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Subject: Re: Hank

It has been difficult for me to express my profound sorry on the passing of our beloved friend Hank. I drove him to the hospital and was the last among us to see him alive. He did not want to have visitors, except for Cacky and her daughter, who flew up from New Jersey. It was not that he didn't want to see his friends, it was rather that he did not want them to be inconvenienced. This was typical of Hank. He always put others before himself. Even after the death of his wife Nicole, who lost her battle with breast cancer, and the unimaginable grief over the loss of his oldest son David shortly thereafter, Hank put his feelings aside to focus on the well being of his son Jason, and continued to concern himself with the feelings of others. Irwin and Artie were right on when they referred to him as "the most gentle of souls" and "a sweet man".

Hank was extremely bright, knowledgeable and analytical. The expression "measure twice and cut once" was written for him. I can visualize him silently pondering the alternatives, before deciding correctly. He spoke French fluently, and was as well versed in Doo Op and sports. He was in business, accounting, and finance. I personally saw him leading a conference call with the merger and acquisition team of the large public company he worked for. He was calculating, without any notes, the Enterprise Value of the company being acquired (way above my pay scale).

Hank also had a tremendous sense of humor, with impeccable timing and dry wit. We went on a college trip to Washington DC. The hotel rooms were separated for girls and guys. Hank had his eye on a girl. So he put on a pair of jeans (then dungarees) and a white tee shirt, took a tote bag and put in a few bottles of Coke. He knocked on the girl's room door and shook the bag so it sounded like tools when the

door opened. He told them he was from hotel maintenance and needed to fix a leak in their bathroom, which was dripping into the room below. When he got into the bathroom, he started banging away. When the girls caught on they were hysterical, and Hank got a date. In the late 60s to early 70s Hank and I were in summer homes in East Hampton/Amagansett. Hank organized stickball games between the Pot smokers and the straight guys. Lots of fun. I could go on with many more Hank-stories, but you get the picture.

Five years ago Hank fell in love with what he called his soul mate, Cacky. He adopted her family including Cacky's daughter, son and her six grandchildren as his own, as they did with him. The grandchildren referred to him as their grandfather. Nathalie and I had the privilege of meeting them all, and saw first hand how happy Hank was being a member of the family, and making new friends with the neighbors of the lakeside community where she lived and into which he moved. They also thoroughly loved staying in Del Ray, Fla. for the winter. If anyone was entitled to find real happiness it was Hank. Nathalie (who knows Hank as long as I do) and I were so thrilled for him.

Lastly, as you can imagine, Hank's love and close relationship with his son Jason was very special. Jason also became a part of Cacky's family, which was so important to Hank. During his last hours Cacky told me that Hank felt much comfort in knowing that Jason would always be a member of her family and would never be alone.

So, rest in peace Hank. You will always remain in my thoughts and heart.

Marv