

**Remarks for Martin Meyerson memorial
Adam Meyerson , October 5, 2007**

Our family thanks the speakers and ushers and all of you for coming to celebrate Dad's life, as well as the hundreds who have sent notes and flowers. We thank the doctors and nurses at HUP and at Penn Presbyterian Medical Center for the excellent care Dad received. A special thanks to President Guttman and the University of Pennsylvania for hosting this lovely memorial.

Dad truly loved Penn—its history, its architecture, its intellectual vitality. Above all he loved Penn's people. Once he took my wife Nina and me on a tour of campus. We were amazed how many people came up to him to say hello, and how gladly he talked with each of them, whether they were a cafeteria worker, a student, a trustee, or a Nobel-prize winning professor.

Dad also enjoyed an active family life. My fondest memories include Dad's taking me to my first Red Sox game at age seven and our frequent family outings, say, to Yosemite or in quest of the perfect Italian water ice. Matthew, Laura and I went to some excellent schools and colleges but perhaps the best education we received was at our family dinner table.

Dad also took us children on some of his many work-related travels. I spent my 10th birthday in Caracas, my 16th in a village in the French Perigord, my 22nd in Novosibirsk. Don Stewart mentioned my amazing 11th birthday in Nigeria. In one month that summer, Dad took me to London, Paris, Venice, Rome, Athens, the Greek islands, Ohrid and Skopje in Macedonia, Belgrade, Zagreb, three cities in Nigeria, Conakry in Guinea, and Lisbon. That whirlwind pace was life with Dad.

Dad expected his children to work hard, to find work that we enjoyed, and above all to use our talents to help and serve others. In almost every one of our weekly phone calls over the past 25 years, he would describe someone he was trying to help.

One of Dad's greatest gifts to his children was his love for our mother. Mom and Dad were married 61 years, and they would ring Tibetan cowbells on their anniversary. They were true partners in all they did—their pioneering work in urbanism, their love of travel, their hundreds of shared friends, the architectural masterpieces they refurbished together—we lived in 10 houses by the time I was 18, including a classic work by Frank Lloyd Wright. Mom of course played a crucial role in Dad's achievements as a university president. Dad called Mom three or four times a day throughout their marriage, and in his last 10 years they spent almost every day together. At age 78 Dad fulfilled his fantasy of becoming an English lord, with his lady by his side, as Mom and Dad rented a Sussex manor house and were surrounded by their six grandchildren. The seventh grandchild, Phoebe, would have been there, too, but she had just been born.

Arnie Eisen, the chancellor of Jewish Theological Seminary, worked in Dad's office when he was a student at Penn, and the two became lifelong friends. Arnie has religious duties today and cannot be with us to offer the benediction. Given Dad's vision

of “One University” in which all learning comes together, as it must if we are to understand the universe, Arnie suggested we close this celebration with a reading from the opening of Genesis:

“And God saw all that He had made, and behold, it was very good.”