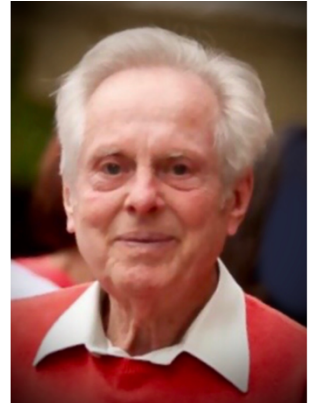


Order of Service

Funeral of Richard Deutsch
Friday 17th April 1.30 pm
Exeter Crematorium



ENTRANCE – Mozart Clarinet concerto in A major

1. Tribute from John
2. Music from John, Jemima and Kathrin -
Greensleaves – English Folk tune 1580
Vom Himmel Hoch – S. Scheidt
Andante von varazione - Mozart
3. Song Nuriel – “is waiting” (via audio link)
4. Tribute from Andrew (via video link)
5. Music from Rotem - “ A Walk to Caesarea” (via audio link)
6. Tribute from Christian (via audio link)
7. Hymn - The Lord's my Shepherd – sung together (via audio link)
8. Tribute from Kathrin
9. A selection of emails/letters received (if there is time)
10. Kaddish Andrew (via video link)

EXIT - Mozarts piano concerto 26 Allegretto

Johns tribute - Memories of Dad

Remembering often is painful, this I experienced a lot in past years, especially in connection with some occasions of remembering the end of the Nazi terror, and the liberation of concentration camps. There were witnesses testifying of their experiences who are my age, and had gone through such terror, very little of which I had known. TV reports, interviews and special programmes sometimes even make me feel guilty that I had experienced so little of the actual suffering others had to endure.

The special remembrance of the liberation of Theresienstadt was hard to take in at all. There most of my relatives had died. While grandfather met his end in a cattle wagon on the way to Riga. The mourning will go on for ever.

as a 10 year old boy....

...My memories are a little misty of that parting and the train journey to Stuttgart in May 1938 on my own. There was my mother standing on the platform of Westbahnhof, crying and waving her handkerchief. Several adults in the compartment kindly tried their best to distract me. Mother had given me plenty of food and a little racing car I had fancied with steering, and I kept playing with this the whole 15 hours of the journey. Actually, I had not taken on board that this journey really meant I was going away from my mother for good. To me it seemed more like dreaming or going on a holiday. Only when arriving at Stuttgart main station, reality caught up with me.....

...After passing the Cambridge Proficiency in English in June 1957 I returned to Legelshurst / Germany. Lisbeth had returned home already before Christmas. Her elder sister Herta and her husband Hans kindly let us use the upper room in their house, where I could live until we got married.

We were planning our wedding, buying clothes. Also we had to prepare for our life and work in Hong Kong...

.....Then the boat moved toward a large pier, and there were some people waiting. Strange people in a strange country. This would be home for almost 25 years. The strangers who met us soon became friends and colleagues, Rev. and Mrs Wyder, Rev. Maier, Rev. and Mrs. Itten. We were led from the ship and right into busy Kowloon, then still rather quiet, for a small snack. Among them must also have been Rev. Tsang, Rev. Tong and Rev. Yip, perhaps also already our language teacher Ms Chow.....

Still in my mind is arriving at Lok Yuk Seminary, in Saikung, on sunny December 26: everything looked beautiful clean, not too warm, and inviting. Looking down from the Seminary right in front of us was the South China Sea and the small village of Saikung.....

Song by Nuriel – “ Is Waiting “

one day it will happen
Without feeling, something will change
Something will calm us down, something will touch us
And there will be nothing to fear.

And it will come like a hand-engraved line
It will come self-assured
As if he was always there
And waited for us to notice

And it will come, you will see
The clenched hands will lengthen
And the guard heart will not hurt at a normal pace
It will come, as nature is normal
Be at peace with himself

one day it will happen
Without feeling, something will change
Something will touch us, something will calm us
And there will be nothing to fear

And it will come like a hand-engraved line
It will come self-assured
As if he was always there
And waited for us to notice

And it will come, you will see ...

And it will come, you know
Not everything will shake us
Not everything will strike
And what will open up to us
am waiting

Song by Rotem: “ A Walk to Caesarea” by Hannah Szenes

My God, my God,
may it never end –
the sand and the sea,
the rustle of the water,
the brilliance of the sky,
the prayer of man.

Andrews Tribute

Shalom Dad, Shalom Opa,

You have always been here for us. You left us on Erev Pesach, just before Passover, and are now at peace and resting with your Mother, Father and all our ancestors. I have so much to say, questions to ask, endless appreciation and respect for everything you did for me in the last 60 years, and for my daughters Rotem, Eliran, Nuriel and first grandson Alon, and for Alona.

All your days you carried the trauma, and burden of your childhood during the Holocaust with you, the loss, the horror, and terrible memories. In a few days we are commemorating Holocaust day here in Israel, and will remember you and our lost relatives too.

But then you rebuilt your life, and met our dear Mum while working in the hospital in Kork, near Strasbourg. You gave us the best childhood anyone could wish for, in Hong Kong, and Basel, with so much love, and took care of each of your grandchildren as if they were your own children. We have endless memories of going to the sea, mountains, hikes, many Family trips, and happy celebrations together. I am eternally grateful for everything you did for us.

Whenever I am in doubt about anything, or have a question, I think of what you did or would have done. You have always been a role model for me, with your emphasis on striving for Justice, Love, Truth and Happiness, and always to aim to do our best. You always asked questions and never accepted dogma or extremism of any form and taught us love, compassion, patience and understanding for all worldviews and beliefs. You worked for peace and understanding between Christians, Jews, Muslims and all other faiths.

I have inherited your love for reading, philosophy, religion, a never-ending search for meaning, and your emphasis on Family and love of our fellow human beings. Your selfless love and caring for Mum for almost 63 years also taught us so much about appreciating and constantly working on our relationships.

You had the courage and foresight to make the difficult move to England again, at age 91, so that you could still be with Family as long as possible. Alona and I were fortunate enough to spend some lovely days with you still on the 18th of January for your 92 birthday, only because you insisted we come, realizing that you were already weak, even though you were sure we would see each other again, which we will of course, when our time comes.

Thanks to your love of the Jewish tradition, and Israel, and because of our Grandmother Erna, and Family Steiner who were not able to come here, I have had the privilege to build a life and Family here, and have retraced some of your footsteps from the 1970s when you lived and worked here. We also had many happy times together with you, when you visited us here, with Rotem, Eliran, and Ifat, and in Holland with Nuriel when she grew up there. We live five minutes' walk away from a view of the old City of Jerusalem, the mountains of Jordan and the Dead Sea, that you loved, and I feel very happy to be able to continue our Jewish tradition from Israel, Poland, Hungary, London, and El Salvador.

In deep sorrow, love, and appreciation for everything Dad, and Opa, from your Son Andrew Josef and Alona, your granddaughters Rotem, Eliran, Nuriel, Mathew, and your grandson Alon.

Christians Tribute

God was so gracious to him:

- As a Holocaust survivor: as a young boy he witnessed Hitler's march into Vienna, he had to say goodbye to his Jewish grandmother who fled to El Salvador, he had to say goodbye to his Jewish mother who fled to Great Britain, he heard (years later) that his Jewish grandfather had been deported to Kiev and was murdered there, and he heard of other Jewish relatives who died in Theresienstadt - yet God was so gracious to him that he was able even to come to Germany and get help from his father and was helped by Evangelical sisters at a farm in Schwäbisch Hall where he got training in agriculture was protected from the Nazis, he was even conscripted by them as an "only" half-Jewish young man, yet God protected him because he got ill just before they wanted to send him to the battlefield, so he did not need to serve as a soldier after all

God was so gracious to him:

- He gave him a family: he lived with his mother and grandmother in Vienna for several years and learned to love Jewish customs, feasts and the Jewish Bible; he lived with his father, half-sister and stepmother for a couple of years in Stuttgart

God was so gracious to him:

- He blessed him with a Christian wife for most of his long life: 63 years, and 4 children, and 12 grandchildren and 6 great grandchildren; he loved to spend time with them all and showed lively and active interest in their lives

God was so gracious to him:

- He kept him healthy, healed him from tuberculosis as a boy, from Malaria at the age of 34, and he got a hip-joint replaced when he was about 80, but for the most part, he was able to enjoy a long, healthy life without disabilities

The Lord's my Shepherd - Psalm 23

1

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2

My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

3

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4

My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Kathrins Tribute

Dear dear Dad

As the youngest child (but oldest daughter – as we often joked), it is now my turn to say a few words.

I miss you. Having lived so intensely together in one house for the last 18 months, the 'missing' is great. We had so many adventures, lovely memories of going to the sea, walking on Dartmoor, pub meals, concerts, talks over dinner, all the meals we shared together. There was also your suffering, emotionally and physically. Your strength and determination to keep going were admirable. Even near the end.

As a child I remember you packing my lunch (usually peanut butter and jam sandwiches) and standing ready with the car keys in case we missed the school bus.

I remember playing family music together, the holidays we had in Asia and Europe, wonderful memories of Lantau Camp.

As a student, I remember the weekly phone calls from the telephone box and you were so eager to hear my news. I felt your love and interest.

And later your genuine interest in what moved me, medically, psychologically, emotionally. So many wonderful discussions we had, and you never judged me but you respected me and my ideas and choices.

When you were 80, something significant changed. You started to talk more about your terrible wartime experiences, your distress, anger, horror. So many emotions, that you suppressed for so many years you were now starting to show.

With time I understood that you kept the emotions in for so long to protect us from your grief and trauma. The injustice and the deep deep pain. Opening up, brought us closer together. I think you opened up because you knew we were ready now to receive your tears. In the last months of your life the tears became less and less. You told me, just a couple of weeks ago that the pain was softening. You could finally give it some space. I am grateful for that. I know that you are now finally at peace.

Thank you for your enthusiastic, inquisitive, insatiable hunger to learn and develop. Every book you read here in the last 18 months – was the 'most' amazing one yet! I admire that so much. Thank you for your beautiful, kind and deep mind.

I knew you not only as a loving father and grandfather, brother to Bärbel and devoted husband of Mum, but also as a humanist, a feminist, a sculptor and music lover, a psychologist, a brave survivor and a deeply spiritual man.

Thank you for being my father
I love you.

Letters from Friends and family

My mother: Thank you for your loving care and loyalty

“we were lucky to have him as a friend and neighbour”

“ We loved him”

“Richard was a very respectful teacher, spiritual mentor, and a good friend of me and many brothers and sisters of Sabah.”

“he was our TTM's real and best friend”

“I remember Richard's gentle kindness and keen intelligence, his generosity of spirit and his tolerance”

“My memories of him are that he was a man with much inner strength and a good heart who loved his family”

“Your parents had set a good example for many!”

“I shall take advantage of the occasion to remember Richard's gentle kindness and keen intelligence, his generosity of spirit and his tolerance”

“Your father helped me a lot to translate the history of Basel Mission and hakka churches in China”

“My memories of him are that he was a man with much inner strength and a good heart who loved his family. “

And to finish is Dads mother tongue, a message from Legelshurst where he found his beloved Lisbethl

“Menschen, die wir lieben, bleiben für immer, den sie hinterlassen Spuren in unseren Herzen”

People we love always stay with us, because they leave their traces behind in our hearts



שלמה בום

Kaddish

EXTOLLED and hallowed be God's great name in the world he has created according to his will. May he soon establish his kingdom, in our lifetime, and let us say: Amen.

Let his great name be praised to all eternity.

Lauded and praised, glorified, exalted and adored, honoured, extolled and acclaimed be the name of the Holy One, though he is above all the praises, hymns and adorations which men can utter, and let us say: Amen.

May God grant abundant peace and life to us and to the whole house of Israel, and let us say: Amen.

May the Most High, source of perfect peace, grant peace to us, to all Israel and to all mankind, and let us say: Amen.

Yitgadal v'yitkadash sh'mei raba b'alma di v'ra khir'utei, v'yamlikh malkhutei b'haveikhon u-v'yomeikhon u-v'havei d'khol beit yisrael, ba-agala u-vi-zman kariv v'imru amen.

Y'hei sh'mei raba m'vorakh l'alam u-l'almei almay.

Yitbarakh v'yishtabah v'yitpa'ar v'yitromam v'yitnasei, v'yit-hadar v'yit'aleh v'yit-halal sh'mei d'kudsha, b'rikh hu l'ela min kol birkhata v'shirata, tushb'hata v'nehemata da-amiran b'alma, v'imru amen.

Y'hei shlama raba min sh'maya v'hayim aleinu v'al kol yisrael, v'imru amen.

Oseh shalom bi-m'romav, hu ya'aseh shalom aleinu v'al kol yisrael, v'imru amen.