

**Byron Krantz Eulogy (Bentzion Shalom ben Moshe Ber v'Esther)**  
**SEPTEMBER 26, 1935 – JULY 14, 2022**  
**Graveside Service - Mayfield Cemetery**  
**July 17, 2022 – 18 Tammuz 5782**  
**Rabbi Joshua L. Caruso/Anshe Chesed Fairmount Temple**

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IT IS A FEARFUL THING to love  
What death can touch.

A fearful thing to love,  
hope, dream: to be –  
to be, and oh! to lose.

A thing for fools this, and  
a holy thing,  
a holy thing to love.

For  
your life has live in me,  
your laugh once lifted me,  
your word was gift to me.

To remember this brings a painful joy.  
'tis a human thing, love,  
a holy thing,  
to love  
what death has touched.

Rabbi Allison Vann is currently serving on the faculty at Goldman Union Camp Institute in Zionsville, Indiana. She sends her regrets, support and love to the Krantz family and those assembled here this afternoon. She is grateful, too, for...opportunity to participate “long distance”.

Dear God,

...This day, be with us, God.  
wrap us in your Presence like a blanket,  
Comfort our saddened souls.  
May the grieving family find solace  
in the love they share,  
in the devotion of friends and community,  
and in the knowledge of Your sheltering Presence.

God, console us all  
in the faith  
that Byron lives on,  
among us,  
in every family celebration,  
in each of our smiling memories  
in the legacy of his service, his wisdom, his passion, his generosity  
in his devotion to the law, his love of friends and family.

Dear God, *Shomea tefillot*,  
Hear our prayers.  
Find favor in this man:  
beloved husband, father, grandfather, brother...  
so cherished and admired – a friend, advisor, a mentor--  
Shower Your Presence upon him  
May he be welcomed into  
Your presence,  
O God,  
forever.  
Amen.

Great figures, make a lasting impact for their communities, and their deeds are enshrined for all to know long after they have passed. In the Torah, there is a changing of the guard when Joshua is elevated to succeed Moses as the leader of the Israelites. As a result, Joshua is the prophet who takes his people into the Land of Canaan. The account in the Book of Numbers goes as far to say that Joshua was so special that he was an **Ish Asher Ruach Bo**...meaning that Joshua was one who was filled with spirit.

Interpretations abound about exactly what it meant for Joshua to be an **Ish Asher Ruach Bo**, but there is no doubt that Byron Krantz was filled with spirit, with life, with drive, compassion, and most of all a love for family that was unparalleled.

**Ish Asher Ruach Bo... *According to the Midrash (Sifrei), it means that the spirit of each and every person was found in Joshua so much so that (he) was able to work with every person in accordance with their nature and propensities...***

With all that he achieved, Byron had every reason to be affected. He was bright (Byron was a star student in high school and had his pick of any and every Ivy League school – he ultimately attended Dartmouth, a school he had not even heard of when considering his undergraduate future. Following Dartmouth, Byron graduated law school from what would become Case Western Reserve University). He was accomplished (Byron worked for, and with, the leading politicians of Greater Cleveland, including Senator Metzenbaum and Mayor Carl Stokes, and was a highly respected attorney, cementing his legacy as a founding partner at Kohrman, Jackson, and Krantz).

Importantly, he never allowed his rise to success to affect his ability to connect with others. He may have been physically striking, with his tall stature and signature ponytail, but he could be soft spoken and humble when he went about his business in the world.

**Ish Asher Ruach Bo... Rabbeinu Bachya taught that we can understand the expression *Ish asher ruach bo* to mean that *Joshua had the emotional fortitude to brave all opposition.***

Byron was hardworking, principled, and never shied away from a fight (like the biblical Joshua, Byron was a modern-day warrior). Brett remembers his dad stepping in to assist a family of color when they faced the challenges of neighborhood redlining. When he discovered that the homeowners who put the house on the market were not only prejudiced against black people, but Jews as well, he stepped in to buy the house as a proxy. During the Hough riots, Byron pulled a man who was being beaten and bloodied up into his car as the vehicle moved through the chaos, protecting him from racist abuse. Byron was a champion of the put upon, working for the NAACP and never backing down, even when the KKK burned a cross on his own lawn.

Byron's principled views on life, politics, and the world, enabled him to be a person whose spirit of decency and emotional fortitude led the way.

**Ish Asher Ruach Bo...**Joan surely saw in Byron someone who had a buoyant spirit upon their first meeting. It just so happened that the two were working as staff at the Red Wing Day Camp for Boys and Girls. The head of camp fixed them up on a blind date, and the rest was history. In fact, early on, Joan's step-grandmother said, "That's the man you're going to marry". Joan was drawn to Byron for his appearance, his wonderful personality, and his intellect. They got engaged with Joan's mother's family ring, and married at Suburban Temple, where her family were founding members. They moved over to the B'rith Emeth, where Byron served as Vice President.

After Marc and Brett were born, the family traveled together to the Outer Banks in North Carolina, took a big family cruise for Joan and Byron's 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary, and visited Bermuda as well. On their own, Joan and Byron traveled to what Joan estimates to be around 75 countries, but Byron's recent visit to Scotland with his Single Malt Whisky Society may have been his favorite (according to his friend, Dr David Mackenzie, Byron was the only American invited to join the Canadian Companions of the Quaich Distillery tour of Scotland in 2019).

I asked Brett the absurd question if Byron had an influence on his and Marc's lives. Brett pointed out the obvious: both he and his brother attended Dartmouth, followed him as lawyers, and eventually the three worked together at KJK. To Brett it was easy to work together, for they shared the same values, the same work ethic, and the same passion for Tikkun Olam (repair of the world), a phrase Byron used himself in his self-authored autobiography.

Michele remembers how much Marc was excited to work with his dad - in fact, practicing law with Byron was a main reason why Marc wished to move back to Cleveland. Michele noted how Marc's skills complemented his dad's, and how Byron supported him and counseled him when he needed it.

**Ish Asher Ruah Bo...** Byron's shared his sweet spirit as his family began to grow. Michele vividly recalls Byron and Joan's welcoming spirit towards Michele and her whole family. In fact, when Michele and Marc got engaged, they sent Michele two dozen roses to emphasize their excitement about their new daughter-in-law. Michele has always been a part of the family, and even following Marc's death, Joan and Byron were supportive, loving and generous to Michele and the kids.

In turn, Michele and the kids' presence provided great comfort to Byron and Joan at a challenging time. Byron stated himself that he never fully recovered from Marc's passing, and truth be told, he could never really talk about it with Brett, nor mention Marc's name to Joan. Alas, it was his long list of maladies that served as a diversion of sorts for Byron during these past years. Still, that indomitable spirit was always there. As Matthew put it, the passing of his grandpa, who they affectionately called, "By-By", is the marking of a moment when the patriarch of the family has left this earth.

But the memories of Byron's ruach, his spirit, remain as a lasting inspiration. Liz remembers how when she got engaged to Brett, she already knew Marc and Michele. She quietly pondered if she would fit in. Those worries would soon be set aside when Byron and Joan welcomed her as warmly as they did Michele. In fact, Byron presented Liz with a shirt that she still cherishes. It features an image of a fish, presumably the kind caught by a fisherman. After Liz opened up the gift, Byron said, "It's because you're a keeper." Byron knew that Brett had reeled in another wonderful daughter-in-law!

For the grandkids, ByBy and YaYa planned trips abroad. First was Ellen and Matthew to the Baltic States, and St Petersburg, all connected to his heritage. Tara and Tyler were taken to Japan. Unfortunately, time marched on, and Ross and Danielle did not get to take their trip, but the memories abound. Ross was inspired by Byron's ability to be vulnerable and sensitive as a man. Danielle still remembers when Byron received CWRU's Centennial Award, and the speech her ByBy delivered. She remembers the passion he exhibited, and his message that one should always do what they love in life.

**Ish Asher Ruach Bo...** Byron's spirit proved to be a salve for those who needed a good word, encouragement, and his wisdom. Rabbi Rob Nosanchuk, my colleague at Fairmount Temple, asked me to share the following:

**...Byron opened his heart and was generous with his words, his affection and his perspective on what made him and Joan such incredibly proud parents to their sons and grandparents to their grandchildren. It is no secret how much confidence Byron had in both Brett and Marc, Liz and Michele and how critical their happiness and integrity was to him...**

**When Byron Krantz would sense or feel courage and strength, he'd gladly lend that container of strength he owned to others who might need it. Byron's strength was yours if you wished, on a loan without interest. I know this personally. Approximately 3 1/2 years ago, Byron called me and told me it was his turn to support me, to elicit my feelings, and to listen to my fears during the most fearful times of my adult life. He didn't ask for permission to get personal. Byron just told me to meet him for coffee...he told me that he too was facing a cancer fight at that very moment, but that it was one of many he'd already faced and that he knew a thing or two about taking on this disease and that "he'd beat this one too" and that "so would I."**

**He was certain of both good outcomes. Byron told me specifically what to do, articulating strategies for positive intentions and ways to beat back the demons and fears that come with mortal illness...We'd...sit several more times at Nervous Dog. He'd email me from time to time from out of town with encouragement always...Thinking back on that advice, I hope to have a long journey ahead. But all the more so: I hope to live, survive, and give to others in the sincere and generous way Byron did. I extend my sympathy to all of you. I hope to echo Byron's advice by sharing it with others and by continuing to live by his admonitions in a way that steadies my steps, and blesses my community.**

Byron's Hebrew name was Bentzion Shalom, meaning, "Peaceful Son of Zion". Byron was so very proud of being a Jew who sought peace and healing in the world.

When I asked Joan where she thought he learned his passion for justice, she said “his Judaism”.

Judaism and justice is what he learned from his parents, Esther and Maurice. Early on in her life she was one of the first female police officers in Cleveland, and later she served as Rabbi Lelyveld’s assistant. Judaism permeated his life, and made him a proud Zionist who believed that peace could be achieved here and abroad.

And of course, there was the ponytail. The ponytail could be interpreted differently depending on the lens through which one was looking, just like Torah. The biblical Samson sported a healthy mane that imbued him with divine power. Byron’s ponytail was infused with its own measure of spirit!

We might agree that the iconic lock of hair was a statement to the world that a man could excel in the corporate realm and still hold on to his independence. He could move inside politics, and still maintain his integrity. He could wear that ponytail, and be the coolest grandpa there is, because he was willing to be his own man, and forge his own path. This sentiment was reflected in his deeds, and in his words.

The last paragraph that Byron penned for his obituary reads:

**I never forgot my responsibility to do Tikkun Olam. Now I’m asking each of you too, in lieu of flowers or a contribution, please perform a Mitzvah; a good deed. Good bye, it has been a wonderful life but, there comes a time when you must leave.**

Zichrono Livracha...May the memory of our dear Byron Krantz be an enduring blessing to us all...and let us say...AMEN.

*This isn't a sad time, it's merely the end of my era. I've lived a somewhat long and absolutely full life. Born in Detroit, Michigan to Esther Ghinsburg Krantz and Maurice B. Krantz, I, along with my sister Treva, grew up in Cleveland Heights, Ohio. Soon after graduation from Dartmouth College, I was lucky enough to convince Joan Liebenthal to marry me. It was the beginning of a marvelous journey through life together. By the time I graduated from Western Reserve University Law School (yes, that's right, it became CWRU later) we had one son. Marc was born during my second year and Brett a year after commencement. We were blessed and still are with two fantastic sons. The loss of Marc while skiing put me in a dark place from which I never fully recovered. I thought about him often and continually missed him. Both sons, as good as they are, married up. Marc married Michele Silverman and they had three amazing children, Ellen, Tara and Ross. Brett and Liz Weiss brought another three very special children to our family, Matthew, Tyler and Danielle. I'm more than a proud grandfather. These six are beautiful young people: They all have bright futures. My only regret about leaving is that I won't be here to see each find their place in the world.*

*I served on a number of boards, tried some meaningful cases, helped some political campaigns and represented a group of talented businessmen. Instead of destroying countless trees by going into exquisite detail, I'm merely going to highlight some adventures. After starting my dream job with the Metzenbaum law firm, I was recruited to the staff of Senator Stephen M. Young (D-Ohio) in 1965. I was there just after the creation of Medicare and the enactment of the Civil Rights Act. It was a different time in our political history. With my Senator's permission, I became involved with the second campaign of Carl Stokes, to become the first black Mayor of a major city; and Bobby Kennedy's Ohio visits as he ran for President. After Sen. Young's term ended and he retired, I returned to the Metzenbaum firm. Until his death, Howard Metzenbaum remained my confidant, friend, and mentor. In 1984, along with Lee Kohnman and Bob Jackson, Kohnman Jackson & Krantz was formed. The KJK law firm continues to thrive. While practicing law, my get away place was Treasure Cay, Abaco, Bahamas. I served on a number of committees there and was elected on three separate occasions as President of Amenities, the primary owners governing body. As a member and later Chairman of the Deans Visiting Committee at Case Western Reserve University School of Law during a difficult time, I was privileged to be involved in solving some of the problems the law school faced, highlighted by naming of co-deans who to this day are leading the law school brilliantly. I was overwhelmed when my peers named me as the recipient of the Centennial Medal, the highest award bestowed upon a graduate of the CWRU law school. Dean Scharf said it was a 'big deal' and he was so right.*

*I never forgot my responsibility to do Tikkun Olam. Now I'm asking each of you too, in lieu of flowers or a contribution, please perform a Mitzvah; a good deed. Good bye, it has been a wonderful life but, there comes a time when you must leave.*

*Graveside services will be held Sunday, July 17 at 1 PM at the Mayfield Cemetery 2749 Mayfield Rd. Cleveland Heights, Oh.*