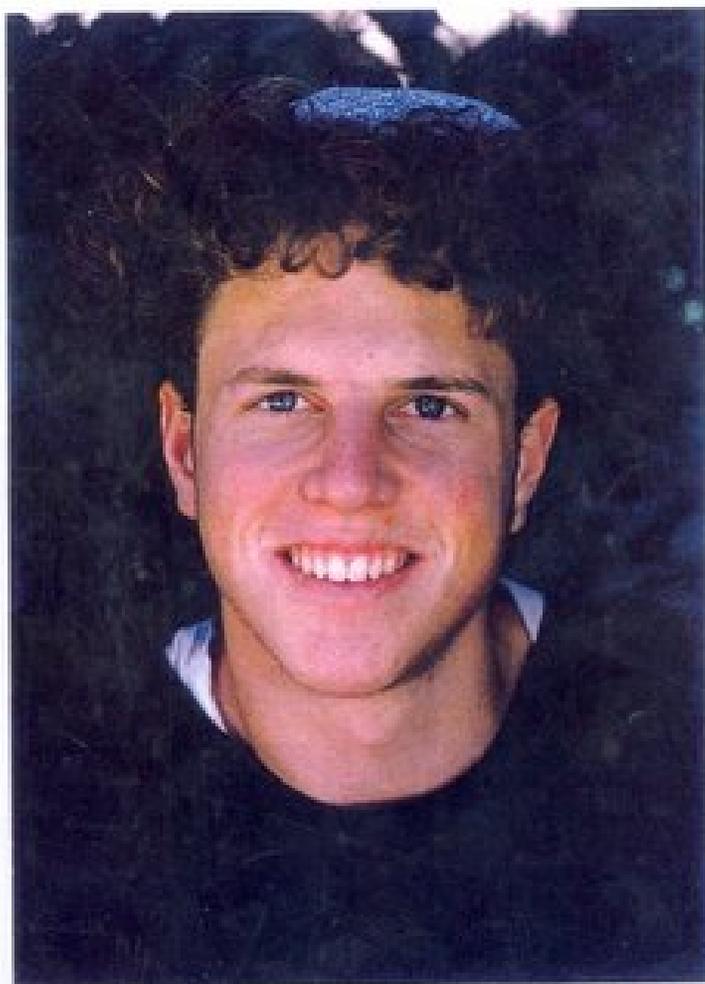


In Loving Memory
Of



Netanel Isaac Goodman Ha Levi
November 20, 1984 - February 7, 2002

The Tani Way

Jewish Studies - Community Service - Sports

Netanel Isaac Goodman HaLevi

Preface

This transcript of Tani's funeral services is offered in his everlasting memory.

He leaves a place in the hearts of his family, friends, teachers, and schoolmates, which no one else can fill.

Only people who are capable of loving strongly can also suffer great sorrow, but this same necessity of loving serves to counteract their grief and heals them.

Tolstoy

Memory nourishes the heart,

And grief abates

Marcel Proust

IMMEDIATE FAMILY

Mother Margaret Love Goodman

Father Jerry Goodman

Sisters Dvorah Rachel (her child Anael)

Yael Esther

Brothers Micah Aaron and his wife Zippy

Avi Chai

Tani -In Loving, Lasting Memory

Tani's Family on Maggie's Side

Grandparents: Margaret Vessels Love & Frank Criner Love (z'l*)

(Margaret has one living brother) Great **Uncle Jack** Vessels (Frank has one living sister Great **Aunt Peggy** Murphy)

Their Children:

Uncle Bill Love & **Aunt Joyce** Athman Love
Cousin **Barbara** Gail Love Teaman & **Ed** Teaman
Child: **Abigail**
Cousin **Karen** Joy Love

Aunt Sally Love Gardiner & **Uncle Frank** Gardiner (z'l*)

Cousin **Meg** Gardiner Shreve & **Paul** Shreve
Children: **Kate, Mark and Nate**
Cousin **Sue** Gardiner
Children: **Samuel, Sophia and Rosie**
Cousin **Bill & Leslie** Gardiner
Cousin **Sara** Gardiner Plombon and **John** Plombon
Child: **Ally**

Uncle Tom Love & **Aunt Judy** McCarthy Love

Cousin **Gregory** Love & **Becky** Love
Children: **Francie, Thomas and David**
Cousin **Laura** Love Cameron and **Bill** Cameron
Children: **Caroline, Liza and Claire Judith**
Cousin **Jenny** Love Meyer & **John** Meyer
Child: **Alexandra**
Cousin **Frank** Love and **Malia** Love
Children: **Emma and Julia**
Cousin **Kevin** McCarthy and **Cecile** McKarthy

Aunt Kathy Love Ramseur & **Uncle Art** Ramseur

Cousin **Steve** Ramseur & **Angie** Ramseur
Children: **Joshua** and **Grace Ann**
Cousin **Mark** Ramseur and **Lori** Ramseur
Children: **Jackson, Carson and Tucker**
Cousin **Thomas** Ramseur

Uncle Charles Love & **Aunt Mary Pat** Love

Cousin **Angela** Love Zaronka and **Joe** Zaronka
Children **William, Zachary, Christina** and **Noah**
Cousin **Charles** Love & **Kacy** Love
Children: **Chas, Hannah and Elliot**
Cousin **Gregory** Love (z'l*)
Cousin **Shannon** Love
Cousin **Amy** Love
Cousin **Jeffrey** Love
Cousin **Tim** Love and **Michelle**

Uncle **Jack** Love and Aunt **Peggy** Love

Cousin **Matthew** Love

* Of Blessed Memory

THE GOODMAN FAMILY

Grandparents Sara Freiman Goodman
Abraham Neurick Goodman

Their Children Uncle Daniel Goodman and his wife
Aunt Kathy Kittredge Goodman

Their children:

Beth Goodman Maser and her
husband Peter Maser with their
children Jordan and Maxwell

Adam Goodman and his wife Tracy
Kolberg Goodman with their child
Sydney

Uncle David Goodman and his wife
Aunt Deborah Lynch Goodman

Their children:

Lori Goodman Byrne and her husband
James Byrne with their children Allison and
Samuel

Seth Goodman and his wife Jennifer Fogarty
Goodman with their children Rachel and
Jacob

Noah Goodman and his wife Lori Ricciardi
Goodman

Jessie Goodman

Aaron Goodman

Uncle Bern Goodman and his wife Aunt Roberta
Simon Goodman

Their children:

Jason, Zachary, Joshua, Emily and
Brandon

Dvora's Eulogy to Tani on Feb. 8, 2002

From Dvora:

Tani, my little brother, my sweetest love, my baby boy.

Tani, we want you to know that we support the choice of your soul to continue on to the next world. We have full faith that this was the will of God. We don't blame anyone. Although our pain and grief is so deep, we want you to be free to help from above. Tani, please go before the King of Kings and beg for all of Israel and all the nations that we should merit to see the full redemption of all worlds, to know and see that everything is just the will of God. Everything comes from him and everything is only for the good.

Tani, I want to support your soul and help you continue on. Go with the light, go with God. Please, God, our father, our king, take Netanel Yitzhak to the place that he's meant to get to. Do it in the easiest way for him and for us.

Tani, I will love you forever, I will cry for you forever. Tani, don't worry about us, and don't feel pain. We're crying and grieving but understand that your soul had to go to be with God.

Tani, my love, I love you so much, my soul. You were always such a deep soul, such a great soul, asking questions, seeking God, and understanding the deepest things. You always understood me. Tani, we

always were connected in our soul. Your body is leaving us today, but the connection with your soul will continue forever. Always remember: *Amaram Hum, Maduram Hum*. (I am immortal, I am blissful... the mantra in Hindi that they said as they meditated together.)

Tani, thank you so so much for coming to be with us for seventeen years. You brought us so much light, love, and faith. You always were a God child. And Tani, thank you even more for fighting so hard to stay with us, so we could separate from you, so we could sing to you and pray for you and cry for you until we learned to accept the decision of God.

Tani, thank you so much my love, my *tzadik*, my king. You're such a man. Now you are my angel. You're my holy soul. *Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil, for you are with me. Open the gates of righteousness, I will come through them in my time.*

God gave, God took, may God's name be blessed forever and ever.

**Netanel Isaac Goodman Ha
Levi 1984-2002**

Our righteous, holy and amazing Tani!

To speak of Tani is almost like speaking of God: there are simply no words to describe him.

This week Tarn taught us all how to pray. During the last five days we didn't cease to pray, but the answer to our prayers was a terrifying one.

Although we lost you, we feel that in some ways we found you; we got a better notion of who you really are.

We always used to say that daddy was righteous like the Ba'al Shem Tov. This week enabled us to see how righteous mommy is. Tani, being the youngest of us all, you have in you something from everyone of us. From Dvora you inherited your strong belief in God, a real "glue" connecting you with Him. From Yael you inherited your amazing smile, your rolling laugh, your silliness. From Avichai you got your pure soul, your angelic personality.

Everyone is amazed by the fact that we agreed to donate your organs. We lost you - but you gave life to others. What people don't understand is that your spirit will continue to live and to serve as an inspiration of morals, righteousness and simplicity to us all.

The last time I spoke with Tani was last Sunday, he said he needed my advice. The issues Tani dealt with were deep and complex ones. On Sunday he wanted to talk to me about an experience he had had on Shabbat: he had participated in an egalitarian 'Tfila' (prayer service) and was then confronted by ultra-orthodox men. This caused him some confusion and he needed someone with whom he could formulate his thoughts on the matter.

We once spoke of how life is like a journey: you don't really know where your path will lead you, the important thing is that you are "on the way". In your 17 years of life you were always "on your way".

Tani was my best student and my best teacher: My best student for always accepting what I had to say, and my best teacher for never ceasing to question me, seeking the deep and profound truth. Tani will no longer be my student, but he will forever be my teacher.

Although Tani has physically left us, his spirit and soul will live on with us. We will not lose the joy and happiness that was so inherent in him; we will never lose "The Tani Way".

Tani, my baby brother, I promise I will never forget you.

Goodbye my student, Goodbye my teacher!

Yaeli's talk to Tani after his burial at the cemetery.

From Yael:

Tani, I don't really know what to say when my baby brother goes.

How do you wake up in the morning? What do you think about when you walk down the street? This feeling spreads through your body and stops in the heart like a stone.

I always used to tell you that there are always two approaches, two ways to deal with things. You have a situation, and you can either look at it in a good way or a bad way. My family and I are going to try to look at this situation in a good way, just like the advice I used to give you.

We know that this is probably how it should be. What needs to happen, happens. And you will be the one who gives us strength and faith, now. That's who you are to us. We will get over your absence because of your merit.

Thank you for staying with us for five days. We had the privilege to say goodbye and to say the things that were never said. We got to see you and to feel you, to smell you and to touch you for one last time.

We're going to drive you crazy up there. Be ready. We love you.

Yair Fink, eulogy for Tani

In the *Sefer Agada* (book of legends), the story is told about story about Bruria, who was given a precious gift and was later asked to return it. She asked Rabbi Meir what to do. Rabbi Meir said, of course, you must return the gift. Bruria asked, even if the gift was your son? Rabbi Meir said: "God gives, and God takes away. May the name of God be blessed."
"

The amazing Goodman family. Jerry, Maggie, Devora, Micha, Yael and Avichai, I have never seen a family as strong as yours.

When I arrived at the hospital a few days ago to strengthen you, I was unable to do so, because you were so strong and you strengthened me.

"How I loved Your Torah, it is on my lips all day." If there was someone in the world who fulfilled that sentence completely it is Tani, who had so much faith and so much love of God. To watch Tani pray was a spiritual experience unlike any other.

But allow me today, not to talk about Tani the righteous, but about Tani my friend, our friend. Tani who liked to fool around, Tani who never stopped smiling.

Now, while he is watching us from above, I am sure he is happy for two reasons. First, because he is in the place he loves most, close to God. The second reason is because he sees how many people have come here today to give strength to his beloved family.

Coming to see Tani on a Friday night was so much fun, all of us sitting together, singing and laughing, and Tani conducting the choir with his laugh and the biggest smile in the world. When Tarn starts to laugh, it is almost impossible to stop him.

Now, our youth group will not be the same, nor will school, friends and Friday nights with the family. The smile has fallen from our faces.

But one thing I can promise here is that Tani's body may have been taken from us but his laughter, his faith and his way of life - the Tani Way - I and all of our friends promise to continue.

Finally, I want to turn to God. On Tuesday, at the hospital, when we added the name Rafael to Tani's name, Micha quoted the Ba'al Shem Tov and said we must take down the barriers and speak directly with God. After we did that (and You did not answer our prayers), I only request one more thing: You took the best; please watch over his smile. Watch over our Tani. And just as Tani loved to sing in Poland: "Even when I walk in the valley of death, I will not be afraid because You are beside me."

Tarn, I love you so much and miss you terribly - take care of yourself up there.

**Netanel Isaac Goodman HaLevi
1984-2002**

Avichai's farewell to Tani, Feb. 8th, 2002. At the graveside.

Tani, my beloved brother, and my most beloved of all, my little brother:

Tani, David (*Hartman*), Tzvi (*Yanai*), Dvorah, Micah, Yael and Ya-Ya (*Yair Fink*) have already said it all.

I just wanted to tell you that I love you- so much. I miss you so much. I miss our childhood, and when I return home from the army and get that big hug from you, and playing basketball with you in the rain on my short break from the army.

I will never forget you. And I know you are watching us from above, and guarding over us.

I will never forget you.

"Forever, my brother, I will always remember you..."

Between Two Worlds *a short story written by*
Micah Goodman on the occasion of the "Shloshim" of his
brother, Tani(Z'L)

I saw nothing, I understood nothing, I just was.

Suddenly I heard the voice of an angel, a caressing sound; "... *The voice of the Lord frightens the deer...All proclaim His glory... "*

Then I managed to identify the sounds, letter joined to letter, I heard the sacred words and in the end I also joined together all of the sounds into a single cry, "*Open for me the gates of righteousness, I will enter them, and I will thank the Lord... "* my soul awoke. The verse repeated itself again and again and again.

It was pleasant, I was enveloped in love, love from above and love from below. The love from above hit me powerfully, it was bathed in a soothing, inviting light. From below, the love took the form of pain, but there was light there as well, a concealed light - hidden. For five days I drifted between two worlds, between angels and mortals, between the angelic and the substantial world; they were struggling with each other and I was in the middle. I had tread upon sacred ground, I hid my face because I feared looking at God, I looked straight ahead because I wanted to see the beauty of the face of the King. To draw near or step away. I wanted to cling to the Throne of Glory as much as I wanted to flee.

"Open for me the gates of righteousness, I will enter them, and I will thank the Lord," Suddenly I identified the sound. It was the combination of the heavenly creatures and earthly beings. It was the voice of Dvorah, so human, so fragile, so pure, but through it flowed a heavenly light, the light of the Holy One Blessed Be He. The voice of God and the voice of Dvorah were swallowed up one within the other. The sounds combined into a single chorus, with angels and mortals singing together. The melody symbolized the start of the struggle, I was drawn to the heavenly light but I was held back by the sparks of my longing for those on earth. I waited for my father to return to Israel, I also awaited the invitation from the heavenly Father.

When a person comes into the world he passes through a tunnel, at the end of which is the sunlight. It seems that when we leave, we also pass through a tunnel, only this time there is the light of the Holy One Blessed Be He. Most people are exposed to the great light only at their death. But I was privileged to encounter various revelations of that light during my lifetime. This light penetrates forcefully through my Mom's face,

Netanel Isaac Goodman Ha Levi 1984-2002

through my Dad's personality. I was privileged to see it in the faces of each person I met. Now there are no more intermediaries, it is direct, it is inviting and tempting. But how can I leave when everyone is weeping? I have always felt that I love everyone but I didn't know that they all loved me so much.

Dad has returned to Israel, and my heavenly father has agreed that I will also remain, for the time being.

They continue to sing. *"Yea, though I walk through the valley of death I will fear no evil, for You are with me," "In the name of the Lord, God of Israel..."* and then it repeats again. The heavenly creatures and earthly beings have stopped their struggle and have joined together in order to be there and listen to those who love me as they sing, "Open to me the gates of righteousness and I will enter through them, and I will praise the Lord." The gates are, indeed, open. It began when a large iron gate closed, but it continues with all of the heavenly gates opening up. Suddenly I understand that not only the gates to heaven have opened, but new openings have been created below as well. Below, everyone's heart has begun to open. My macho brother, my cool friends, all of them have shed their outer shells. They have all opened up, they are all singing, they are all crying out. And the gates that have opened up below are opening up the heavenly gates for me. The light has become stronger, more embracing, more inviting, and I understand that I have to continue on. I know that I must, I must be swallowed up by the light, to become joined. I am dying to shout out, to tell them Mom, Dad, Avichai, Dvorah, Micah, Yaeli - you will triumph. Your power will only become stronger. You will love life and therefore you will also be able to love one another. The gate that closed on me is opening up a gate for you. Gates within the walls that exist between you. Between you and yourselves, between you and your friends, between you and our Heavenly Father. I continue onward but I am not taking my gifts with me. I will imbue Mom with light, which will light up the world. For Dad, I will empower his amazing personality, to Dvorah I give glowing faith, Micah will begin to write stories, to Yael I will give strength (and I will also try and find her a partner). As for Avichai, I will still drive him crazy, - (Gezi). For Avichai, I will promote his gentleness and also reinforce the power of his modesty.

It was not the angels who vanquished those of substance, it was not the heavenly beings who triumphed over the earthly beings - it was I who triumphed. I triumphed, I overcame and I shall endure, I am immortal, I am eternal; for all eternity.

Shalom Hartman Institute - Religious High School for Boys .

Innocent Children

Newsletter of the Hidden Righteous

Our Dear Tani,

Your mother, Maggie, said to me this week that every moment, every minute, every hour you were with us was a gift, a gift from God. And that is your name - "*Netanef*" ("God has given"), and your parents understood this 18 years ago (minus a bit). And indeed, I can tell you that this is how we all felt around you. It was a privilege to know you and enjoy the gift God bestowed on us.

I want to share a story that shows your merit and your virtue: A teacher who admired the way Tani was learning and excelling in his studies urged his pupils and told them, "Take a lesson from Tani, how he invests so much effort, studies for tests and that's how he achieves so well." A pupil responded to him, "Tani doesn't study for tests." He was surprised - "How can that be?" They explained, "Tani just teaches the material to the other pupils, encourages them and doesn't let them give up, and that's how he reviews the material even three or four times - that's the reason for his success. "

In essence, Tani wanted to give, to help others and incidentally - he studied himself. Thus Tani was involved in everything that was going on: in studying, charity work, the team, in class, "Guys, let's study, get serious." That's how he became Israel's ambassador among American youngsters during the past two months. He always contributed and gave of his strength, the strength he drew from his amazing family, his parents and his brothers and sisters.

Shabbai eve of *Parashat Mishpatim* contains a description of God's revelation to the Jewish people: "And he took the book of the covenant and read it in the hearing of the people and they said, 'All that the Lord has said we will do and we will obey.'"

Rabbi Eliezer comments: "When the Jewish people had come forward without delay saying 'We will do and we will obey, a divine voice went forth and said to the people of Israel, 'Who has revealed this secret to my children, which is used by my

"

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ministering angels?' As it is written, 'Bless the Lord... you mighty ones who do his bidding, obeying the voice of his words' (psalms, 103). First - do, and then -listen.

There is a secret, a mystery of the ministering angels, which Israel understood - "we will do and we will obey." Our Tani understood this. He decided to undertake this in his own private way, 'we will do and we will obey," just like the ministering angels.

And since then we have seen him go out and do, grow and obey, performing acts of charity, worrying about friends and adults, conscientiously performing *mitzvot*, and yet he was thirsty for the study of Torah (bible) and internalized it.

Now he has joined the ministering angels and is learning, together with them, 'Bless the Lord you angels of his, you mighty ones who do his bidding, obeying the voice of his words. '

"The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Netanel, go in peace and rest in peace and serve as a righteous advocate for your family, your friends and all of Israel.

Eulogy given
by the school
Principal. Zvi
Yanai

בית הספר התיכון התורני-ניסויי
של מכון שלום הרטמן ע"ש צוריאל סמית

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The Netanel Goodman Awards
Have been established by the family and friends of

Tani Goodman z'l
An award for excellence in **Jewish studies**
An award for excellence in **Athletics**
An award for excellence in **Community Service**

These awards will be presented yearly
at the graduation ceremony
of the Hartman High School

Contributions may be made to
The Netanel Fund, Hartman Institute
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