

Bill Mantinband ז"ל

1926 – 2014



Mantinband, William L.



December 30, 2014

Beloved husband of the late Edith Shapiro Mantinband; dear father and father-in-law of Shmuel (Sharon) Mantinband of Jerusalem, Israel, Yehoshua (Hadassah) Mantinband of Efrat, Israel, Monti (Cheryl) Mantinband, Rabbi Joel (Ophira) Mantinband of Yitzhar, Israel and Golda (David) Cohen; dear brother and brother-in-law of Carol (the late Abram) Ginsburg, Frank (Toni) Aaron and the late Daniel Aaron; dear grandfather of 21; dear great-grandfather of 7; our dear brother-in-law, uncle, cousin and friend.

Services: Funeral service Friday, January 2, 2015, 11 a.m. at BERGER MEMORIAL Chapel, 9430 Olive Blvd. No visitation prior to the service. Interment follows at B'nai Amoona Cemetery, 930 North & South Rd. Memorial contributions preferred to The Institute of Southern Jewish Life, P.O. Box 16528, Jackson, MS 39236 or to the charity of your choice. Please visit bergermemorialchapel.com for more information.



Shmuel Mantinband (son)

Dad, none of us can last forever, but you always seemed to come back from every adversity and hardship. We planned on your coming back this time, too...

If it was the terrible traffic accident in 1959 when it was unsure if you would survive.

If it was ending of employment opportunities in the oil industry just as you completed your studies because almost all geological work moved to Saudi Arabia – not a great place for a nice Jewish boy with 3 little kids.

If it was when you broke your hip – you always came back, you always overcame adversity.

This time, we expected, wanted and prayed you would overcome again, but it was not to be.

Dad, I have to tell you, when my kids told me it was special that I am always ready to drive them around and pick them up – I did not understand what they were talking about. They insisted it was not common among every parent. To me it seemed a normal thing to do. Then I understood, it was something you taught me – you were never too tired to do something for us as kids, always there to help when we needed it.

And of course, that is who you were. How many other parents were willing to spend every Sunday morning at shul during Sunday School directing traffic to help kids get safely to and from their parents' car to the shul building? But that wasn't enough – most of the other volunteers ended their volunteering as soon as their children graduated. I was so impressed you kept it up for years afterward.

And that is who you were, caring about your family and children and caring about your community and shul. These were your priorities and I know I learned this from you.

Sharon put together the following from what our children and grandchildren, your grandchildren and great grandchildren, wrote and wanted to say to you even though they could not be here:

It is very rare to get 17 Young Israeli adults to agree so thoroughly about anything, yet when it comes to Zeida, there is total agreement, love and admiration.

When we made Aliyah and moved to Israel, we always felt a twinge of guilt at causing our children to grow up with their grandparents so far away and that Bubbe and Zaide did not get to know their grandchildren as well as they would have liked.

Zaide, you only talked about how proud you were of your Israeli children and grandchildren.

Our kids and grandchildren still developed a wonderful relationship with you and all mentioned and learned from your humility, good nature, sense of family and of course, humor – all of which overcame the barriers of distance.

The kids thank you, Zaide for the life lessons you taught them.

You always treasured family occasions and made every effort to attend – even as it became more and more physically difficult. I remember when you retired at the age of 77 – you told me the only reason was so you would not have to request permission from some government bureaucrat to attend a family simcha.

The kids said, you were always happy and optimistic and your goal was to share that with everyone you met with your good jokes and stories.

You were always prepared to meet that goal, by having all necessary tools at hand. You would start with a clown's nose in the first case. A harder case might require a free (so called business) card that was good for nothing but a laugh and with really tough cases, you bought them off with a million dollar bill.

At Lital and Tzuki's wedding, your last trip to Israel when it was very difficult for you to get around...you still got up on the dance floor with your walker to bring joy to the young couple by giving out your special cash to all those dancing. Lital's friends still talk about how cool you were.

At our smachot, whenever you spoke, Zaide, you would always tell us we were the stars of the day, but not to be upset the following day when we would be forgotten...

You are the star now, Zaide and will never be forgotten. Yhi zichro baruch

Yosh Mantinband (son)

Dad,

You and Mom were always different from one another when it came to going places. Mom tried to squeeze the most from every moment in life, or in other words, she was perennially late. You, on the other hand, hated being late. You preferred to get places early. If a meeting was called for 7:00, you liked to get there at 6:30. If the airline recommended arriving 2 hours early - for you 3 hours is better still. No matter what it was, you liked to be early..

But Dad - you left us *too* early.

I was so looking forward to seeing you in a few weeks. To showing you pictures of all the family from Ayala's bat mitzvah, your first great-grandchild to reach majority. But most of all, I was looking forward to talking to you face-to-face.

I felt cheated when we visited you last September. You were so sick that you were barely aware of our presence. After we were gone, and you got better, you had no memory of our having been here. Besides feeling cheated, I had another moment of

trauma from that September visit. It awakened long-dormant memories – a flashback of another hospital visit. After the terrible car accident, when I was barely three years old we visited you in the hospital. Also then, you didn't recognize me – didn't know who I was. It was a frightening experience for a young child. Seeing you in September, when you didn't recognize me was frightening again – I felt again like that small, frightened child.

But, thank G-d, you got better. On Skype calls or through messages sent through Golda & David, Monti & Cheryl, we were able to be in touch again across the miles. And I reconciled myself saying I'd be seeing you again soon in person. It was frustrating talking over the computer and I wanted some real face-time. Little did I know that G-d had other plans for you.

Dad – I have a confession to make. When I was growing up I was often afraid of you. You had a terrible temper. When I was old enough to understand, Mom explained that after that terrible car accident, and the head injury you suffered, you had changed and become short-tempered. But she remembered and told me about how sweet and even-tempered you had been before the accident. It puzzled me as a child. And it seemed unfair that I didn't know the dad she described. Over the years, the seemingly impossible happened, though. You mellowed and evolved back into the sweet, even-tempered man mom had originally married. It was like receiving you as a gift again and again.

When I consider myself, I am sometimes startled at realizing how much of who I am comes from you. Some are little things – like habits and mannerisms. I see how you tilt your head or lean into your hand & realize I do the same thing. More fundamentally, I learned from you to have an abiding belief in our ability to make an impact on the world – helping people – helping to make the world a better place. And moreso, that we have a duty to do so. I wish that I could reach your level. You were so selfless and unassuming. Very few people knew all the things you did to improve the lot of others.

Almost everyone knows about how you weren't happy until you'd made at least one person around you happy, too. Your free-ticket business cards, million dollar bills and red clown noses became your trademarks and many know about them. You took humor seriously. You actively studied and pursued it. Who besides you knew there was an organization dedicated to bringing humor to the world? Their annual Humor conference was one of the highlights of your life.

However, not everyone knows about your other behind-the-scenes activities, unrelated to humor. For example: Hundreds or maybe thousands of people were fed by you. It all started once when you went shopping at the bakery at the end of day and discovered that the left-over baked goods were being sold for a heavy discount. You made it your business after that to stop by regularly and buy ALL the left over baked goods and donate them to charity.

After retirement you barely slowed down. You busied yourself with all your volunteer work. Your sense of humor shone through there, too. You'd say – "A paid worker is good in exchange for something. A volunteer, on the other hand, is good for nothing." I hope someday to be as good as you were. You gave so much to so many in exchange for nothing other than the pleasure it brought you. You gave them comfort, solace, less hunger, a smile, a better feeling about being alive.

And there's more. I love to learn new things all the time. I realize that's also something I got from you. You were always taking various adult education courses and studying new things. I also remember how you took off on a solo vacation once to take a cruise with Jacques Cousteau to engage your passion for oceanography.

Another important thing I learned from you and mom is about how love between a couple is a complex thing. And how it can endure through difficulty. We were not a well-to-do family. Despite the financial hardships, of which I was blissfully unaware as a child, our family flourished and our childhood was full of enrichment and fun. There were other difficulties, too – the car accident was a major one. But your love for mom and hers for you were stronger than the difficulties. Who among us has not quarreled with his or her spouse? I learned from you that having a quarrel doesn't mean you're not in love. Your and mom's love for one another was a rock solid foundation throughout your lives.

Another dimension to love that I learned from you involves something so simple it seems silly now when I recount it. I remember on a trip to Israel when you & mom were visiting all of us and our families went to the Dead Sea. You and mom, who were, of course, much older than us, were walking along the beach holding hands. Somehow I thought that was for young lovers. But you taught me that love stays as young as we let it.

When mom died, also much too early, you began saying kaddish for her. You were already a regular at making the minyan in your shul. And you never stopped saying kaddish for her every day. She remained a continuing presence in your life.

Dad – you loved your wife and you loved your children. As each new grandchild was born your love expanded to encompass them all – and then your great grandchildren, too – and they all loved you so much, too. How I wished you could be well enough to be with me at Ayala's bat mitzvah next week. But G-d had other plans for you and for me. Instead I'm here with you now and I can't imagine being anywhere else.

There was so much innate wisdom you held – and shared casually with those around you. Our tradition teaches the importance of gemilut hasadim – acts of lovingkindness and ahavat hinam – loving others selflessly. For you it was a way of life, as the examples I've mentioned. You also knew, without having been taught, the lesson taught by the Chafetz Chaim – not to speak ill of anyone. You always used to say "If you don't have something good to say about someone, don't say anything at all."

Dad, there isn't enough time to describe all the sides to your personality and your life and all the lessons we could learn from you and from how you lived your life. You embodied the concept of Tikkun olam – improving the world.

Dad – I've come now to the hardest part. I want to ask your forgiveness. Please forgive me for not being a better son. For not calling more often. For not telling you more often I love you. With you no longer here to teach them, I hope to teach my children as you taught us – through personal deed and example.

On every birthday you always told us that things will only get better. So I say to you now – Dad, remember – the first 88 years are the hardest. Now you're entering a better place – *olam shekulo tov* – a place of infinite goodness. Without pain. Where you can again speak with the startling clarity of a Distinguished Toastmaster. Where you can again walk along the beach holding hands with Mom, at a never-ending humor conference.

Now, I have an excerpt of some words written by my son Zusha. He posted these on facebook the day after Dad died. He wrote in Hebrew, but I've translated it to English.

“Last night my grandfather died in the United States at the age of 88. One of the things that exemplified my grandfather was his simple innocence. Family was very important to him. Also laughter, love and humor.

It is written: נר ה' נשמת אדם - man's soul is a divine candle. That is, a person's soul is like a candle that adds light to the lives of others – It doesn't remove light – only adds. It all starts from that – And with the simple things in life.

I didn't manage to see my grandfather (or Zayda, as we called him) very often due the distance. My current profile picture (on facebook) is one of the last I have from when I got to see him a few months ago in the States. Whenever I asked him “How are you feeling?” he would answer simply “Better – now that you're here!” And that was how we would answer everyone!

He always went around with a wallet full of cards - free tickets that he distributed. On the card was written “This is a Free Ticket! It's not worth anything, but it's free!” “That's one of my ways of putting humor to work!” That was his visiting card. He would give them out on the street and at his weekly volunteering at the train station.

He also used to give us million dollar bills that were actually worth more than anything in the world! Some of you reading this have also gotten some from me.

He once told me a story. He was at the grocery store and the cashier was troubled about something. He decided to give her one of his million-dollar bills. At first she didn't understand and didn't want to accept it. He said “Take a closer look”. She did

and saw printed on it “The funny money of America”. *That* succeeded in bringing a smile to her lips.

When I visited him last June he was clearly happy to see me. He insisted on giving me a grand tour of the entire dining floor of the home he lived in. For dessert he took me out to the veranda overlooking a lake with fountains and swans. All this touring he did with his walker. Of course, he gave me a “free ticket” to this spectacular performance.

I know that he was suffering and in pain the last few months, but whenever he was able he smiled! He smiled for us... I also know that he stayed in this world as long as he could only for the sake of his family. He didn't want for any of us to suffer.

The wisest of men, King Solomon, says in Proverbs that it is better to go to a house of mourning than to a party. One wonders why? The answer is very simple. At a party we tend to forget why we are alive. In a house of mourning, though, we get a reminder. We are reminded that the only things a person takes to the grave are his deeds.

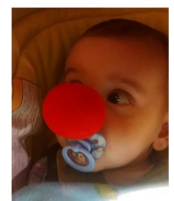
We don't light the memorial candle – in Hebrew called *ner neshama*, which literally means “soul candle” -- only to remember a person. And the soul candle is not lit only by the flame. The best way to honor the memory of someone is to take at least one small thing he taught us and apply it in our own lives! Thus we fulfill the phrase נר ה' נשמת אדם - “a man's soul is a divine candle”. Thus we continue to spread his divine light in the world.”



Tribute to Zayda - Pictures from the Bat Mitzvah party of Ayala Adi Sapir (great granddaughter), which took place during the week of shiva.

L to R (front): Shlomit, Ophira, Hadassah, Amichai. Sara Tova, Magda H., Tsur, Tamara, Malachi, Robert H., Gilit. L to R (back): Zusha, Rafi & Maayan, Michal, Sharon, Naama, Davidi, Matanya, Bilha, Shira & Ayala, Maala, Noemi S., Inon S., Oren, Eial S. & Meital, Eran. Inset: Noa, Nadav

Amit →



Monti Mantinband (son), Cheryl, Zach and JJ

Monti's Eulogy

No matter the age, or how anticipated the loss of one's parents (and we didn't expect it this soon - we thought dad would continue for some time) it's never easy.

Dad never stopped seeing me as his "little" one. In doing so, he continued to teach me, by example, how to be the dad, and the person, I've become.

Several years ago, when I had surgery while living in MN and I told dad about it he insisted that upon my release from the hospital, that he come stay and take care of me during my recovery time at home.

While staying at my apartment, as the result of dad's outgoing personality, he met and introduced me to my neighbors of five years. (People that I had seen, but never said more than "Hi!" to.) Because of his visit, I became close friends with them and we still stay in touch with to this day, even though I've moved here, one is still in MN. Whenever we go to either state, we get together.

I am so grateful that my two boys, Jeremiah and Zachariah got to know and have had a close strong bond with their Zeydie as well.

For example, once when my youngest, Jeremiah, and I were visiting dad at the Hallmark, dad left his apartment and was gone for too long, Jeremiah became worried and said, "I have to go find Zeydie and make sure he's ok." JJ put his shoes on, took my hand and literally tried to drag me out the door of dad's apartment to go look for him. We had to check on Zeydie, make sure he was ok, and bring him back home.

More recently, while Zeydie was recovering in the rehab wing of Surrey Place the nurses employed our children to help Zeydie recover. (Dad didn't always want to cooperate with them. He would say, "What's the point?") We were given some exercises for Zeydie to help strengthen his hand eye coordination and Zach took his role in helping Zeydie get better very seriously. Zach proceeded to work with Zeydie using a couple of jigsaw puzzles having him put the puzzles together. Just this morning, when talking to Zach about his working with Zeydie, Zach told me that Zeydie had, with Zach's help, progressed from having to have the puzzle pieces handed to him to picking the puzzle pieces up on his own. Zach didn't have to hand the puzzle pieces to him.

The nurses, seeing how Dad always perked up and responded to them when they came to visit, said, "These two, right here, are the best medicine for him." Dad was always there for them. No matter what, he would find the strength to perk up and smile when he saw them.

Dad, we all miss and love you very much.

Cheryl's Eulogy

"I had a written eulogy but I have to add first that when I walked into this room I noticed the Lion sleeping what appears to be above the casket. My father in law's middle name was Lion. How appropriate this is.

He often said "when something goes wrong it's my fault, blame it on me". Hakuna Matata. No worries. That is what that means to me.

I did not get to know my father in law in a conventional way. As I was dating Monti who was living in Minnesota at the time I would go to his fathers' house to help him with his "email machine" that sat on the kitchen table. It often occurred that I would call Monti and he would instruct me on how to repair the issue. It was those times that I got to know my father in law and fell in love with his family and at which time I did not know I was going to marry this man. I heard about the stories of his childhood as well as stories about my late mother in law Edith whom I had known since I was a young child.

Zach and Jeremiah Eulogize Zeydie

Twinkle twinkle little stars
We light your path no matter where you are
Our love will guide you to where you belong
With our Bubie Edith you will become strong

We know our visits made your day
We know your love for us is here to stay
We too enjoyed our time with you
How lucky we were to have known you too
We are so glad we knew you well
All the stories we could tell

Zeydie we love you!

Yoseph Mantinband (son)

This week's sedra reads, ויחי יעקב בארץ מצרים שבע עשרה שנה. Jacob lived in the land of Egypt seventeen years. We find another passage where seventeen years are mentioned, that we read a few weeks ago. יוסף בן שבע עשרה שנה. Joseph was seventeen years old when he left his father. There were two periods when Jacob and Joseph were together - the first seventeen years of Joseph's life, and the last seventeen years of Jacob's life. That's a total of thirty-four years. For me, those passages are especially meaningful personally. My Hebrew name is Yoseph, and I was seventeen when I left my father/parents (in my case, to go to the Land of Israel.) Since then, thirty-four years have passed.

At this time, there is one thing for which I'm grateful, and another which I regret. But even in that thing I regret, there's room to be thankful.

1. I'm thankful the funeral is now (finally) being held. It's been almost three days.
2. The thing which I regret is that since the stroke, I didn't get a chance to come visit Dad before the passing. But even in that, there's room to be thankful, because now I remember Dad only in his finest.

To conclude, the Talmud teaches us, ברא מזכה אבא. A child brings merit to his parent. How is that? The answer is, whatever good things a person does is credited to his account in Heaven. But not only the good things that he himself did, but also those good things that he caused to happen. Thus, since parents brought their children into this world, they caused all the things that the children do. Hence, all the Torah that the children learn, all the good deeds that they do, are credited also to their parents' Heavenly account. Now that Dad has passed on, the things he has done have come to an end. It's now up to us to continue his good work, and that will be credited to him. That is our holy obligation; that is our holy challenge.

This next section was added in the version Yoseph delivered at the Shloshim 30 days later:

The Gemara teaches us in the tractate Ta'anith (22a) that Rabbi Broka Hoza'ah was in the marketplace of Bei Lepheth (near where he lived), and being on a high spiritual level, Elijah the prophet was with him. He asked Elijah if anyone in that market was worthy of the Next World. "No, nobody," he replied. Then he pointed out one person who, yes, was worthy. Rabbi Broka ran after him and asked what he did. "Return tomorrow," he replied, and the next day he told Rabbi Broka what good things he had done. We'll skip that to mention what happens next.

Afterwards Elijah found for Rabbi Broka another two individuals who were also worthy of the Next World. Rabbi Broka likewise asked them what their merit was, and they replied, אינשי בדוחי אגן, we are humorists; when we see dejected people we cheer them up." Many people remember and have mentioned the humor that our father used, with his free tickets and million dollar bills, but he wasn't just a funny person; he really believed in the idea. והלך לפניך צדקך. This humor is his great merit that leads him to the afterlife. יהי זכרו ברוך לחיי העולם הבא. May his memory be blessed to the Next World.

Golda (daughter), David, Rebecca, and Adam Cohen

Golda's eulogy

(SHOW FIST)

A hand – just like this – could provide so much entertainment. How, you ask? Dad loved kids. He would keep his fist squeezed tight and the kid next to him would try as hard as possible to open his hand. Once it was open, the kid's next task was to

close it. One, two fingers would be closed, then the third, then boing! One of the closed fingers would spring open. This was shul entertainment and it would keep any kid quiet during the service. Going to shul every Shabbat was a way of life growing up and I kept that up with my own kids when they were little. This kept them sitting still for such a long period of time.

Dad was all about bringing a smile to someone's face any way he could. Eventually, he came up with a routine. Some were for young children. Any place we would be, the whole world stopped when he saw a little kid. Out came the clown nose, out came his faces until he made the child smile. Some were for old children, otherwise known as grown-ups. He kept a stack of million dollar bills in his calendar book to give away. He kept a stack of his "un-business" business cards – his ticket that was good for nothing.

The final line of his routine: Remember, whatever goes wrong is my fault. We are gathered here today to remember and honor Dad and he's right. This is his fault. I love him and Mom so much. They have taught me so much and made me who I am today.

David's eulogy

I have a story I'd like to tell that I think says a lot about him. I promise it won't take too long, but I think it's very fitting. With the blessing of Golda and her brothers I can relate it to you.

After Golda's mom passed away, Bill came to me and asked me to help him get his finances organized. He kind of threw everything on to me and said "Here, you take care of it" – he didn't want to deal with it. One of the things we ran across was a letter that said there was a stock certificate. So I asked him "Do you have the stock certificate? Have you seen it before?" He had no idea. So I said, "OK, I need to go out and get an affidavit of a lost stock certificate and get it signed and then and go file it to get you a duplicate copy, if there actually is one around."

So I decide to go over on a Thursday morning. He was having a coffee in the dining room on North Forest. I sat down with him and he was finishing up and then moved everything out of the way to make room for the forms so he could sign them. And I looked down at his coffee. He had just moved the coffee and there down below it was a nice placemat he was using. And I said, "What is that?" and he said "Well, that's my coffee placemat – that's what I use so I don't spill coffee on the table." I said, "Do you see what it says scrawled across the top of it?" He says "Nooo." I said, "It says 'Sun Life of Canada'. That's the stock certificate we're looking for!" He had been using this stock certificate as his coffee mat! For months, years, who knows? It had rings *everywhere*. And I said, "I'm gonna kinda need to take that."

He looked at me, seriously, and said, "What am I going to use for a placemat?"

That really epitomizes him. Simple and selfless and, y'know, that's a rare breed these days. I see it in his kids, my brothers-in-law and my kids. It's kind of a neat thing that he'll live on that way.

Rebecca & Adam's eulogy

Adam:

A fond memory we have is Saturday mornings growing up. Every Saturday, Mom took us to Schul at BSKI and we went over to his house for lunch afterwards. Lunch ALWAYS included fruit salad, so it's become impossible to eat fruit salad without thinking of him. For some reason it was just unnaturally sweet. At home we would try to replicate it. We'd always try to imitate it – we'd add the same amount of bananas, the same amount of kiwi and everything – and ... there's just gotta be something else. So then we tried sugar. So there we were, dumping spoonful upon spoonful of sugar on to the fruit salad. And then mom would come over and yell at us for pouring sugar – large amounts of sugar – on the fruit. But it was never quite right. I don't know what it was, but his fruit salad was, and always will be, superior to any other fruit salad.

Rebecca:

I want to thank Zayde for giving me the most amazing gift ever: my first trip to Israel. In June of 2013, Zayde went to Israel for the last time. Since he was unable to go alone, he asked me to accompany him there. I had never been to Israel before and I am still honored that his last trip doubled as my first trip. Whenever I think of Israel I think of him. I have priceless memories and pictures from our adventure that I know I'll carry for the rest of my life.

Adam:

Finally, the biggest impact Zayde had on our lives was our love for the theatre. Every summer, for as long as we can remember, probably going back even further, he would get seasons tickets to the Muny for Rebecca, Mom, him, and me.

Rebecca:

We looked forward to these shows year round because those Thursday nights at the Muny were the epitome of summer for us, and this summer at the Muny will not be the same without him there.

From facebook (a few of the posts)

Craig Ginsburg added 2 new photos.

January 5 at 10:27pm · Edited ·

You are missed, Uncle Bill!

Zichrono Livracha.

For a little perspective, these pictures were taken nine years ago at the wedding of my great-uncle Bill Mantinband's son's wedding (Monty), which also happened to be the weekend of Uncle Bill's 80th birthday. My uncle Bill loved humor, and loved to make people laugh and smile. He would travel to humor conventions, and often would give out "million dollar bills" or his card (marked just a card, "not good for anything"), or clown noses. In honor of his 80th birthday, we were all given clown noses at synagogue on Friday night. Many of us wore them for the rest of the weekend. My Uncle Bill passed away last week, so I post these now in his honor. May his memory be a blessing!

— with [Golda Mantinband Cohen](#) and 4 others.



[Shira Oren Sapir](#), [Clay Ginsburg](#), [Zusha Mantinband](#) and 52 others like this.

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• **Curtis Joseph** We were at the wedding and I remember it well. Caleb was only a few months old and it was terribly cold in St. Louis. In fact, I commented to [Barbara Ginsburg Joseph](#) that we were holed up in the hotel like the characters in *The Shining*. I don't think I saw any movement from cars or people on the streets during the entire visit. Barbara told me that Carol was speaking about Bill a few days ago and she said that she was sure her brother was walking around heaven passing out \$1M bills and clown noses. What an image. My best, Curtis

January 8 at 8:50pm · Edited · [Like](#) · 4



Barbara Ginsburg Joseph pick a hand, any hand...



January 11 at 3:43am · Like · 2



Barbara Ginsburg Joseph Uncle Bill, you'll be missed

January 11 at 3:44am · Like · 1



Golda Mantinband Cohen Barbara Ginsburg Joseph - your picture is exactly what I talked about in the eulogy.

January 11 at 8:19am · Like · 2

Lauren Buchsbaum

December 31, 2014 at 4:22pm ·

Goodbye to a kindhearted, beautiful soul, Bill Mantinband. His purpose in life was to make people smile and laugh, especially children. Not just his family, but all people. Wanna know why Golda Mantinband Cohen is so nice? Because she is his daughter. BTW, Bill's father was a reform rabbi in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, Charles Mantinband, and he risked his reputation and his life to help end Jim Crow. I am also a child of a civil rights dad, a lawyer, and Bill and I always liked that we had that in common.

Margaret Gillerman shared Lauren Buchsbaum's photo.

December 31, 2014 at 7:59pm · Edited ·



In loving memory of one of my favorite people ever, Bill Mantinband ❤️ My deepest condolences to Bill 's wonderful family. Golda Mantinband Cohen Cheryl Ring Mantinband I am so sorry for your loss, Golda, Monti, Cheryl, David and other children, grandchildren and great- grandchildren. You wrote so beautifully about your Dad. Lauren also expresses my feelings perfectly about this dear, kind , joyful and great and humble man so many people adored. I did from the moment I met him. Bill and I met saying the Kaddish prayer together at Bski - I in loving memory of my Dad and Bill for his wife. All of us in that minyan had a special friendship. I have tears now but my memories of Bill will always make me smile. One year, (Bill must have been up in his 70s), we delivered Christmas meals together to a retirement home that was home to many nuns. He made everyone he met there smile and laugh. He brought along his clown nose, which he used to delight strangers and friends alike, especially children. After a rather deep discussion with one of the sisters who invited us in - Bill was a very intelligent man -he invited the good sister back to the synagogue and he kept in touch with her. As you know, he appreciated diversity and social justice and respected people of different races and religions. Gentle Bill had so many, many friendships. Lauren explains why....so does the picture!

OPINION SHAPER: Chance meetings inspire important life lessons

JANUARY 04, 2011 6:00 AM • [BY SHARON DUNSKI VERMONT](#)

I love meeting people in random places and learning about them. I have found, in fact, that when I actually talk to the strangers in line behind me at the grocery or in front of me in an elevator, I usually leave feeling quite uplifted.

More importantly, I have often gleaned significant life lessons from seemingly unimportant strangers whom I could have easily ignored.

A nameless woman who moved in and out of my life in a matter of moments taught me long ago about appreciation. An arbitrary little girl with the face of an angel once reminded me of the importance of spending time with my daughters. And I'll never forget the older gentleman whose determination in life sent a little spark of his wonderful qualities right into my heart.

It's often been those whose names and addresses I'll never know who have blessed me the most with inspiring lessons that I'll keep with me forever.

Recently, I was in an elevator, headed out the door after my daughter Hannah's orthodontist appointment, when I noticed an older gentleman rustling through his wallet in search of something.

I wondered what he was looking for; money for a cab? His daughter's phone number? He was searching so intently that I actually worried he needed assistance.

Yet, before I could open my mouth to speak to him, the man's face lit up with a smile and he handed something to my daughter.

"It's okay," I assured her. "You can take it."

Hesitantly, Hannah held out her hand and took a piece of greenish paper from the gentleman. She looked a bit confused, but relaxed when I started laughing.

My daughter looked down and saw that, in her hand, she was holding a one million dollar bill!

"Look how funny that is!" I announced to those around us. "Don't you wish it was real?"

I looked at my daughter with a smile.

"Yeah!" she agreed, now comfortable with the situation. "Too bad we can't spend it!"

"Where did you get that?" I asked our kind, new friend.

"I make them," he replied, enthusiastically. "And when I run out, I just make more."

With that, he took out another bill and handed it to me.

As Hannah and I left the elevator and walked out of the building towards our car, we were deep in conversation about the funny money we'd just received.

It appeared this regular, ordinary, grandfatherly guy, someone whom we could have simply passed without noticing, did his part to make the world a better place by giving random strangers the gift of laughter and a smile.

By simply handing his crazy million dollars to my daughter and me, this man (Whose name, ironically, was "Bill") actually brightened our day.

Little did he know that Hannah and I had been feeling a bit stressed. Yet, with his silly money, he'd relieved our discomfort and actually made us feel a whole lot better.

They often say that it's the little things in life which truly matter. And our encounter with Bill on that seemingly ordinary afternoon was total proof that this age old saying is true.

Bill probably didn't think he did much for us that day. After all, he simply gave us a fake piece of money that was, for all intents and purposes, worthless.

Yet, that clever currency made my daughter and me laugh, smile, relax, and actually think about the importance of our daily interactions with others. Bill's funny money was so much more than just a silly piece of paper.

Our world needs more people like Bill; people willing to spread a bit of laughter and joy throughout the often serious and difficult times. I just hope this man, someone who'd passed into our life as quickly as he'd passed out of it, realized just how much we appreciated his selfless act of kindness.

Sharon Dunski Vermont is a full-time wife and mother and part-time pediatrician. She has been a free-lance writer for about five years and recently had a story, "Tuesdays with Dad," published in "Chicken Soup for the Soul: Thanks, Dad."

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