

I cannot separate my parents in my head when asked to write about my father. The strength in my father's personality is complimented by my mother's quiet, gentle ways. Their lives are a perfect balance of a relationship yin and yang. The sacrifices that each have made for one another may not be obvious to everyone, but stand out as the most wonderful love story of all time.

My father worked nights most of his whole married life. We children only saw him for a short while at weekday dinners, on Friday nights and during Shabbat. In order to catch time with dad, you had to go to shul. Not such a bad thing, but this was simply the Taubenfeld way. How do you raise 5 children with that kind of schedule without a woman who stands behind everything you do? Without my mother, your Gabbai of 54 years would have had to resign a long time ago!

By Sunday early afternoon, he needed to get some sleep. This left my mother to her own devices on how to keep a house-full of children quiet while the breadwinner slept. To this day, I don't know how he functioned with so little sleep. How does a relationship survive under such conditions? It was because he and my mother worked to make their lives together succeed. Not only to succeed, but for both of them to find time for countless hours of volunteer work at Agudath Israel, while raising their children in a wonderful, loving, warm, Jewish home. The "dugma" that they presented as our parents and as surrogate parents to the Caldwell Jewish community is unsurpassed.

Thoughts of love, respect, honor, praise, joy, gratefulness, sacrifice, and devotion all come to mind – but no words can express how lucky we Taubenfeld children are to have parents like Bea and Nat.