

## A Remembrance of Hank Gordan

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By Terry Dwyer

Hello, my name is Terry Dwyer. My wife Jane and I are residents here at Mount Kemble Lake, and we came to know Hank when he moved to this community. But, in the sense that the-world-is-a-small-place, I may have crossed paths with Hank some years earlier. Hank was raised in Brooklyn, but at some point came to live at 211 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue, between 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> Streets, in Manhattan. This is right around the corner from my apartment on 18<sup>th</sup> Street. I had a good friend in 211, so at some point I may have shared an elevator with Hank. 211 replaced a set of tenements, one of which housed "Arnold's Deli". Arnold's moved across the avenue, and knowing Hank's fondness for deli food, it is more likely that I ran across his path while he was ordering a liverwurst-and-onion-on-a-roll at Arnold's.

Although Hank was not a Christian, he seemed to have a Trinity in his life: Food, Seinfeld, and Sports.

Food: Hank seemed to know a lot of places to eat, and where to get prepared foods, from Florida to Brooklyn. The old joke:

Question: "Honey, what shall we make for dinner tonight?"

Reply: "Reservations"

had a lot of truth in Hank & Cacky's dining habits. Moreover, Cacky reports that Hank was up at all hours of the night, noshing all kinds of delicacies. We occasionally ate out with Hank and Cacky. One story stands out in my mind. We were eating at a nearby restaurant, which had recently changed hands. They must have been in "learning mode" because the waiter was a novice, and the service was terrible.

Uncharacteristically, Hank was in a poor mood, and repeatedly disapproved of the service, almost embarrassingly so. As we were sitting there I couldn't help but think of a joke that Hank, who enjoyed Jewish humor, told me: A group of women went out to lunch. As soon as they were seated at their table they began to complain: the restaurant was too warm, couldn't they get ice water without the ice, the restaurant was too cold, etc. After they were served, the owner came over to the table and said: "Ladies, I hope you are enjoying your lunch. Is ANYTHING ok?" In remembrance of Hank's enjoyment of food, today's luncheon is from Burrini's, one of his favorite caterers in this area.

Seinfeld: Hank loved the Seinfeld show ... and often wryly noted similarities in everyday experiences with episodes of that series. In remembrance of Hank we have some episodes of Seinfeld showing over at the bar area. yada, yada!

Sports: While I occasionally talked with Hank about politics, we mostly chatted about sports. He was a Mets fan, while I am a Yankees fan. I assumed that his rooting interest in the Mets was because they were heirs to the Brooklyn Dodgers, who had left New York for LA in the late 1950s. But this turned out not to be the case. Hank told me that the Jewish People had a long history of suffering, and his support for the Mets was in that tradition. As I thought about it, I realized that Hank had created a no-lose situation in his rooting interest for the Mets. When they won, he was happy because they won; when they lost, his suffering quota was filled. In football, I am a Giants fan whereas Hank was a Jets fan. I assume this was again in fulfillment of the suffering theory. I once watched a Jets game with Hank at his place. While the Jets took an early lead ... alas, as too often was the case, they collapsed in the second half and lost the game. Several

times after that I invited Hank over to my place to watch the Jets, but he always seemed to find an excuse not to come. They say that “misery loves company”, but in this case I think Hank was saving the suffering to enjoy by himself. In remembrance of Hank’s love of the Mets, we have Mets napkins to go with today’s luncheon. You may notice that the jerseys are not the Met’s Home uniforms - we like to think that Hank is now perpetually at Mets’ away games.

Hank introduced Cacky to the idea of wintering in Delray, Florida, and they both seemed to enjoy it immensely. They like to share good times with friends and invited many lake residents to join them in Delray. This past winter so many MKLers passed through that it seemed like they should rename one of the streets Lake Trail South.

Hank was a good, kind, generous and gracious friend. We miss him.  
Goodbye Newman!