

Eulogy for Shmuel by Guy Dori

You left us suddenly and with the same suddenness you were taken from me, from us, a dear friend, a kind hearted support, that I felt would always be there for me.

We've known each other for a long time, more than 25 years, I asked you to help me with my doctorate which was stuck. You took me under your wing as a student. You taught me how to think and how to plan and carry out research.

You welcomed me to your apartment on Rehov HaRofe, on Friday nights, beginning at 2200, with a cup of tea and cookies. I would ask you about everything I didn't understand in the papers of Grossberger and Procaccia, of Eckmann and Ruelle and others. You would take out your blue BIC pen (red was reserved for correcting papers), and with patience you would write out explanations on yellow paper. In this way I would make progress, step by step.

I finished my doctorate under your guidance. We wrote a paper summarizing the research and it was not accepted. We made corrections and it still was not accepted, until you became aggravated and replied sharply to the editor of the journal and the paper was accepted. That was the only time I saw you truly angry.

After that I asked you to critique my work and that you did faithfully, with your red BIC pen, but you always said to me, "Why are you putting my name on the paper as an author?" My reply would be that you made more significant contributions than the other authors. Then you would say "Add my name to the acknowledgements, that's sufficient." I was happy to disagree.

But about and beyond the research and the work, you were a wonderful friend.

Several years ago, you were worried by thoughts of diet and weight. You were worried about chocolate and asked me if chocolate is healthy. I told you that chocolate is fattening but it makes us happy and that's important too. From then on, every time you came from abroad, always from conferences, seminars, or research meetings, never from pleasure trips, you always brought us good chocolates, like Godiva's, and said with a childlike smile, that you have a doctor friend who says that chocolates are healthy.

In recent years your knee bothered you and Eti told you a number of times that we're getting older and you need to change your apartment on HaRofe for something more comfortable, without steps, and with nearby parking. She said often that although she doesn't understand physics, she does understand practical physics. You listened and you bought a comfortable apartment in Mercaz HaCarmel, but you didn't have a chance to enjoy it.

Eti and I were fortunate to be with you many times, where we met your refined, pure, amazing and childlike soul, wounded and sensitive to what's around you. You shared with us your difficulties, honestly and truthfully, and sometimes with pain.

We had the privilege of being your friends. Our dear Shmuel, we were honored with a true friend. We are only parting physically today; you'll remain in our hearts forever.