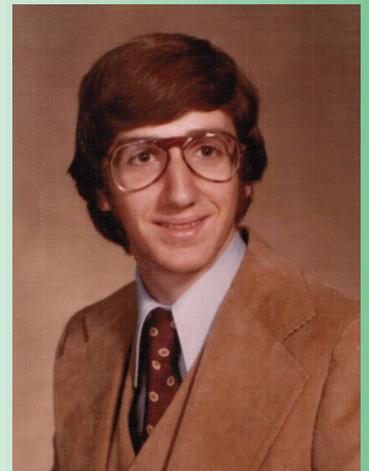
Kathryn has been a friend and caring supporter to my mother and father. She has brought laughter and levity to family celebrations and some special treats for us over the years. Both Jeff and Kathryn have taken an interest in talking to and celebrating the accomplishments of our children. Thank you!

As only family would, you both worked tirelessly to help clean out my parent's house in our time of need and for that I am forever grateful! Continue to spread your love, kindness and knowledge to those you meet. We will miss you!!

Much love,

Susie, Scott, Jessica, and Alanna Parker









We've always enjoyed the fact that Jeffrey and Kathryn unapologetically march to a different beat than the rest of us and even laugh at themselves, which is part of their charm. Some of us will never forget the spectacle of their dog wearing sun glasses several years ago. It was both heartwarming and hysterical, and Jeffrey and Kathryn were the first to realize the comedic aspect of it. They remind us that it's ok to be different, but it's also ok to laugh at ourselves and not take ourselves too seriously. We also appreciate their kindness in helping my mother through those very difficult years when my father was so sick. Jeffrey was always there to sit at his side for Passover and Rosh Hashana and handle the Hebrew. It meant a lot to him.

GOOD LUCK IN CHICAGO AND TRY NOT TO GET BLOWN AWAY!

Love,

Michael, Michele and Nicholas Fisher





We had good times on our trips to New York  
and we look forward to our next meeting.

Best wishes,  
Henry and Karen Janus





Russell and Cheryl fondly remember Jeff's Bar Mitzvah at Kutcher's Country Club in Monticello. We also remember all of the wonderful summers that we spent together at sleep away camps. Finally, it was always a pleasure when Jeff would sing or play a guitar at a family gathering.

We wish you a very happy birthday, happy Chanukah and the best of luck with your move to Chicago.

Russell, Ellen and Steven Janus





Alex's Memory of Jeff  
"It's The Little Things That Get You By"

It's the little things that get you by. I can easily close my eyes and remember every single detail. The uneven soil underneath my dress shoes, the large tree in Ethel and Steve's back yard that softballs always got lost in, and the burn in my catching hand from the challenge of throwing a ball with you. The little things, they go beyond happiness or disaster. The little things are what keeps us in perspective, escaping the wear and tear of life, if only for ten minutes, nothing else exists beyond the thirty feet between throws. At some point either the little things disappear or they become passed on. I hope someday I can continue this tradition in the same way you did with me.

Love,  
Cheryl, Craig, and Alex Nisnewitz





Wishing you much happiness on this next adventure and hoping this move will exceed your expectations.

We will miss you at family gatherings but are looking forward to hearing about your new life.

Stay safe and warm!

All our best,

Rita, John, Jason, Leah, and Ava Beland





I'm going to miss you both very much. You are both important in my life. You both have become not only relatives but friends and I hope that we always keep in touch. I'm sure that you will come back to New York whenever you can. But, it's a challenge to start a new life in a new place. Be brave! You have each other and you can always adjust and make changes when there are two of you together. You're blessed by having each other. I know you're going to create a new life that will be joyous and exciting. That's what you both do best. I'm always here for you and I know I can always count on you wherever you will be.

My special love,  
Marta Byer White





Hate to see you go!!!! Sending you off with much love and best wishes for a happy future. I was asked to reminisce so here goes:

A warm memory of long ago is your visit with your Dad and Beth at the Kindering Camp in the summer of 1965 when I worked in the office while my boys, Ron and Bruce, were campers. I was very homesick and your visit lifted my spirit a lot. Thank you!

Then, of course, I was privileged to attend your wedding to welcome Kathryn to join the family with no regrets through these many years. Kathryn is charming and very warm and fit right in. And, of course, I most appreciated your attendance at my 90<sup>th</sup> birthday party which was still another notch in my belt. Continuing to include me in your extended family all these years since Milt died is most appreciated, thanks to your wonderful Aunt Ethel who kept in touch and was very supportive in my times of need. These little memories are pleasant to recall. Family to me means warmth, and happy, supportive, inclusive, unconditional love. Family brings all good things together, even if it is only every once in a while in our busy lives that we see each other.

Wishing you both happy Chanukah, Happy New Year, good luck and a happy life.

Fondly,  
Cousin Lee





I remember Jeffrey first from Cousins' Club meetings and events. There were some big ones. I remember summer meetings in the parks on Long Island and in New Jersey and smaller ones first in apartments in the city and then in houses in the suburbs. All my cousins, great uncles Avrum and Archie, Max & Mollie, Tanta Marian, and all her colorful children and grandchildren were with us then. They were always a great treat.

Older cousins were off in college or doing their own thing, but it seemed to be our job to play with and speak with the cohort closest in age, Beth and Jeff, Ronit and Gaby, Susan and Michael, Russell and Cheryl. I always loved to see my cousins, each of whom I might have chosen as a friend if the choice were mine. But I didn't have to choose this bunch, they were delivered ready-bound to me by blood and marriage, and later by affection, history and fondness.

Little did we realize then that all over America, and perhaps all over the world, thousands or tens-of-thousands of Jewish family circle groups had formed in the aftermath of the Holocaust. We were part of a larger social trend among Jewish families. And here I thought it was only each of my parents' families that had formed these groups, just because both families were filled with such especially kind and loving people.

This photo I have is from an outing in upstate New York, at Cousin Sam Janus' house in the country. It was very well attended. Everyone was chatting and eating, and catching up. At least six people were taking photos with their 35mm SLR cameras. How did one family end up with so many photographers? And then why do I have only one photo of this event?

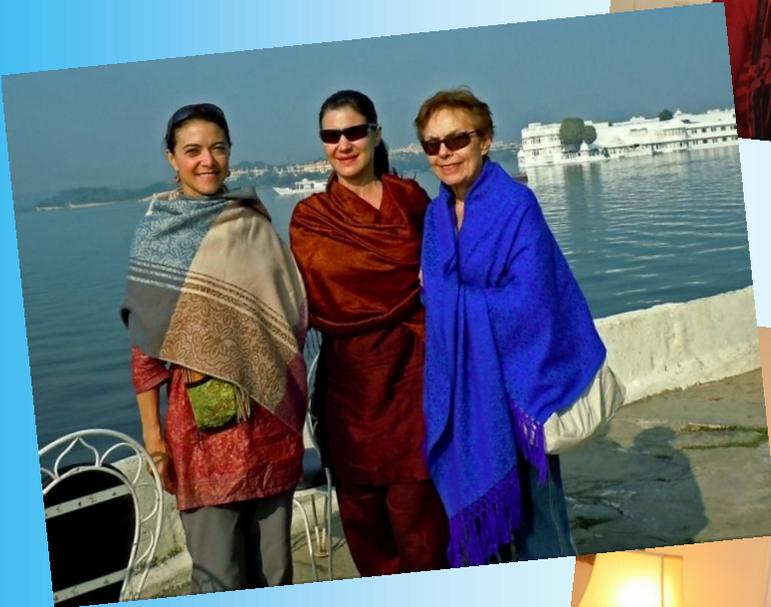
Anyway, Jeff and Kathryn, good luck in the Windy City. My city, Boston, is actually the windiest city in North America, but some say that Chicago's moniker comes from being the host of so many political conventions and the effluent of the politicians who attended them.

So, please, stay out of the direct path of the mouths of politicians, particularly ex-governors of Illinois, most of whom can be found now in the penitentiary.

So, these two cons are eating lunch in the Illinois Big House. One says to the other, "Y'know, the food was much better here when you were Governor." (Add rim shot, wait for laughter to subside).

Anyway, have a wonderful time in Chicago, and don't forget your cousins back East.

Ronni Rothenberg

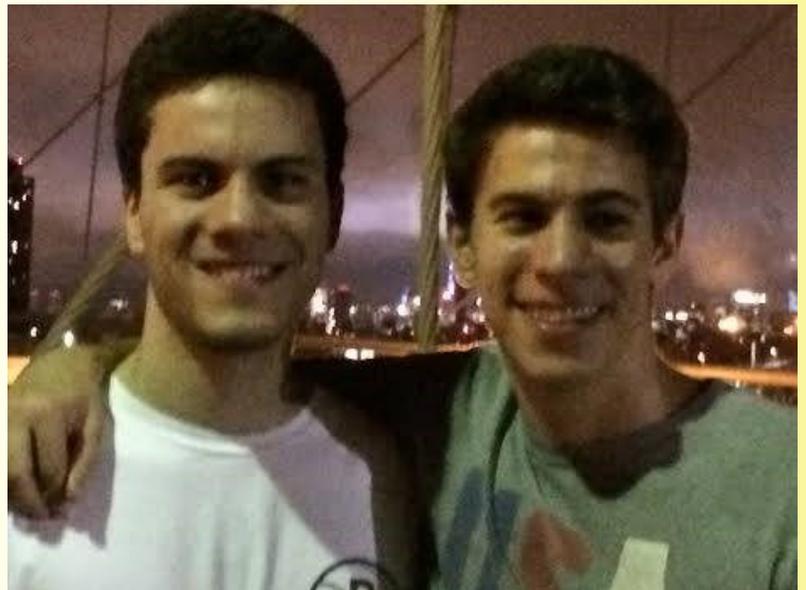


All the best as you both embark on a new  
adventure and a smooth transition to life in Chicago.

With love,

Ronit Leora and Gabrielle Riera





Jeff has added another dimension to my life and I love him very much. I like talking to him about just about anything. He is so smart and funny and clearly, he is well-read! He experiences the world by digesting the words its people manufacture.

Jeff himself is a terrific storyteller. How many people can burst into a narrative about being on stage with famous actors, or driving snooty celebrities in the limousine he used to drive around New York?

Jeff makes his mark on the world person by person. He lifts us all up and we will really miss him. But Chicago is a wonderful place to visit, so I know we'll see both Kathryn and Jeff often there.

I'm trying to think of a favorite story: Mostly, just hearing Jeff's funny theater stories was so exciting when my kids were young. Everyone sat at the dining room table listening with eyes shining and broad smiles on their faces. We used to laugh so hard. We played board games too. I'll never forget those happy moments.

Kathryn is the best (and my only!) sister, and she is truly a great inspiration to me. Her strength and confidence is something I myself never seem to have enough of. Like a lot of big sisters, she shows me how to do things. We both married Jewish men, when we had not been raised Jewish. Isn't that interesting? Kathryn loves all Jewish people. She also loves helping people and has been an amazing therapist to her clients.

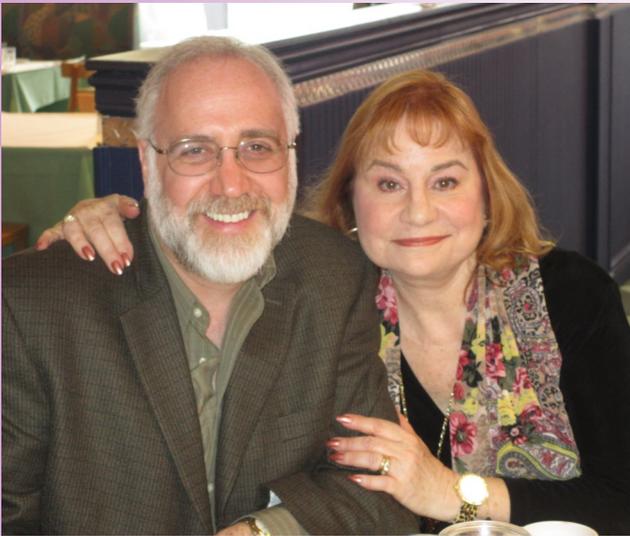
My happiest memories are thrift shopping with Kathryn, finding my wedding dress with Kathryn's help, going down to Texas to see our family there, and laughing hard at just about anything. Her laugh, as you know, fills the room in a delightful way! I love Kathryn very much. We have helped each other talk out family issues of all sorts, and that's, of course, incredibly important.

Yours,

Amy and Steve Waldman



# We love you



# Jeff & Kathryn!







# CHICAGO

That Toddlin' Town

By Frank Sinatra

Chicago, Chicago, that toddlin' town  
Chicago, Chicago, I will show you around  
I love it

Bet your bottom dollar you'll lose the blues  
In Chicago, Chicago

The town that Billy Sunday couldn't shut down  
On State Street that great street I just want to say

They do things they don't do on Broadway

They have a time, the time of their life

I saw a man, he danced with his wife

In Chicago, Chicago my hometown

Chicago, Chicago, that toddlin' town

Chicago, Chicago, I'll show you around

I love it

Bet your bottom dollar you'll lose the blues  
In Chicago, Chicago

The town that Billy Sunday couldn't shut down  
On State Street that great street I just want to say

They do things that they don't do on Broadway

They have the time the time of their life

I saw a man and he danced with his wife

In Chicago

Chicago

Chicago, that's my hometown