

וְלוֹהֲרֵה יָן וְשָׁמוֹ שְׂאוּל־בְּחֹר וְטוֹב וְאִין אֵישׁ מִבְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל טוֹב מִמֶּנּוּ מִשְׁכָּמוֹ וְמַעְלָה
גְּבֵה מִכָּל־הָעָם:

An excellent young man; no one among the Israelites was more kind, wise, handsome than he, he towered over all people.

Be it in physical stature or in attributes of quality, Guy towered above us all. The verse from Samuel Aleph 9:2 especially for the expression *מִשְׁכָּמוֹ וְמַעְלָה* describes one who has praiseworthy remarkable attributes. One who is outstanding both in personality and appearance.

~~וּבְמַעֲשֵׂי אָדָם בְּעַל תְּכוּנֹת נְעֻלוֹת, בּוֹלֵט לְטוֹבָה בְּאִשִּׁיחוֹ~~

When we first met Guy in the Rubin Music Academy, he immediately stood out for his stature, and for his devastatingly good looks. He had the physique of an Adonis complete with flawless dark olive skin perfected with a *שער בלורית* the hair to match. Guy was a Michael Angelo sculpture of a Greek God, in Hebrew we called him *יפה תואר*, and absolutely every girl (or boy) in the school was totally in love with him.

It wasn't only in external appearance that Guy was *משכמו ומעלה*, it was his character, his truly extraordinary talent and the goodness of his heart. He had a clear philosophy of life with music at its core and a whole Torah on how humans should relate with one another through *חסד* and *חמלה*.

He was an avid reader of philosophy, history, Tanach and Jewish thought, he reveled in literature, and enthusiastically wanted to share the knowledge he acquired at light speed. Many times, the rest of us mortals couldn't follow or internalize this wisdom as easily or quickly.

His favorite company were Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Brahms, Mahler, Puccini, and of course Jessye Norman. They were his favorite and he

would spend an infinite amount of time listening, exploring, analyzing and delving into the beauty of their creations. At times, he would descend from this mountain of composition and share the experiences of the senses with the rest of us.

Guy was an extraordinary musician, we were in the same cohort in the Rubin academy and when I was accepted, it was the beginning of my reconnaissance with classical music and since I knew nothing outside what was on the entrance exam, I attached myself to Guy and drank up everything he had to teach me. I learned countless lessons from him both in life and music.

One most valuable lesson I learned from Guy which I have internalized forever and try really hard to live by, is the important lesson he taught me about being the vessel of my singing voice. As singers, we have the tendency to be all preoccupied with the sound we're making, the production, the experience of our own sound and of course our ego. Guy taught, our voice, our body's role is to be the funnel by which the music is expressed. My voice and body are merely the כלי the container through which the music can transcend. It is my role to let it flow through me, rather than believe that I'm creating it, or become enamored with the sound coming through. That lesson alone changed my life and the way to make music. (I learned so much from him about how to be with the music and how to delve into a score).

From an excerpt I shared at his memorial in November:

You understood the universe through the lens of music and taught me how to listen, to interpret melodies harmonies and dynamics and see them as waterfalls, diving, swimming and swishing in the water through fast currents, or floating calmly through slow ones. Your imagery was vivid, and rich. You could hear it in the violins, the cellos, the oboe and pointed out this verse and that. You showed me how a dissonance can resolve and how sometimes it can continue and continue and push you forward intensely

leaving you hanging in midair - floating. You heard joy and pain in the music and always felt them so strongly.

You narrated exciting stories, and I could see all of it through your eyes, so clearly. You had VR going on in your mind before it was even invented.

And just like his heart belonged to music, it belonged to the people he loved. Guy's standards with relationships were like his musical standards. Mediocrity or vanity were not tolerated. When he gave, he gave ALL of himself and expected everyone around him to do the same!

One rainy night while we were students in Tel Aviv U. I was in a motorcycle accident. I was going to have to be on crutches and a wheelchair for six months. Guy, once again, proved to be the best friend that anyone could dream of. Every Monday, he would come to my house in a cab, walk up to the third floor, get me down the stairs with the crutches, get into the cab and together we went to school, he followed me from class to class and made sure that I am able to navigate through the day, then at the end of the day, he take me home in a cab, walk up me up three flights of stairs to my apartment in Jabotinsky. He did this every week for an entire semester. I wouldn't have graduated if it wasn't for him.

Years later, when I experienced the greatest loss of my life, I was about to enter into HUC and Guy was a newly ordained Cantor at the time, he traveled to Philly, without making a big fuss, he officiated at the funeral. He did so giving me all of his love, absolutely, as he did everything in his life. Once again, he lifted me from what felt like the end.

It is truly unbelievable to those of us who knew and loved him that he isn't with us anymore, although he is with me every day. I will forever remember the lessons he taught me, his philosophy and how he elevated the mundane to feel elegant and sacred. I will remember learning from

him, discussing and analyzing complex philosophical questions, listening to music together and many many nights of crazy hilarious laughter. His memory will forever be a teaching and a blessing.