

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR ALLEN "MOE" SIGOLOFF

RABBI RANDY "DYLAN" FLEISHER, ANDY "WILLARD" BYRON, ALAN "AKORN" KORN
AND KATHY "SCOUT" RAUCH

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 2008



NATIVE FLUTE MUSIC

A Prayer from the Navajo tradition:

Grandfather/Grandmother Great Spirit
All over the world the faces of the living ones are alike.
With tenderness they have come out of the ground.
Look upon your children that they may
Face the four winds and walk the good road
To the Day of Quiet
Grandmother/Grandfather Great Spirit
Fill us with love!

I'm so thankful the 4 winds brought all of you here safely from all the places you have come from. We call this sanctuary, 'Sukkat Shalom' a shelter of peace. I hope with all my heart that you all feel the embrace of shalom while you are here to mourn the death and remember the life of Allen Sigoloff; while you comfort one another and pay your respects to his amazing family-Carol, Julie and Glenn, Laura, Sherri and Michael-Daniel and Page, brother Jerry....I know that as much as we will miss him, Moe has found peace from the cancer in his body that was diagnosed only this past summer. I also know the presence and music of Andy "Willard" Byron brought a sense of shalom to Moe; Andy started at camp the very first summer that Allen directed the boy's camp, one of those staff members that come along at just the right time and you wonder what you did to deserve the blessing.

WILLARD SINGS BOY FROM THE COUNTRY

*Because he called the forest "Brother"
Because he called the earth his mother
They drive him out into rain
And some people even said
That the boy from the country was insane*

*Because he spoke with fish in the creek
He tried to tell us that all the animals could speak
And who knows perhaps they do
Cause how do you know they don't
Just because they haven't spoken to you*

*(CH) Boy from the country
Left his home when he was young
Boy from the country
He loves the sun*

*He tried to tell us that we should love the land
Well we just turned our heads and laughed
You see we did not understand
Sometimes I think the boy from the country
Is the only one who sees
Cause the boy from the country
Doesn't want to see the forest for the trees*

(CH)

Much as it pains us, there are some terrible things that happen in life that are largely out of our control; there are questions that have no real answers. Why didn't he have more time? Even with all he did, there is always so much not done, so much left unspoken. What we can control though, is how we RESPOND to the tragedies in our lives. This is a lot of what Allen talked to me about these last weeks, about how his family was responding in holy ways to what had happened to him. Carol, he told me how concerned he was for you, how he couldn't believe all that you were doing-in addition to caring for him, you became in charge of Moe's animals too. I know that Allen wanted to make sure you gave the animals their medicine before you gave him his! You were holding his hand just moments before he passed away. Julie and Laura, he told me about your frequent visits, and Shari, he knew your schedule precisely. Just last Monday, he said with obvious pride, "Shari had a camp meeting in DENVER with 70 people!" He told me, "Jerry's coming around all the time." And I saw these marvelous pictures of Daniel and Paige playing on the porch of the farmhouse, with Moe smilingly looking on. When Sherri and Michael took Daniel out of school on Wednesday to tell them about their grandpa, and they asked Daniel what he wanted to do first, he said right away-'go see Grandma!' Daniel, the tallit I am wearing was given to me last month by your grandfather-it belonged to HIS grandfather. And I will be holding it until you start to prepare for your Bar Mitzvah, and then it will be yours. Responding in holy ways. Moe felt your presence, and also that of his brother and sister-in-laws, his nieces and nephews, his cousins. He also spoke of those who have gone before him, his parents Sid and Ruth, his beloved sister Sandy, his in-laws and mentors Speedy and Honey. He also knew people all over the world were with him as well, through the Caring Bridge site that Shari thoughtfully and lovingly set up. 600 messages and counting; 9000 visits and counting; Clayton High School alums-Moe made it to his 50'th reunion this fall!), dear friends from Bemidji and Owensville, admiring colleagues from the world of professional camping, and so many Thunderbird Thoughts, 196 pages if you printed them out-which I did—forgive me, Moe, from now on I promise to be better at conserving Mother Earth's precious resources! And you have responded now-and I want to say specifically to the current campers that are here---Moe would say: You are surely on the path from being strong young boys and girls to proud young men and women.

Moe also had his share of 'responding in holy ways' moments. The picture on the front of the memorial program is a case in point. Moe himself guided me to that picture and indicated that he wanted it used for this occasion. It's not a nostalgic snapshot at all-it is from this past summer, the 50'th anniversary of Allen Sigoloff's very first summer at Camp Thunderbird. The camper is Henry Goldberg from Dallas, and this was his first 8 week experience. His parents had come up to visit, and when it came time for them to leave, he got upset. As you can see, Moe was there for him. As the parents walked away, they looked back at their son in such good

hands, and they took the photograph and later sent it to Moe and Carol. In Hebrew, the word for road or path is 'derech.' The word for camp counselor is a related word, 'madrich,' because a counselor is someone who shows the child the path.

The ancient words of the Hebrew psalms were written by ancestors who experienced the same peaks and valleys as we do today. They, like us, like this family, have walked through valley of the shadow of death. Barely an hour after Moe had died, I had a text message on my phone from an alum in Oregon- "What a huge loss," it read. In such a moment of despair, a psalmist took solace in the holiness of the natural world and then wrote: *Esah Einai, El hey-harim; me-ayin yavo ezri? Ezri, me-im Adonai, oseh shamayim va-aretz. I lift up my eyes to the mountains, where will my help come from? My help will come from the Creator, the spirit and power which fashions heaven and earth.* Where can we who are grieving find this power? It can't be locked in place or bound in time. This spirit power is the Eternal Presence. Yours and Mine. The help we seek is the help we offer to one another. Now and here. Let us allow this loss to wash over us, to cleanse us of the petty hurts that so often occupy our hearts. Let it bring forgiveness, acceptance and love. If there is to be healing, let it come from us. If there is to be peace and love, it must come from us. *Adonai yishmar, tzeyetcha, oo-voecha, me-atah ve-ad olam.* May the eternal power and spirit now guard Allen Lewis Sigoloff, and all of us, our coming and going, now and forever. Amen.

Also written in our ancient scriptures are these familiar lines:

For everything there is a season, a time for every experience under heaven.

A time to be born, and a time to die.

A time to plant, and a time to uproot what is planted.

A time to build up (work week) and a time to break down (last day of post-camp).

A time to weep and a time to laugh (and this is both)

A time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing

A time to keep and a time to discard (Carol, did Moe ever discard anything? Many of us have had a tour through his camp office desk drawer of trinkets and knock-knacks)

A time for silence and a time to speak.

Again, this is time for both, silence and speaking. Articulating words are crucial at a time like this, yet words have their limitations. Some things can only be felt and are impossible to speak. We know that many in our midst need to speak about Moe. At 6:00 tonight and tomorrow night, as part of the shiva, there will be time for a sharing of stories and thoughts about Moe. For now, I am honored to invite Alan "A-Korn" Korn and Kathy "Scout" O' Grady to come up and speak their truths.

ALAN "AKORN" KORN'S EULOGY

Every morning, I spend the first hour of the day reading the Washington Post (I am a St. Louis transplant to DC) and I always eventually get to and read the obituaries. I read the obituaries not because I have an unnatural or morbid fascination with death, but because I like to know the "Marks" someone has made during their time on earth. For an artist, it might be a beautiful painting left behind. For a surgeon, it may be the 100s of lives saved on an operating table. And for a ditch digger, it might be the ribbon of road he or she helped build that now crisscrosses a community.

Each of us here today (and those that could not make it) who have experienced Camp Thunderbird could stand here in my place and offer, in their own words, the mark Allen Sigoloff and Camp Thunderbird had on them. But for some reason the Sigoloff Family has asked me to do that and I am honored they have done so. For me, communicating to you the Mark Moe has made on me is a singular and easy task—

Everything good about me I credit to my parents and to Allen Sigoloff and my summers at Camp Thunderbird.

I went to Camp Thunderbird for the first time when I was 11 years old. I went to Camp as a bed wetter. Until this very moment only 4 people on earth knew of my embarrassing problem— my mother, my father, Jimmy Rosen from Bloomfield Hills, Michigan (who got the unlucky spot under me in the bunk bed) and Moe. Right now, I am most certain, that Moe is looking down on me and saying "*Akorn, my friend, I took that one to the grave and you just told 2,000 people*". (Moe used to make daily and quiet arrangements for my sheets to be cleaned and the bed made during the day). Well over time and over the course of the rest of that first summer, I stopped bed wetting. And believe it or not, therein lies an example, albeit a small one, of how Camp Thunderbird and Moe leaves a Mark on your life. Over time, in subtle ways, in direct ways, in small and big ways, Camp influences your life.

Quite simply, Camp and the experiences Allen "Moe" Sigoloff provided -- made Alan "Akorn" Korn a better friend, a better citizen, a better husband, a better parent and a better person.

I left for that first summer in Bemidji as a pretty good kid (at least that's what I believed. Some of my former counselors here today may feel otherwise). I was fairly well behaved, I got good grades and I never got into real trouble. But I was a kid without maturity, no perspective on life, no understanding of what really matters. What I did not realize at the time, but have come to know now, is that my first summer away from home was the beginning of Camp's influence on me. I found out later that Moe would call it the Thunderbird Experience. The Thunderbird Experience and the years of camping slowed me down, in a good way. It made me a more pensive person. It made me a more thoughtful adult. The sights and sounds of Lake Plantagenet, the foot of the Canadian Rockies and the Peaks of the Grand Tetons would begin to foster, in me, an appreciation and eventual infatuation with nature and God's beautiful land. I realized, over time as a camper and later as a staff member, that the sun did not rise each day and make one complete rotation around my head and then set. Others matter, the land matters, spirit matters.

It is not enough just to witness the passage of time. You need to enjoy the passage of time and make a Mark during that time. My recognition and appreciation of that is my Thunderbird Experience.

In 2 summers, my 10 year old boy Ben will leave my home in Washington, DC for his first summer at Camp Thunderbird. He will run from the waterfront to the Lodge for Sunday fried chicken lunch. He will paddle the headwaters of the Mississippi River, eventually witness the grandeur of Yellowstone National Park with his cabin mates and will make lifetime friendships like his Dad did. He will not, however, physically share that space with Moe. He may not ever utter his name or think about him like I do every day. But I am most certain that Moe will make a Mark on my boy Ben. Like it did for me, Camp Thunderbird will make him a better and more thoughtful person. And to the Sigoloff Family (Carol, Jerry, Julie, Laura and Shari), in my view, it is a mark worth making.

KATHY "SCOUT" RAUCH'S EULOGY OUR BELOVED "MOE"

When Moe recruited us, we were 19-21 years of age, on college campuses from across the country, and across the seas. We were teachers and coaches, with families in tow. We were fraternity cooks and sorority house moms, and local kids from Bemidji. And some of us were Thunderbums, caught between our love for camp and our inevitable careers, careers that might prevent us from returning for yet another summer. And even though some of us did not attend Thunderbird as campers, Moe and Carol provided us an environment in which we too, were allowed to grow up at camp.

In our eyes, Moe was a naturalist, a director, an engineer, a plumber, a story teller, a visionary, a social worker and mentor. And, we were quite sure, he had a second set of eyes in the back of his head.

We clearly recall that Moe never, ever gave up on a camper, and he never gave up on us either. He was the first to set up his recruitment table at a college campus and he prided himself on being the last to take down, nabbing those last minute students that other camp directors missed. He did have his competitive moments. He never left those campuses without visiting with all of the Thunderbird staff, taking us out to eat and filling us in on how our campers were doing. Then, a few weeks later, our contracts would arrive, and we eagerly searched for his personal note, written in green ink, and always heartfelt. He was quick to remind us of what opportunities could lie ahead for us...if we returned yet for one more summer. And one more summer we did. 1 summer led into 2, then into 4, 6. Before we knew it, some of us had been to camp 20 plus years. And from camp, many of us, met and married our beloved spouses. Moe was not often a micro manager. He gave us as much responsibility as we were willing to take...and when we earned his respect, he gave us more. And more, and at our ages, camp was by far the hardest job we had ever had. But we came back, to the Girl's Camp, to the Boy's camp, because he believed in us and we became devoted to him. He called us to consciousness about so many areas of our lives, respect for others, paying it forward, looking behind someone's behavior, and the profound realization that each of us were capable of making a difference in the life of a child, and he expected no less from us as counselors. What was extraordinary was the trust that he had in each of us to be good stewards of camp and to assume ownership of this place he hoped would be preserved forever. Many times Moe would say, "You're always welcome here, you're part of the Thunderbird Family now". It didn't matter how long we were away from camp, when we stepped foot back onto T-Bird soil, it was like we'd never left.

Someone would remember us by our nickname. Moe especially. He had a way of making each and everyone of us feel closely connected and special. And yet, he rather preferred to be behind the scenes, at times rather shy around us, not wanting to interfere, or interrupt our social gatherings.

Many of us did not have the privilege of knowing Carol, Joyce, Sally, and Sudsy's father, Speedy, and mother, Honey, the camp founders. But we feel like we know them, because Moe and Carol made a conscious effort to carry those traditions into their own legacy. They built upon Speedy and Honey's foundation so that all of us, staff, alums, and campers, might always have a place to come home to.

Many in the future will not have the privilege that we have had, of knowing Julie, Laura, and Shari's father, and our beloved "Moe". So it becomes part of our responsibility to carry his legacy into the next generation as Shari and Michael carry camp forward. It is our turn now to give back, to Moe and Carol and to camp. So we say to you Shari and Michael, we will speak of the rich traditions and values to our children, sing the Thunderbird songs that have joined us together round many a council fire, speak of your father and grandparents to the next generations and to always call Camp Thunderbird our home.

WILLARD SINGS CAROLINA IN THE PINES

*She came to me said she knew me
Said she'd known me a long time
And she talked of being in love
With every mountain she had climbed*

***And she talked of trails she'd walked up
Far above the timberline
From that night on I knew I'd write songs
For Carolina in the pines.***

*There's a full moon on the fourteenth
First quarter twenty-first
And a full moon in the last week
Brings a fullness to the earth.*

***There's no guess work in the clockwork
Of the world's heart or mine
There are nights I only feel right
With Carolina in the pines.***

*As the frost grows on the windows
The wood stove smokes and glows
As the fire glows we can warm our souls
Makin' rainbows in the coals.*

*And we talk of trails we walk up
Far above the timberline
There are nights I only feel right
With Carolina in the pines.*

DYLAN'S EULOGY

There is a Jewish word, *neshamah*. The *neshamah* is that unique and invisible collection of experiences, personality, influences, ideas, learnings, passions, relationships and more that makes each of us who we are. With the help of his family, and a wonderful, heartfelt conversation we had together Thursday night, it is a privilege to share what I have come to learn about the *neshamah* of Allen Lewis Sigoloff, of course, also known as "Moe."

Let's start with his love of animals. In talking about Moe these last few days, I learned a new word—menagerie. Apparently this is a collection of various animals kept in an aquarium. As a boy, Moe had many menageries in his basement—some with fish, but others with mice and other critters. Moe never outgrew the menagerie concept. Allen's brother Jerry told me that when Moe was 13, the brothers were on their way back from Boy Scout camp when they spotted an injured box turtle right there on Junction M. Moe rescued the turtle, and as many of you know, this was not the last animal saved by Allen Sigoloff. Let's see...I heard about a flying squirrel that Moe raised by hand feeding when his daughters were young. There were raccoons, fawns and birds. But I had to stop and collect myself when his family mentioned skunks. Not just one skunk. A deodorized skunk named Flower that Moe had as a pet when he was a boy and would walk on a leash. There was a litter of skunks raised in the house at camp where Moe and Carol live. There was a baby skunk Moe saved from the lake who repaid him by spraying Moe directly in the mouth. There are countless incidents of wounded or abandoned wild animals that Allen Sigoloff loved, healed and then released into their natural habitat. Laura remembers Moe swerving off the road to avoid hitting a butterfly. Shady, who traveled with Moe for 8 years recalls that a grasshopper was once stuck in their windshield and Moe stopped, pulled over, and set it free. Many of you have been with Moe as he pulled over off country dirt roads or urban streets and highways to move turtles or tadpoles or frogs who found their way onto the road. Moe could never say no when it came to vulnerable animals. At one time, Moe and Carol had 9 stray cats in their house. "Can you imagine," Julie exclaimed to me, "our whole family heading out to camp—multiple fish tanks, gerbils, rabbits and turtles in the back, the dog romping all over the kids, the luggage trailer following behind!" As Shari often said, "Moe needs a project—find him a stranded animal!" One summer a woman in Bemidji saved a litter of baby raccoons. She called Moe, and he agreed to have them set loose up by the point on camp property. It wasn't long before they found their way to the main part of camp, and anyone who was around that summer will remember omnipresent raccoons who learned how to open the doors to the office and lodge, and fit right in with the Crow and Sioux campers. Another time, while driving out to their farmhouse, Moe and Shari passed by a dog. They of course, turned around to rescue her. She had compound fractures, a punctured eye, a broken jaw, and buckshot in one leg. When Sherrie brought this mangled Sadie home, Daniel shouted with delight (and to the pride of his grandpa)—"she's beautiful!" I have a feeling Daniel's going to be the menagerie type—he's already gone tadpole and turtle catching with Moe. I feel obliged to tell

about the episode of Moe's squirrel which I was honored to have witnessed. This was the summer of 1991, and Moe awoke at the girl's camp to find a badly wounded baby squirrel. Day by day, Moe nursed the squirrel back to health, carefully feeding it from a thimble. Moe eventually released the squirrel, and it went into the forest, but it started coming around for visits with papa Moe. All Moe had to do was____, and there came the squirrel, running up Moe's leg to perch on his shoulder. Homesick kid? Moe would say, 'watch this,' and out would come the squirrel and the kid would smile. I felt like I was living on the set of Cinderella. Most amazing thing is, the next summer, after months away, the squirrel was still imprinted with Moe. We all mourned, but none more than Moe, when the squirrel died that summer of 1992.

Certainly, his growing up experiences and family life were part of Moe's *neshamah*. Apparently, Allen was somewhat of a rock star. Tall, dark, and handsome, he excelled at track and basketball. He learned accordion from Myron Florren, who was in Lawrence Welk's band. Moe's own band was called the Star-lighter's. Judy Silver gave us an incredible glimpse into Allen's youth in a post to Caring Bridge: Before there was "Moe" at Thunderbird, there was Allen at Glenridge Elementary, Wydown Middle School, and Clayton High. There are those of us who go back to his days as captain of the Safety Patrol, the tallest dancer in the school, and the glint in those dark eyes. From his back yard Bar Mitzvah party right on through ZBT frat parties at Illinois, Allen always brought life to the party...and brought the party to life. Moe came home from camp this summer just in time to attend the 50th reunion of his Clayton High School class. Allen met Carol at that high school. The first time Jerry met Carol, the younger brother was in the Chevy convertible with Moe and Carol under strict orders not to talk. Also according to Jerry, Moe once brought Carol a bracelet and then proceeded to bring her a charm a month for quite a long time. Laura remembers seeing Moe's high school yearbook and under her dad's name was the code: SDTMMCAA-which stood for, Some day to marry my Carol Ann Altman. Carol's sister Sally remembers when she was 5 years old and Allen came to the door and instantly paid attention to her, threw her in the air, and called her silly names. Sally was devastated when she was informed that Allen was not a playdate for her but had in fact come to take Carol out. Sally used to take a picture of Moe and Carol to school to show the handsome couple off to her friends. Many of Carol's interests also became Moe's, beginning of course with Thunderbird. At first, Speedy hesitated to hire Allen, but he persisted, and Moe's (the nickname is from the old postal abbreviation of Missouri) first summer at camp was in 1958. He was a counselor and nature specialist, the only summers he spent away from camp when he entered the army. Moe used to talk to me a lot about those military experiences-he was dispatched to enforce the new racial integration laws in the south. Moe experienced racism at its most raw, and developed a life-long passion for social justice and equality. I visited Moe Just after Barack Obama was elected President and we talked about how far we have come from the days of lynching and whites only signs and how far we still have to go. Eventually Speedy opened the girls camp and as Moe and Carol were poised to shape the new programs, tragedy struck and Moe, only in his late 20's, found himself director of an already legendary summer camp. The early years were difficult, with a seasoned staff unsure of their new leader. Moe eventually found his footing, and he surrounded himself with long returning specialists who helped create a stability and maturity at camp: Boosh, Janet, Frosty, Pete, Marsh, Sandy, Hawk, Susie, BJ, Scout and Shady to name but a few. Moe, like Speedy before him, became a leader in the field of organized camping, with national responsibilities and awards from the American Camping Association as well as a reputation in the field as an innovator and ethical conscience.

Julie, Laura and Sherri sure do have a story to tell about growing up in their unique family! You see, something else that made up Moe's *neshamah*, also begun with Carol, was antiques. Old antiques. Moe always challenged us to believe that life was more civil in the wilds of camp, and that to call suburban life civilized was a misnomer. If you've seen Moe and Carol's stunning, but from another era house at camp, you understand that they lived this ideal in their Creve Coeur home. The girls dreamed of building a secret staircase up to their bedrooms so their friends could come up without the embarrassing prospect of a return to the 19th century. Julie and Laura remember the indignity of driving to Ladue High School in the 88 passenger camp van, and Laura's lunches, to her horror, were packed in grocery bags. Moe's appetite for antique buying is legendary. When they were driving and Julie and Laura would see an antique store they would begin to distract Moe (blah, blah, blah) on the chance that he would miss it. When I was on the road with Moe myself, I was driving on the highway with Moe fast asleep in the passenger seat. Out of nowhere, his eyes popped open and he yelled, "Take this exit here!" I pulled off as he directed me to some antique store that the GPS of his subconscious must have told him we were about to pass. Moe collected lots of cool old stuff from an earlier era: log splitters, road graters, wash basins, gas pumps, you name it. There was hardly an auction he missed. This past summer, already sick, Moe went to Park Rapids just to look-he didn't even bring his checkbook. But, then the Polaris, a 6-wheeler perfect for the farm came on the block. Moe won the bidding saying, "my wife doesn't want diamonds, but she'll love this." Of course, in order to procure this last present, Carol had to drive out there with a check! The antique habit certainly extended to cars and trucks. Anyone who has strolled down Memory Lane at camp can see a sampling of his collection from Lucky 13 to the famous Suburban. During his last fall at camp, Moe convinced Carol to take one last ride with him and Tigger in the 1931 truck to the Full Moon Saloon, aka Squirrels, aka Donat's, aka Harry's.

Even with his constant traveling for the camp business, there were family vacations. But, as Julie said, "while all my friends were going to Fort Lauderdale, we were going to some state park in Arkansas to see how they used to make dulcimers! They camped and rented cabins all over, Moe teaching his daughters to fish up to his waist in the Roaring River. Making many of us jealous, some of the vacations were up to Thunderbird in the wintertime. Without heat or water, the Sigoloff family tobogganed the sand hill and drove snowmobiles from boys camp to girls camp by day as Laura says, with gloves to our elbows and face masks, and slept huddled by the fire at night after Scrabble and hot chocolate. Tony Ruh, Thunderbird's original caretaker, cut a hole in the iced over lake so Moe could bring up buckets of water so the toilets would flush. After a 2 day break in the old Bemidji Holidome to warm up, they were back out in the woods. To be fair to Moe, there were more upscale, but still rustic and rural, later family trips to Northern California where the Sigoloff's stayed in a house that is used regularly by the singer Bonnie Raitt.

The girls do remember some more 'mainstream' moments with their dad. After Carol was caught reading during Blues hockey games, Moe began bringing Julie, Laura and Sherri on a rotating basis complete with Cracker Jack and soda. Laura remembers her dad teaching her how to ride a bike and hit a ball. To make the girls' laugh, Moe would open his mouth when it was filled with food, manners that wouldn't fly in the lodge!

Deep in Moe's *neshamah* was a love of wild, green spaces and the urge to protect and preserve them; a desire to bring humanity back into balance with the natural world. He was definitely an early environmentalist, packing out recyclable garbage because he knew that the airplanes and

hotels would put it in the trash. One summer, Moe got word that there were plans to put in a landfill for interstate waste near his beloved and pristine farm land. After the campers left, the Thunderbird office was transformed into the headquarters for a grassroots citizen action group. I will never forget the public hearing that Moe forced the waste company to hold at Owensville High School. I arrived early to help set up, and as the time drew near, it didn't look like there was going to be a big crowd. I went outside for some fresh air, and as far as I could see were headlights streaming towards us. The overflow crowd provided the momentum for an eventual eco-victory.

Which brings us to another piece of Moe's *neshamah*, the farm. Moe and Carol found this 1850 Stone house near a lovely creek far away from city life and together they lovingly preserved it with furniture appropriate to the era. After extensive research into the history of the area, and immersing themselves in the community, they gradually added buildings and features that blended with the indigenous quality of the surroundings. Like they did in Bemidji, Moe and Carol became natives, never interlopers. I know some dear friends of Allen's are here, coming directly from Owensville to St. Louis after church this morning. Amy, the kids, and I had the unforgettable blessing of two Thanksgivings at the Farm, including just last year. With the fires roaring and rocking chairs on the wooden porch, it felt a lot like the first Thanksgiving. Moe often talked about retiring to that land and creating Pig's Hollow Institute there, allowing craftspeople and artists a rustic retreat to perfect their work. He talked often to all of us in the past few months of his simple desire to spend just six months straight at the farm with Carol before he died. Because of a monumental effort by his family, Moe was able to see the land and his work there one more time about a month ago.

Of course, there is an important part of Moe's *neshamah* that we only tangentially touched upon Thursday night-Moe as the director of camp Thunderbird for Boys. Perhaps that aspect is in the hands of Akorn and Scout and the hundreds of messages on Caring Bridge, and the thousands of memories and images that those who spent time at camp store in their souls. I do want, however, to take a bit more time for a few reflections, I guess you could call it a Rabbi Dylan prerogative.

There are the images of Moe on the road. First with the clunky reel-to-reel 16 millimeter movies projected against the walls of dens and recreation centers, later with the no less clunky TV/VCR combos, Moe went near and far spreading the gospel about the benefits of the Thunderbird experience. Any of us who assisted him over the years-Cracker, Shady, Bobber, Chili, Tart, Bear, Spike, Thumper, Brick-I'm sure I'm leaving some out—we can all still pack Moe's grip briefcase in our sleep-videos, bumper stickers, Bemidji chamber of commerce brochures, those pencils that Moe would amaze kids by turning into rubber. And the 3x5 cards. Everyone that went to camp, their siblings and distant relatives, anyone who thought about going to camp had a card with color coded tags and intricate Moe notes on the back. Who needed databases? At camp fairs, when all the other programs had state of the art displays, Moe and Carol used a handmade board with green felt. When he gingerly attached the pictures, Moe used white gloves as to not soil the background. More times than I care to remember, Moe and I were running late to a new camper meeting and we stopped at McDonald's for a quick bite. I have to say, that Moe's bites were quicker than mine because after 30 seconds or so, I would inevitably hear..."C'mon, Dylan!"

Moe didn't travel extravagantly. When Carol started being on the road full time for Girls Camp, she upgraded him a bit, but it was a struggle. One time, in Tulsa, Moe told Carol he had made a reservation at a hotel that he had stayed at before and that he was sure would meet her approval. They pull up in the camp van to...an empty parking lot. He had called a national hotel line that apparently didn't know that Moe's Tulsa hotel had been recently demolished! But once in front of the families, Moe was always on target. He talked to them about a child's need for freedom and independence, for role models outside the family, for time away from electronics, how they could grow and flourish living communally outdoors building skills, playing with fairness and abandon, and bonding deeply with others.

Moe had a social worker's zeal which I'm sure came partly from Speedy that every camper could succeed. Nobody should slip through the cracks, every child can be reached, and they are all worth the effort. So many of the postings on Caring Bridge are from campers and staff who found in Moe a father figure and mentor.

He ran his business with his heart. Money was important, but not when it came to a discounting tuition for a camper whose family was facing financial difficulty, or providing a free summer to a child from the inner-city whose very life might be saved by a camp experience.

Moe was a perfectionist about camp, at times to a fault. When something didn't meet his expectations, his frustration and sweating the small stuff could blind him to what was truly important. Though people, including those closest to him, could feel put upon during these times, there was always compassion the knowledge that he was punishing himself pretty severely internally. On the other hand, Moe was masterful in a crisis. He was clear and quick and wise when we most needed him to be. When all of the tzuris was over, Moe would break into that sneaky grin, put his arms behind his head, and begin to turn the episode into yet another Moe story.

It is difficult to see this outpouring without remembering that it is Thanksgiving week, and how for years this was the time of the St. Louis campers reunion and the staff party in which Moe and Carol would graciously open their home for the multitudes from near and far. For those of us fortunate to have attended at least once, it was such a wonderful way to re-connect with Thunderbird friends and Thunderbird values.

Moe wasn't flashy, but I do remember him playing in a staff basketball game with an antique sporting outfit and a Dr. Seuss hat. He wasn't effusive, but he always said the exact right thing at the end of Council Fires, and the sun set and the loons called and the northern lights danced as if on cue. He was just always present-fixing things, reassuring parents on the phone, cajoling a camper to try something new, counseling counselors, ordering necessary supplies, troubleshooting, telling stories to 2'nd generation campers about their moms and dads, visiting with parents over at Honey's, leading 'Put Your Foot on the Loud loud bang, bang peddle,' and closing with the beloved council fires songs before we sang our way home. He, along with Carol directing the girls camp, and all three daughters playing a multiplicity of camp roles through the years, has been the engine that runs this truly extraordinary community which deepens and enriches lives, allows for countless improbable relationships to emerge across boundaries of age, class and geography, and has been the fertile starting grounds for countless teachers, social workers, environmental activists, and people in all professions who do their work with more compassion, integrity, heart and soul because of camp. Tres, Michael and Brick-how

fortunate you are to be the ones that continue spreading such important gifts to future Thunderbirders. You will be supported by Carol's wisdom, strength and experience, the spirits and historical memories of Speedy, Honey and now Moe hovering over you, and all of us, ready at a moment's notice to get your backs!

In 1980, two years after my last summer as a camper, I attended the Chicago reunion on a lark. Moe talked me into coming back as a junior counselor. That summer was a complete revelation to me, setting me on a course that, after 20 full summers at Thunderbird-land of bacon and Sunday services, and 15 more as a post-camper and a father of campers, has led directly to my becoming a rabbi. Some of the campers from my first group in Nez Perce are now members of this congregation-I have officiated at their weddings, named their children, and prayed with them after the loss of their parents. I am completely humbled and blessed that I have now been able to play a rabbinic role in this sad, sad part of the journey for Allen "Moe" Sigoloff and his family given that they are truly responsible for so much of what is in my own *neshamah*.

So, what happens to a *neshamah* when the time comes for a person's physical presence to die? It does not disappear. The best, the most pure part of our *neshamahs* become a permanent part of the universe, as the Lakota say, *Mitakwe Ahson*-everything is connected. Moe's *neshamah* is alive when his son-in-laws, Michael and Glenn find themselves stopping for every turtle they see on the road. When his grandson Daniel rides almost the whole way to the farm with a rescued turtle on his lap, ready to release him into the pristine creek. When any of us choose green over concrete, traditional over needlessly modern, and innovative over mindlessly nostalgic. When his values and teaching become integrated into our own. When the current campers pass on their love of Thunderbird to the next generation. When we see a child who needs extra attention and we put our arm over their shoulders and walk together up the path, that is Moe's *neshamah*, living in the world. Shalom, Moe, I love you-we love you-stay between the fence posts.

WILLARD SINGS 'SCOTTY LAD'

*Your gentle soul is still tonight
But in those eyes shined the brightest light
The only thing I always knew
Was you loved me just like I loved you*

CHORUS *So go on, fly so high
Go now, you know it's time
This life has set you free
But you will live in me*

*Funny how the wind turns cold
One day you're young and the next you're old
I can't get used to mortality
When it takes you from me
Ooooo standing in the pourin' rain
Ohhhh just like it was yesterday*

*Many years have slipped on by
Friends like you aren't supposed to die
So I close my eyes and dream of when
We meet again*

CHORUS *So go on, fly so high
Go now, you know it's time
This life has set you free
But you will live in me*

LESLIE CAPLAN SINGS EL MALEY RACHAMIM (GOD, FULL OF COMPASSION)

Every time Jews pray, we reserve time for our Mourner's Kaddish. We think of all the good people who are now part of the Shmay Rabbah, the great name that holds all the names of those whose shoulders we stand upon. Whenever you find yourselves at a Jewish service, please know that you can add the name of Allen Lewis "Moe" Sigoloff to those being honored. And I promise this family that here in this community we will say Moe's name at every service throughout this year of mourning. For your husband, brother, father, father-in-law, grandfather, relative, friend, mentor, counselor, camp director...

MOURNER'S KADDISH IS RECITED

He said the Irish blessing so many times for us, I know whenever we hear or see it somewhere else, we immediately think of Moe and camp. Let us now say it together for him.

*May the road rise up to meet you
May the wind be always at your back
May the sun shine warm upon your face and the rain fall softly upon your fields.
And until we meet again, may God hold you
In the palms of His hands.*

Amen, and may you all continue to hear and feel the blessings of Allen "Moe" Sigoloff.

NATIVE FLUTE MUSIC

ADDENDUM (BECAUSE YOU CAN NEVER SAY ENOUGH)

I thought of this story after the Memorial Service for Moe, and I thought it should be part of the 'public record.'

Sometime in the early 1990's, a sensitive and thoughtful Chippewa camper named Lucas Klein asked Moe for the story behind the cabin names. Moe told him that the cabins used to simply contain numbers, such as 'Iroquois 1; Iroquois 2, etc. In the mid 1960's or so, Pogo thought that naming the cabins after Native American tribes would be a nice compliment to the other Native themes of the camp traditions. He randomly chose tribal names and assigned them to cabins-- in fact, he started out alphabetically-Crow 1 became Apache; Crow 2 became Bellacoola; Crow 3, Comanche.

Lucas told Moe that he believed that it was unfortunate that there were no rhyme or reason for the naming, and that it felt somewhat disrespectful. Moe answered that if Lucas came up with an alternative, he would consider it.

That winter, Lucas located a map of the United States which denoted the locations of Native American tribes and nations. He superimposed that map over one of Thunderbird and experimented with renaming the cabins. Those cabins in the eastern part of the camp map received the names of tribes that originated on the east coast, and so on. He and Moe exchanged correspondence, and Moe came to camp ready to implement Lucas' plan. In work week and pre-camp we changed the names of the cabins from the way that they had been for over 30 years. Some cabin names remained the same, many received a name formerly used by another cabin, some of the old names were not used anymore, and some tribal names that had not been previously utilized were now new names for old cabins. Moe created plaques for each cabin which detailed facts about the tribe that was the cabin's namesake. The plaques also included the former name of the cabin for camp history buffs. When the campers arrived, one of their first tasks of the groups who were in cabins with brand new names was to create the new permanent cabin sign.

For anyone who knows camp culture, this was a radical move. Anyone who had spent at least one summer at camp claimed to be seriously disoriented by the changes. Alumni who came to visit demanded to know what happened to 'their' cabin. Even now, almost 20 years after the changes were implemented, there are camp veterans who are angry that such heresy had occurred.

But Moe never wavered. He agreed with the 12-year old boy's analysis that the old names lacked integrity, young Lucas had proposed a viable alternative, and Moe honored the boy's initiative. Talk about empowerment. Talk about courage. Talk about respect.