

Frank Maidenberg, Nov. 2, 1914 – April 21, 2012

Frank Maidenberg, son of immigrant parents, community leader and visionary, and sunny inspiration to family and friends, died April 21, 2012 at age 97.

Frank was born in Marion on Nov. 2, 1914, the youngest of four sons. His parents David and Rose, who spoke Yiddish, came to this country in 1906. They had left what is now Ukraine but was then the Czarist Empire of Russia.

They first settled in Philadelphia, then set out for greener pastures in the Midwest. According to family lore, after arriving in Indiana by train with three small boys, they realized they had been bound for Marion, Ohio, but had somehow missed the stop. Undaunted, they went on to open the Indiana Dry Goods store in Gas City where as a child Frank gained his first exposure to the business world.

He graduated from Marion High School in 1933 during the Depression. There was no money for college, so he and a few friends traveled door to door throughout Indiana and Ohio selling kitchenware: "32 pieces for 94 cents," he would fondly recall. Eventually this enterprise evolved into a successful restaurant supply business, National China & Equipment Corp., owned by Frank and two of his brothers, Milton and Meyer. It was headquartered on Fourth Street in downtown Marion. (Another brother, Ben, became a Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist and publisher of the *Akron Beacon Journal* in Ohio.)

In 1941 Frank married the younger girl next door: Nanette Zimmerman. She had, Frank noticed, grown from a gangly string bean into an attractive young woman.

After two and a half years with the Army during World War II where he served in Morocco, Tunisia and Italy, Capt. Maidenberg returned to his home town, the recipient of a Bronze Star. In a 1985 *Chronicle Tribune* article, he said, "When I was in high school, I wanted to leave Marion and never come back. Then I saw the rest of the world, compliments of Uncle Sam, and decided Marion wasn't so bad after all."

As his business and civic interests grew Frank found he had a knack for recognizing unrealized potential. In 1962 he purchased an abandoned ketchup factory on Marion's southeast side and developed the site into Warehouse City, a 20-building complex still providing warehousing and light manufacturing space for area businesses. With partners he brought the first Holiday Inn franchise to Marion, and acquired and managed a variety of other commercial real estate ventures.

He described himself as an entrepreneur "not afraid to take a chance or to make a mistake." He liked to say that he learned far more from his mistakes than his successes.

Frank was a consummate optimist—and a visionary. "During one of our talks in the 1960s," shared Alan Miller in another *Chronicle Tribune* article, "Maidenberg produced a drawing of a paved path along the Mississinewa River where people could walk and ride bicycles—decades before the Riverwalk became a reality. Another dream was a park on East Third Street that would serve as an eastern gateway to Marion. At the time, people driving in were greeted by a junkyard and a neighborhood of substandard houses. Maidenberg lived to see both of those dreams, and many others, come true." Later he spent years working to attract a multiplex theater to Marion; the movie complex in northwest Marion resulted from his refusal to take no for an answer.

In the late 1960s Frank convinced Mayor Gene O. Moore that Marion needed a housing authority. "People didn't realize how poor housing was in Marion," Frank later recalled. "There were people living in houses with no floors and no heat." Frank agreed to serve as president of the Marion Housing Authority, and served in that position for more than 25 years. Norman Manor and Hilltop Towers were early results of his leadership.

Frank was a charter member of the Mental Health Association and helped found Marion's first mental health clinic. He worked with others to create the Marion Philharmonic Orchestra; he served with the Grant County Economic Growth Council, the Marion Urban League, the Marion-Grant County Chamber of Commerce, the United Way and many other local organizations. He played a key role for decades as a member of Sinai Temple.

Frank was twice blessed in love. Nanette died in 1980 after 38 years of marriage. In 1981 Frank married Joyce Zuckerman, and the two lived happily for more than 30 years, blending two loving families.

Frank spent many happy hours in his vegetable garden and greenhouse. He was always amazed that something as fine as an Indiana tomato started life as a tiny seed; indeed, helping miracles develop from small beginnings underscored his approach to business and to life.

Surviving are Joyce, Frank's wife; three children: Anthony (Jennifer), David, and Jill (Richard Thal); daughter-in-law Patricia Furlong; stepsons Mark Zuckerman (Kathryn Michaels) and David Zuckerman (Barbara Selemon); and 10 grandchildren. Also surviving is business partner and esteemed family friend Judy Fitzgerald. Frank will be buried in a private ceremony; family and friends will gather later to honor and remember him. Raven Choate Funeral Home is in charge of arrangements. Memorials may be sent to the Frank Maidenberg Educational Fund, c/o Community Foundation of Grant County, 505 W. 3rd St., Marion, IN 46952, or the Sinai Temple Endowment Fund, P.O. Box 1191, Marion, IN 46952.



David Maidenberg, Frank's son

Frank's Garden

My dad loved tending gardens. For years – as a child – I would accompany him on Saturdays. Among other travels around Marion, we would always stop at my Grandma Rose's home (his mother). Grandma also loved to garden, but Dad helped her tend it, keeping it weeded, fertilized, & harvested.

Of course he had his own garden as well, always producing far more than we could eat or share with the neighbors. But for Dad, it wasn't about eating. It part of his nature: he loved to grow things, to nourish things – and he was good at it.

When we lived on Euclid, Dad gardened what was then the vacant lot behind us. When we lived on Berkley, his garden plot was the envy of anyone who liked to sink fingernails into the soil. When we had the a-frame north of Marion, his expansive garden produced enormous amounts of corn, cucumbers, peppers, carrots and other assorted veggies. Dad had a "Midas touch" when it came to growing things.

My Dad's gardens were not limited to vegetables. My Dad nourished and tended his businesses as well. When he looked at an old burned-out ketchup factory in southeast Marion, he saw what it could be. He tended that garden, and it grew into Warehouse City, the home to this day of many of Marion's fine businesses.

Downtown Marion was one of Dad's favorite gardens. He knew that any city's downtown wasn't just another neighborhood. He knew downtown was a city's heart and soul – and if that heart was neglected, the entire body – the city – would wither. Dad tended the garden throughout his life. As one example, for years he urged city administrations to create a park from what was then rundown housing in east Marion along the river. He eventually just bought much of it himself, tore down the substandard housing in the flood-prone area, and gave it to the city. That garden is still transforming into parkland between the river and State Road 18 – between the railroad & Ballard Field, just east of here.

Sinai Temple was one of Dad's gardens. At various times my Dad served on every committee, group and office associated with the Temple. Under leadership from Dad and many others, the Temple flourished for years.

And of course Dad's gardens included family and friends. You already know that. That's probably why you are here. Dad had an enormous sense of fun: fishing trips, travels here and there, or simply telling knee-slapping jokes with friends (often in Yiddish). In one way or another... in many ways... we were all tended to, and nourished by Frank Maidenberg. He enriched our lives with his wisdom, his generosity, his patience, his optimism and his spirit. We are all part of Frank's garden.



Jill Maidenberg, Frank's daughter

Dad, my grief so far has surprised me. I expected a tidal wave of sorrow from within, because how there not be – you?

But so far, I've mostly felt relief. I know there's grief to come, and it'll happen when it happens. I feel relief because it's such a pleasure to remember you in your high energy days:

- Always in motion! Always curious. At the end of every day, stacks of papers and magazines to read!
- You're seated at your enormous desk in your office, impeccably dressed, always. You like looking good.
- You always take the steps two at time.
- We're at the grocery, or the hardware store, or our favorite, the office supplies store. You say, will you look at that! What do you suppose THAT'S for? What will they think of next!
- Some things you tell us again and again. "You learn something new *every* day." "You *learn* from your mistakes." "Don't hurry. Don't worry. Don't get mad."
- You always take a midday nap. It restores you. Okay! Back to work!
- You're in your garden all weekend! Near dinnertime you bring in the haul. Whoa – that's a lot of tomatoes. That's a lot of cucumbers. That's a lot of zucchini. That's a lot of onions. Mom takes what she wants. Fast forward many years. Joyce takes what she wants. The rest you put in the trunk of the car and take some to Betty, to Anne, and to Aunt Irma, to other friends and neighbors. And there's still some left.
- When my boys are little they "help" you in the garden. After dinner you three go downstairs, and you build block towers for them to knock over again and again. You're all laughing your heads off. Joyce and I watch, and we laugh too. Three boys at play.
- We're walking down Michigan Ave. in Chicago. You are SO tall! You're pointing things out to me and, as usual, I have to run to keep up with you. Which is why I'm a fast walker today.
- We drive to Grandma's every Saturday afternoon. I sit on your lap and steer the car. We drive the car down D Street, past Dee McGee's, past Shroat's. The two dogs are in the back seat, both heads lolling out one window.
- It's late at night, and you and Mom are finally back from your trip. You're tan and relaxed, and give us great big hugs. It was a great trip, you say. But we all you can't wait to get back to the office.
- You carry index cards and a pen in your shirt pocket and you're always writing notes to yourself. Don't all Dads do this? You put notepads and bouquets of yellow pencils by every phone in the house. Every pencil is needle sharp. Don't all Dads keep the pencils sharp? The cars are so clean you could eat dinner off the floor mats. A clean car runs better, you always say. Don't all Dads know that?
- You and Uncle Allan, Mom's cousin and your good friend, are sitting around the kitchen table smoking cigars after dinner. You guys are laughing and speaking Yiddish, then English, then back to Yiddish. At some point years later I realize that some of the unfamiliar words you guys are speaking aren't Yiddish: they're words you made up. "Fistarus," for instance. Fistarus? Hand me that fistarus. No, not that one - the other fistarus: the fistarus on the dry side.

* * *

These memories of my high energy, highly curious, always active Dad dissipated as he got older and less able. It was very gradual. Still, he would surprise us at times with an astute observation or comment.

Last September he was really in bad shape. I was in town, and went along on the doctor's appointment. That was when Dad became a Hospice patient. Dr. Srikanth conducted a short neurological exam:

"Frank, do you know where you are?" No answer.

"Frank, is this your daughter, June?" "That's my daughter, Jill."

"Okay Frank. Frank, do you know who I am?" "Yes."

"Frank, who am I?" "You're Dr. Fistarus."



Molly Maidenberg, Frank's granddaughter

I'm Molly, Frank's first grandchild. I was the first to meet him and – by chance – the last grandchild to see him before he died. There is something full circle about that I like.

As most of you know - Grandpa was a skilled businessman with a strong work ethic; however, he was also very creative and had an innate ability to see the world with a childlike wonder.

One of my favorite memories with Grandpa occurred in San Francisco.

I had moved there after my college graduation to be part of the Internet "boom". I was working at an Internet company called Looksmart - a wanna-be Google and of course it tanked. Grandpa brought some stock in it since I had a job there and - up until he couldn't say it anymore - he routinely told me it was the worst investment he had ever made.

Anyway, Grandma and Grandpa came to visit and we went to Muir Woods for a hike - a forest just north of San Francisco with some of the most gorgeous redwood trees in the world.

Cousins Barrie and Reed - among other family members - were with us. I recall him taking in and commenting on the beautiful tall trees with awe and amazement .. as if he had never seen anything so beautiful.

This memory helps me remain in touch with my sense of awe and wonder and to take marvel in new places, people, thingswhatever it may be ...



Remarks from the Milt branch

(delivered by Reed)

Frank may have been the most optimistic of the brothers, someone who always saw the glass half-full, who trusted in the basic goodwill of his fellow man. He was a tough businessman, and could be stubborn as an ox, but he always wore a cloak of sunshine.

When I picture him in my mind, he is always smiling, with a ready kiss and a hearty "Vas Machs du?"

By his chair there were always newspapers and magazines, not an unfamiliar sight in a Maidenberg home. He was always up on the news, and a passionate supporter of Israel. Israeli artists' work hung on the walls.

We, and all of Marion benefitted from his insight regarding the Riverwalk, and his contention that no one could be angry with his neighbor when both were out on the walk. It was a way of bringing people and community together. Indeed, this is in evidence when you go out for a stroll, jog, or bike on the walk: Neighborliness.

He knew Marion from its poorest streets to its most elegant neighborhoods. He believed in the town, probably more than Marion believed in itself.

He was Hoosier from birth, as shown in his passion for gardening, his love of popcorn, in particular Pop Weaver's from Van Buren; and even his getaway spot, the A-Frame on the banks of the Mississinewa.

Family was the center of his life, not just his immediate family but the extended Maidenberg clan which celebrated 24 consecutive Thanksgivings on Berkley Drive. He always glowed with a deep inner satisfaction at these gatherings and often held forth, eloquently sharing his views on so many things. One forgets -- as he slowed down in later years -- that Frank had a quick mind and could express himself very forcefully.

I personally will never forget the day in April of 2009 he made the effort to come to 1100 (Euclid Ave.) to say goodbye to Irma. How many old photos are there where you can see the warmth and affection between them?

His appetite never failed him and that says something about a man who seemed to grab life by the lapels to make it listen to reason, at least as he saw it.

Uncle Frank, as we say good-bye to you, we also take leave of the brothers, and to the Greatest Generation that they embodied. We will miss you. We are grateful for having known you. We appreciate all you did for us, and for the world.



Judy Fitzgerald, Managing Partner of Maidenberg Associates, family friend

My journey with Frank was a wonderful one for me, and I don't think I was really prepared for it to be over. I had no idea when I joined Maidenberg Associates almost 25 years ago what an impact both the business and personal relationships would have on me. Frank taught me so much...he taught me a love of community, he taught me to look past today and see the big picture, he taught me that everyone has value...he would say, "If you don't like someone, get to know them better...there is good in everyone, you just have to look a little deeper to find it in some than in others." Frank taught me that my opinion is important...not always right, but important, and that I should not be afraid to voice my opinion. He taught me the true meaning of family and openly welcomed me into his own.

Frank's silent generosity will never be fully known by our community, but many will benefit from it for years to come. Frank passed with dignity and calm resolve just as he demonstrated in everyday life. I have been touched by so many people through all of this...they all have a remarkable story to tell about Frank and I am sure we will hear many more tonight. I always knew that he would be remembered, but the magnitude of that memory grows with every story that is told. Frank's work here is done in a physical sense, but the spirit he lived his life with will live on in all of us. Frank clearly set an example of how life should be lived. He was a great mentor and wonderful friend, and I thank him for that precious gift.



Doug Brown, brother of Frank's daughter-in-law, Jenny

I am honored to have a chance to say a few words about Frank. I got to know Frank quite well after Jenny and Tony's marriage in August, 1974. Before then, I don't think I had ever actually crossed paths with him, except maybe once or twice at Tony's house.

But after the marriage, I had the pleasure of being in Frank's company on many occasions, to see and speak with him quite often at various family events, at his home, at my mother's home, during Holiday receptions, dinners, and other social occasions over many years. I had the chance to get to know him pretty well in these social contexts.

I think you can tell a lot, often very quickly, about a person by the quality of their conversation. What do they want to talk about? Ideas, things, other people, themselves? Are they positive in their outlook, or do they nay-say, engage in gratuitous criticism, think negatively, want to talk mainly about what is going on in their lives, rather than anyone else's?

With Frank, I learned quickly that a conversation with him would be filled with ideas, wrapped always in an optimistic and positive context. I learned that it was best to be prepared, in other words, for a robust exchange.

Frank especially liked to ask me questions about what was going on in the auto industry and with GM in particular, so whenever an occasion with him was upcoming, and I anticipated there would be an opportunity for conversation, I tried to do some homework in advance about the latest happenings in the industry, so that hopefully I would be prepared and able to tell him something new and different, and answer his questions, which were typically very insightful and thought-provoking.

Sometimes, Frank would fixate on a particular issue or development and become absorbed in the details and nuances of my explanation, often riddling my talk with careful and insightful questioning.

Frank had a wonderful way of steering the conversation to you, rather than to him. In fact, I found it challenging to get him to ever talk about himself. He wanted to know what was going on with the person he was speaking with. I think this is a great quality to have, but not easy to achieve. Think in your own conversation how tough it can be to just let the other person talk and display sincere interest in whatever they have to say. Frank was skillful at that. Not very many people are, at least in my experience.

I also learned that Frank was a very optimistic person by nature. In fact, his optimism was really infectious, something I grew to want to emulate myself, not always successfully. I came to understand that, in Frank's presence, nay-saying and expressing negativity, were somehow inappropriate, something that one just didn't do, because it just didn't feel right.

Others here much more knowledgeable than I can offer tributes to Frank's many contributions to Marion and Grant County. I know those contributions are considerable and significant.

I read a wonderful tribute in the "Inside Indiana Business" publication shortly after Frank passed away that described many of the wonderful things Frank had achieved and was able to do for this community - until I read the article, I had not realized, for example, that Frank had received a Bronze Star for his WWII service. He never mentioned that to me in any of our conversations. I also did not appreciate fully the modest circumstances Frank encountered in his early life - that there was no money for college, for example, but that obviously did not stop him from achieving success in life.

I think that Frank's keen intelligence, his relentless focus on ideas, his optimistic nature, his willingness to take reasonable risks, his entrepreneurial spirit, and his focus on other people, explain the great successes he achieved in this community which he helped build in so many ways that others have described this evening.

I know you will agree that Frank Maidenberg will long be remembered for those qualities and the important contributions he made. Thank you very much.



Marilyn (Ganz) Varon and Phil Ganz, lifelong family friends

from Marilyn

I really didn't know Frank well until our families spent time together at Plaza South. Frank and Nan were always so warm and hospitable and so much fun to be with. The trip to Greece with the Ganzs and Maidenbergs...what fun we all had! Jill, remember our first night in Athens at the Sound and Light Show...our whole row was asleep!

Frank always greeted me with one of his great big bear hugs. He and Joyce always invited my children and grandchildren to their lovely home for meals and swimming.

The relationship that Frank and my parents had was truly loving and trusting. They could always count on each other...he was like a wonderful brother. From Nan and my mother being brides together to the men meeting up with each other overseas in the Army.

It was always such a comfort to me knowing that Frank was always there for my folks...from supplying them with his fruits and vegetables to working my father's garden when he was unable to. They had the most perfect friendship for probably 70 plus years.

Three years ago my mother moved to Arizona. I spent the last night at 904 Jeffras alone. The movers were coming the next day and once they left, I locked the door, turned in the key and drove off.

That final night, I went to Frank and Joyce's for dinner. Mark and his family had just come in for a visit. We had such a delightful evening...it really "saved" me. I kissed Joyce and Frank good-bye and Mark and Kathy walked me home. I'll be forever grateful.

Thinking of you all this week-end with much love and nostalgia.

from Phil

I'm sorry I'm not able to be with y'all this weekend but my heart is, indeed, with you. Today your dad and your family are in my thoughts just as they were every day growing up when a day never passed without a Maidenberg in view.

In reminiscing with my mother she was reminded of just how far back the family connection goes. Frank and Max were childhood friends, of course. When my mother, baby Marilyn and my dad were in CA for army training your folks were north of them for Frank's training. They came down to spend the High Holidays with my family. When they saw the NBC studios (radio, I assume) they wanted to watch a broadcast, but young children were forbidden to enter the studio. Your dad took Marilyn's hand and convinced the studio authorities that she would be quiet...and they were allowed to watch the live broadcast from the audience.

I choose to celebrate your dad's life. I will mourn, but I will smile.

Love you all...family.



Lisa (Abel) Bogner, lifelong family friend

To Jill and family,

Your dad was just an amazing man who lived such a full and honorable life. I learned a lot about his involvement and contributions to the community from reading his obituary.. so much I hadn't known, although I did know what a huge presence he had in general in the community. He was brilliant. And he truly knew how to live.

When I think of Frank, I feel his warmth, big hugs, see that big smile and hear his wonderful laugh. I can visualize him walking around his garden and around your pool when we were very young, taking pride in the tomatoes! I also have vivid memories of being in Florida (FLA, to you and me) with you and your parents when we were about 14. He and I often ate breakfast together while you were still sleeping! He just loved those pink Florida grapefruit! I can hear his enthusiastic tone of voice even now as he talked about their incredible flavor! Your dad was always so kind and generous. He appreciated life on so many levels!

Several years later, I remember going on another trip with you to New York. He took us to see *Sweeney Todd* and of course, we stayed at the finest hotel! I'll always remember how he made sure there were plenty of "snicky-snacks" (a Frank-ism) every step of the way! Popcorn was sure to be involved! He was always thinking of the next fun activity... (with snicky-snacks of course)!

When I went to college and lived in Chicago, he would always call to take me out to dinner whenever he and Joyce were in town. I so looked forward to spending those times with them. It was like having part of my family come for a visit!

Frank was larger than life. He clearly made the world a better place and touched so many people over his lifetime. I loved your dad dearly and feel incredibly blessed and honored to have had him in my life.



Bill Morrison, friend and business partner

In Memoriam

It has been my privilege to have known and worked with Frank for more than 35 years, and it has been my honor to have been his business partner and good friend for about 25 years.

In many ways, Frank was larger than life, and his presence in any meeting or occasion always added an aura of significance.

It became clear to me early in our relationship that Frank was drawn to most projects and activities in an effort to make the situation better. He tackled many projects that others had given up on, or that perhaps weren't even obvious to most.

I served on many of his ad-hoc committees both before and after entering into a partnership relationship with Frank. Many of the projects failed to fully live up to the vision Frank had, but they always gave the community a fresh and positive perspective.

Among the many projects/committees that Frank invited me to join were: Save the Coliseum, Save the YWCA, Start Economic Development, Do Something With the River, etc. The most surprising call from Frank was when he asked me to join a committee to save the Easter Pageant. In all of these projects, Frank was always focused on what could be done to improve things in our community, and he never sought any credit for himself.

Frank summoned me to his office one day and suggested that we could work together to bring more manufacturing to Marion, and to do so we'd need to purchase an old manufacturing facility (vacant for four years and a community eyesore), fix it up, and set out to attract a new manufacturer. I had learned early in my relationship with Frank that his word was as good as gold and that he always followed through with his commitments.

Before I left his office that day, we had committed to a project worth more than \$1 million, based solely on Frank's vision and a handshake. Things didn't develop exactly as planned, but the old St. Regis building did serve as a warehouse facility for RCA, then Chrysler, and today is still a productive facility and home to two local businesses.

Frank was not just a business partner and friend. He was also a teacher and mentor, and I've used many of the lessons learned in dealing with other issues in my business and personal life. I remember the first time we disagreed over something affecting our partnership. Frank simply sat back in his chair, and with usual warm smile, said, "We'll just have to agree to disagree, agreeably." What he meant was, that we'd set that issue aside and go on to something else, not allow a simple disagreement to damage our partnership.

Our partnership proved to be financially rewarding for both of us, and I know Frank had many more successful business ventures in his lifetime. However, knowing and working with Frank over those many years made one thing abundantly clear - it was never really about the money. With Frank it wasn't so much about the money, but giving something back to make the world a better place.

Frank Maidenberg was truly an uncommon man and will be greatly missed. I will miss Frank and our time together. The community will miss his leadership and his many positive contributions. We have all been richly blessed by having known such a man.



Wes Rediger, former employee, and friend

Wes had planned to read this at the gathering. Instead he sent it to each of us.

My dad, Milo Rediger, knew Mr. Maidenberg before I did. Forty-some years ago, when Taylor University needed half of an orchestra conductor, Dad got together with Mr. Maidenberg face to face, and while they were from different traditions, they connected head to head an heart to heart, and Mr. Maidenberg agreed to take the other half. Dad pulled in Ed Hermanson and LaRita Boren and Mr. Maidenberg brought the likes of Al Harker and others, and the Marion Philharmonic Orchestra came into being. I don't know which organization got which half of that poor musician, but it worked, and both Taylor and the Marion Phil continue to make the world's greatest music here in Grant County. Mr. Maidenberg and Dad had the highest respect for each other and it made this a better place to live.

My brother, Nelson, also knew Mr. Maidenberg before I did. Nelson taught sixth grade at Riverview Elementary School when Jill Maidenberg was in the sixth grade there. A year later, your son, David Zuckerman, came into my fifth grade class at Martin Boots for reading.

Twenty years later, my dad and brother told me I should meet Mr. Maidenberg. I did and based on a handshake, we agreed to work together. Frank Maidenberg was a complicated and dynamic man. That's code for driven and demanding. I had just come out of academia, an administrator in a small college. Colleges are havens for committees that can take a good idea, and destroy it over three months to three years of incessant process. Mr. Maidenberg wanted it by three o'clock today. I loved that about him. I soon realized it was because Mr. Maidenberg was passionate, passionate about the art of the deal. He was passionate about enterprise, making the sale, signing the contract.

Secondly, Mr. Maidenberg knew how to work with prospects, customers, tenants. His first rule of thumb was to convince the person you're working with that he has your entire attention, total commitment, complete effort, that is, treat your customers in a way that convinces them that they are your first priority. Focus on the prospect. Focus entirely and completely on the other person. Nowadays, it has become commonplace for the person you are talking with to reach into his pocket, take out a cellphone, thumb it vigorously, knowing that you know he is rudely texting someone else in the middle of the sentence you have not yet put a period at the end. Absolutely unthinkable in Mr. Maidenberg's manual of successful business practice. He just wouldn't treat people like that.

Finally, some of you remember the saying Mr. Maidenberg had in the small frame on the wall behind his desk. It said, "No good deed goes unpunished." The saying has been attributed to Billy Wilder, Andrew Mellon, Oscar Wilde, and Claire Booth Luce. We have all lived long enough to know what it means. Why was Mr. Maidenberg passionate about the deal and focused on the customer? Because he knew for sure that it all led to accomplishing a good for both parties, for the economy, for prosperity, for the community. Mr. Maidenberg was committed to creating prosperity because he knew it enabled people to live better lives, to enjoy creativity, the arts, dance, music, and a higher standard of living. He lived his life for all of us, regardless of how it came back to him.

Thank you Tony, Jill, David and Joyce and family, for sharing Mr. Maidenberg with us for so many years. He showed all of us how good it is to do all the good we possibly can, with as many people as we possibly can, for as long as we possibly can. And thank you for sharing this evening.



Jim Finch, son of Frank's friend Lloyd Finch

Emailed to Jill, and addressed to Frank's grandchildren. Time did not permit reading it at the memorial.

My father, Lloyd Finch, Frank's close friend and fishing buddy, would have much to say tonight.

Lloyd Finch drove his maid home one evening many years ago and walked her to her door. The opened door revealed the fact that her entire house, more a cottage, really, did not have floors, but was entirely floored with sub-floor (the stuff under our floors). There was an opening to the ground Dad said I could drive one of my Tonka Trucks through. Mice and rats, of course, had free access.

Lloyd Finch vowed, that evening, that something would be done to improve housing for people in Marion. Who did he call?

He called his friend Frank Maidenberg. After years of hearing NO as the only answer, Frank and Lloyd (and others) found a way to get federal funding to improve housing for Marion's poor. No more sub-floors as floors, no more bureaucratic bullshit denying people a safe and clean place to live.

Frank Maidenberg simply smiled at unthinking negativity. He was not one to take no for an answer.

Some current context may help Frank's grandchildren understand their grandfather. I spoke today with a friend who seeks to help homeless veterans of our current wars. In his midwestern state, the V.A. help' homeless heroes by providing them with shoes and with toilet paper. It's that simple. Shoes and toilet paper. There are so many homeless veterans now that the toilet paper and shoes ran out last January. My pal, a Marine, is a chip off the Frank Maidenberg block. He too refuses to take no for an answer. He has the Redwing Boot Co. ready to give 2,000 pairs of boots to the V.A. Since February, my pal has been trying to get a single letter, yes, just a letter, from the V.A. accepting delivery of the boots. Such is bureaucracy! The veins stick out on my neck at this silly hurdle! Tell me Frank would not smile that smile of his.

The people at the V.A. are not bad people. They resemble the people at H.U.D. – Housing and Urban Development, who, after Frank and Lloyd worked through Congressman Bud Hillis's office and through Sen. Birch Bayh's office for the 36 inches of paper work needed to get funding to hire staff in Marion, finally, happily, served Marion at Frank's demand... Frank did not stop. "Indomitable" is inadequate in his description. My friend, the Marine, will not stop.

There are problems to be solved. People like Frank Maidenberg solve them.

My father loved Frank. I will always love Frank. Your grandfather lives every time someone empathizes, every time someone takes up a cause, every time a citizen simply refuses to stop with no.

All of us aspire to the simple cussed determination and empathy of your grandfather. Greatness is not achieved. Greatness is lived. Your grandfather's greatness is all around you.



Marion Philharmonic Orchestra

Emailed to Judy. Time did not permit reading it at the memorial.

It was of course well over forty years ago that a group of Grant County civic leaders founded what we now call the Marion Philharmonic Orchestra. At the head of that group of course was Frank Maidenberg, whose memory and whose vision we honor today.

Frank's civic spirit was a shining symbol of that glorious idealism that pervaded towns and cities across America in the post-War era, at the height of America's industrial prosperity, so hard-earned after two world wars and a Great Depression, it was folks like Frank Maidenberg who felt that, in this time of American peace and plenty, our families and our community should grace themselves with the truly finer things in life, namely art and music. This of course is an American spirit that goes all the way back to the writings of the founding fathers, and for us and for Frank, the founding of institutions such as the MPO were the embodiment of that ideal.

Frank knew that ultimately the greatest things in life are not things, and that classical music speaks a truth that is beyond words, providing people of all ages with an oasis from the cycle of winning-and-losing that is such an unavoidable part of daily life. Frank knew truly music's value, and strove to make that ideal a reality in Marion for generations to come.

I had the occasion to meet Frank several times over the years, and I was always impressed by his true and quiet generosity, a generosity that ultimately bequeathed so much to so many of us. May that spirit continue to bless the Marion Philharmonic, as we continue to strive to bring great music, and the values that go with it, to our community in these trying times; in doing so, we shall never forget him.



Judy (Stanton) Holland, former neighbor on Euclid Ave.

Judy was unable to attend the gathering. Jill had planned to read her tribute.

When I heard of Frank's passing my "childhood memory book" opened and my mind filled with joyful memories of "our little corner" of the world on Euclid Avenue and the wonderful lives we led there. I smiled when I read the mention of his love of gardening and fondly recall, what to me at the time, had to be the biggest garden in the entire city that your Dad planted every summer in the then empty lot across the alley from our houses. How large was it really? I have no idea, but I know it was big enough to keep the Stantons, the Maidenbergs, and I am certain some other families, in all types of fresh vegetables for much of the summer. I remember your Dad calling across the fence to my Dad, "Bill the tomatoes are just about ready to pick." I can honestly say, forever, no matter when or where my Dad got a tomato he always said, "well, these are ok, but they sure aren't as good as the ones we used to get from Frank."

I remember back yard bar-be-cues several times each summer, your Dad as the chef, our Dads sharing "war stories" or talking politics, and lots of laughter. I remember too, occasional visits the four of us "older kids" made with your Dad to National China on the weekends. It seemed, at least to my child's eyes, huge, and we were the only ones there since it was the weekend, and what a treasure trove to be found there! Fancy glasses, plates, cups, bowls, salt and pepper shakers of different sizes, shapes and colors, decorative restaurant ash trays, with "real pictures" on them! Each visit we found something new and wonderful to "ooo and aah" over. It was an amazing place to visit, better than a museum. The only "caution" your Dad gave us each time was, "be careful, don't break anything." I don't think we ever did either.

I remember so clearly one evening him reading the book *Madeline* to Jill. He brought that story to life that night with just the way he read it, I have loved the *Madeline* books ever since and whenever I have read it to one of our girls or our grandchildren, I hear your Dad's voice.

Your Dad "brought life" to everything, not just to the city of Marion, but everything he touched and everyone he came in contact with, including three little kids who lived next door who cherish the memories of our lives together there in our little corner of the world.



That A Frame Cabin Where We'd Go to Play

(tune: Oklahoma Hills by Woody Guthrie) (words by Reed M. © 2012)

Many a year has come and gone / since I left my happy home
In the Indiana town where I was born
Where the lazy river winds / through the sycamores and pines
And the fields are lush and green with soy and corn

Way out yonder past Meshingomesia
I won't forget unless I get amnesia
The A frame cabin where we'd go to play
With the hot dogs boiled and popcorn salty
Singin' and talkin' (spoken: 'less my mem'rie's faulty)
That A frame cabin after Thanksgiving Day

Every year we would travel far / By plane or train or car
Just to get together for some precious time
Eating lots of Jew soul food / Telling tales to lift our mood
Spending time among our elders was sublime

Way out yonder past Meshingomesia
I won't forget unless I get amnesia
The A frame cabin where we'd go to play
Frisbee, kickball, checkers, bridge, and noshin'
Walking by the water skippin' stones and joshin'
That A frame cabin on an autumn day.

The square downtown was a welcome sight
As we'd walk there in the night
Past the Sinai Temple, holding memories
Things have changed there, that's a fact
And the clock you can't turn back
But the recollections of the good times shared still please.

Roskins, Richards, Miltons, Old Queen City
The window decorations looked so pretty
The courthouse stood so proud by night and day
But way out yonder past Meshingomesia
There was a place that was sure to please ya
That A frame cabin where we used to play
Yes, the A frame cabin on an autumn day
Oh, that A frame cabin but we couldn't stay

