

Dear friends and family,

We had a very caring and loving ceremony for my father. Rabbi Kranz spoke so beautifully and we thank him so very much.

Right now, most important will be to help my mother transition in time to Atlanta and help her in all the arrangements she needs to do in Milwaukee due to Wolfi's passing. In the coming weeks, we will figure out when it will be best to hold a memorial for Wolfi in Milwaukee in order that the many friends and supporters from over three decades may share their grief and support each other as well during this time of sorrow.

We will continue to use this website until we announce such date and location. Thank you from all of us to all of you for the prayers and good wishes over these last 6 months. All of us did everything we could to help my parents in their individual battles. Nevertheless, it is impossible to find words to express the shock which we all feel (family and friends) that my father was diagnosed too late with lymphoma to give him a fighting chance.

I leave this post with something I wrote and read yesterday at Wolfi's grave and will post Judy's remarks as well when she e-mails them to me.

Much love to all,

Danny

Words will never be able to properly describe the sense of loss and emptiness we all feel as a result of my father's much too soon departure from this earth. I have thought a number of times over these last days how Wolfi's condition could have turned so drastically terminal in such a short time. We barely had time to realize what was happening before we lost him. All of us here and around the world who knew him are in total shock and disbelief

However, as my parents always taught us, in every difficult or happy situation ... , there is always something to be learned. In this tragic loss, I believe the message is this. Work towards your dreams by putting a 150% dedication into everything you do. At the same time, don't put other important matters on the back burner until a later date when you think there will be time. We don't always get that time we take for granted and when it is gone, there is no going back for more. There was so much I was hoping to finally have time to do with my

father since he had just retired. This has been taken away and I will mourn this for the rest of my life.

Most distressing however is the loss that my mother is now feeling. My parents were inseparable in so many ways and it was the simple things in life that brought them their greatest joy. They needed nothing more than to be together. My mother will need all the support from all of us in feeling that there is still life after Wolfi's passing.

My family and I will never be able to fill the void he left but what I believe will honor his memory will be to continue to live life the way he did. Take the time to care for your family and friends and those less fortunate. For those of us who are musicians – make every note & phrase count and tell a story through your music. We musicians are gifted in the ability to share so deeply from the bottom of our hearts through our music. Don't take it for granted.

Family has always been a top priority to both my mother and father. I am so thankful to have had a father who was compassionate, sensitive, a great mentor, and wonderful teacher. He loved Sarah and Benjamin so much and always was most excited to see them on his return from his tours. Terri and the kids allowed Wolfi and Mariana a true last gift in giving him the opportunity to see him one last time this past Saturday and have some quality time with them. Some of the content of those conversations between them and their Otata will leave a lasting impression in their character and approach to life. He so looked forward to more quality time with them in his retirement.

All of us have special memories of Wolfi and he will live on through each of us by living life with the integrity and principles he used in touching people on a professional as well as a human level. I hope I will continue to live up to his expectations in the coming years even though I won't have the opportunity to see him smile approvingly. His praise meant the world to me because I knew when he said it – he really meant it.

I looked up to him in so many ways and will miss my "Vati." May he rest in peace and I hope someday to feel his presence again and get those hugs I so loved.

Judy's remarks:

My father was an incredible man. He was an amazing husband, father, and loyal friend to all he befriended all over the world. As we stand here today, I am still in shock and disbelief that he's not here with us. I keep praying every minute of every day that he's just out of the country on tour and will be walking through the doors any minute, but I know the excruciating reality we have to face is that he's not coming home to us anymore. Saying a few words about my dad, my "Vati," just doesn't seem possible, because what I would have to say about him would not just take many hours, but countless numbers of days, weeks, or even months.

My father's spirit was always so alive and strong and he always did anything he could to make us happy. His smile filled the room and his charm infected everyone whose path he crossed. As a father, he taught me that the most important things in life are your family and always standing up for what you believe in, no matter how difficult, how much you might stand alone, and no matter how much you're hurting. He taught me to always go on with life, no matter what obstacles and pain I might face. Ironically, we are standing here today mourning the loss of my beloved father and I somehow have to live on based on his words.

It's beyond painful trying to find the strength to figure out how to do that, but I know I have no choice. There are so many countless things I've learned from my dad, but I would run out of time if I began to talk about it all.

My dad always knew how to make me feel better and always saw the bright side of things. His continuous optimism even in the most stressful of times amazed me. He used to always say to me, "Alles mit die ruhe," which translates from German as, "Everything with patience." Whenever I was worked up about a situation, he knew how to calm me down the most – he just had his way and always helped me put things in perspective. Patience is what he had and patience is what he taught me when handling anything that was upsetting.

My dad's love for my mom is one I've never seen before in my life and don't think I'll ever see again. She was his queen and it was obvious through how he looked at her, smiled at her, and treated her. Even after all these years, he still was the gentleman he was when they first met in everything he did. He adored her from afar and also when close. They didn't need anything but each other. Their most favorite moments were every night when they got into bed together and ate their popcorn and fruit and watched some TV. This was their nightly ritual ever since I can remember and it brought them so much joy and happiness just being together in such a simple, basic manner. That's all they needed – each other.

Whenever they came to visit me in Phoenix, I would get excited to spoil them and do things for them that they would never ever do for themselves. At first they would argue with me and tell me it's not necessary – well, the arguing was more my mom – my dad was usually my partner in crime and I would tell him my plans for them beforehand so he could back me up. But after a while, they learned to accept the things I wanted to do for them, because my words to them were always, "I want to be able to give back to you and do nice things for you while you're alive." Neither of them could argue with me on that and I'm so glad I had the chance, even if for a little while, to pamper my dad, too, for all the love and devotion he has given me my entire life.

He always made sure to let Dany and I know how much he loved us and how proud of us he was, every day of our lives. It didn't matter if he was far away on tour, he always had a way to let us know through little emails or quick phone calls. I loved how he always called me "schoene meine" in Yiddish, which means "my pretty one." Even though I'm now 39 years old, he always made me feel like his little girl, even until the day he took his last breath. I don't know what I'm going to do without him – he was my hero, my sunshine, my rock. How do I move on from a father who was such a light in my heart and soul??

Even through my dad's terrible health struggles since January, he never complained once about the pain or frustration involved and never once showed us fear. Even on his final week on this Earth, he was OUR rock and gave US strength by showing us the fighting spirit he had, regardless how dire the situation really was. He fought to stay with us more than anyone the doctors have ever seen and I'm proud to have been at his side every minute of every day...throughout it all. His doctors told us he showed them many small miracles in his last week with us, proving that the strength of his love for us and his incredible determination and power of will is what kept him alive. His doctors told us there was no medical explanation for how he was still alive after his first day in ICU at Froedtert. This is when they realized what a unique and incredible man they were dealing with and told us not to lose hope, as there was still a possibility things might turn around. I wish more than anything that the end of our journey would have ended with him staying with us, but his poor heart just couldn't beat

anymore. His body was under too much stress and in shock and he just couldn't physically fight anymore. I say he couldn't "physically" fight anymore, because I know in my heart that he NEVER gave up fighting to stay with us in his heart and soul. He did everything he could and I'm beyond proud of him. My dad was the strongest man I knew, but I underestimated how strong that strength really was. He wowed me and everyone around us and I can't describe the feeling of pride I feel being his daughter. He showed them all what it's like to be a real man and how to be a warrior of love!

Ironically, now that my dad is gone, I see how much I'm like him even more than ever. It brings me a sense of pride I can't explain and it's interesting how many people have either come up to me personally or written to me how much I remind them of my father. It gives me comfort hearing these things and I will always honor his memory in everything I do every day – I will keep his spirit alive. A man like my father only comes across this Earth but one time. I know he's now our angel watching over us....but my heart is broken beyond words and I will miss him more than words can express. There will forever be a void in my heart that won't ever be able to be filled. There was so much he was supposed to still be here for....my wedding (if I ever get married), my future children, bonding time with me, family vacations now that he was retired, and so much more.

I'm most worried about my mom, who is devastated beyond words. My dad was her life, her heart and soul, and her best friend. They turned to each other about everything and loved each other to a level that is quite rare. My mom will need a lot of support now and in the future to help her get through this. Like my brother said, she needs to find the light that will give her the strength to realize that there is still so much to live for. We need our mom to be around for many many years to come and for the first time, we ask the community of their friends and family to help her find that strength and help her get through this. Whether it's phone calls or visits from out of town, visits from people who live in town, taking her out for walks in nature, which she loves, or anything to help her get a break from her grief, we would so much appreciate it. We realize that this journey of healing is not something we can do alone and for the first time, will reach out for help.

Please keep my father's memory and legacy alive by talking about him and how amazing he was. Please tell your stories of him, as well as share them with us, if you can. Stories that make us smile will be helpful and are so necessary right now to help us get through our grief. It will be a long long time before any of us heal and we will never ever be the same without him. I miss my Vati terribly and pray I will receive signs from him from the other side that he promised me he'd try to give me if things didn't go our way.....I long to get his hugs and kisses and to have him look at me the way he always looked at only me....

Thank you all for your prayers and thoughts/ comments throughout the last many months. I know that my dad appreciated every single guestbook entry you wrote and was able to realize how much he was loved not just by us, but by the entire world prior to his passing. That is a gift and you made it happen....thank you so much. Please keep praying for my mom's full recovery and for courage and strength for her to get through this tragic and painful time.

All my love,

Judy