

My father was clearly the most beautiful father a girl could ever have. He was full of life, laughter and possessed a love which flowed everywhere.

Let me share with you some of the highlights of his life so that some of his most recent Florida friends come to understand the evolution from Morris, the 5th child of Esperanza and Elias Colchamiro to Morris, a man with a planetary consciousness and a cosmic perspective.

My father's first love was his family. He revered his mother Esperanza and father Elias. When I was a little girl, he constantly taught me lessons of love and respect by example. I would watch him walk Nona to her door and walk her into her apartment. He nurtured and helped all his brothers and sisters: Jesse, Rae, Jean, Terry, Sarah, Oscar, and Dinah. Memories of my childhood included weekend trips to Aunt Rae's Brighton Beach home, trips to Long Island to Uncle Oscar and Aunt Jean, adventures in Vermont with Aunt Terry, weekends on Uncle Jesse's boat and visits to Aunt Diane and Aunt Sarah. His loyalty to his sisters and brothers defined his very being.

My father was especially gifted in relationships with children. Marty and Jeanne were his pride and joy and he gave to us the greatest gift of all, love. His care, concern, kindness, gentleness, compassion and understanding abounded. Our home had music, laughter, and a sense of optimism was pervasive. My dad sang, cooked and made dinnertime fun for us.

Every niece and nephew loved to be with Uncle Morris. They remember his famous thumb trick, the tickling, the broad smile and the twinkle in his eye as he teased them. Annually he chaperoned his nieces and nephews to Steeplechase where we all entered the perpetual spinning tunnel and finalized riding the Steeplechase horses. Childhood was a world of fun, excitement and adventure. Life always had new possibilities with Pop.

His grandchildren^o Randie, Eric, Tracy, Dawn, Ethan, Danielle and Julie enriched his life and were a great source of comfort and strength to him. *His love extended to all those that touched the lives of his children and grandchildren*

Esther was my father's greatest love. He appreciated her undying devotion, strength, optimism, care, protection and loyalty. She was his best friend and his greatest source of love, support and strength throughout his life and remains his best friend forever and throughout eternity.

My father Morris was a man with many personae:

1) He was a humorous man. He always had a joke up his sleeve and a smile to brighten the room.

2) He was an author and created the Butter Brother stories to delight all children. He was a musician and a craftsman and inventor.

3) He was a teacher who taught us that the values of honesty, kindness, and being happy were most important.

4) He volunteered his time by combining two of his greatest loves, helping to teach autistic children by teaching them to ride horses. He corresponded with prisoners in order to share his beliefs to help them gain rehabilitation through hope and a new belief system that included a loving god.

5) He was the bravest and most courageous man in the face of his illness. He worked as hard as any many could to try to beat this awful disease and throughout maintained his dignity and never once complained.

The saddest fact that he ever faced was that he couldn't win, as we wanted to live more than any person I know. But in the tradition of Morris - he even tried to love and accept his cancer.

6) He was a man of passion, with many interests and was constantly learning and originating theories from handicapping horses to the training of the Elberfeld horses. My dad Morris was a dreamer and a visionary man. He transcended the average man's thinking.

7) He was a man who valued spiritual contemplation and education. He read deeply and widely from literature that spanned the globe and the centuries. He was a Theosophical Society member and an active participant in Unity Church lectures. He was a member of the Noetic Science Institute. He was prepared to instruct his peers on the Course of Miracles. He found spiritual tranquility in the teachings of Sai Baba and his trip to India fulfilled a lifelong dream. My father Morris was a metaphysician who believed as do the sages that consciousness is a field of all possibilities, a field of pure potentiality. Anything is possible. And that field of all possibilities was the source of all my father's creativity, strength, vision, and mature wisdom.

The following quotation may give us comfort:

We will grieve not - rather
find strength in what remains
behind. In the primal sympathy that having been -
will be
forever.

I will miss my father forever, but his teachings and

guidance and spirituality will be my source of strength and comfort. I would like to close by reading a series of poems that represent all the generations that he has touched:

From Julie, his youngest grandchild:

People love and tender
Blend together forever
Until I understand
They have to go like a great
guy I know.

From Randie, his oldest grandchild:

A poet wrote:

Your absense goes through me
like a thread through a
needle.

Everything I do is stitched
with your color.

Morris was a brightly colored thread that bound us together and made of us a tapestry of richness and beauty. The strength we gained from his presence has not left us. And we will keep his vision bright by intertwining his memory in the tapestries we will create ourselves.

And now a final poem ~~from myself~~:

"My Daddy"

Daddy
First Love
Second Son
has laughter
swift and sweet
his hand so sure
his love so pure
his loyalty to us
amazing
his patience vast
and his heart wider
than the heavens,
the leaven for our
lives,
the bright sun
in our sky,
The one to whom we turn,

The man for whom we yearn,
The flame of love
 so bright,
a loving hand and
heart for every lass
 and laddy,
beloved man,
eternal friend
how lucky we are
sweet children
 to have had him
 for
 our
 daddy.

My Dad would want you all to celebrate his passage. And true to his own fashion he would like you to leave with a smile in your heart knowing that he is at peace and will be with us forever in heart, mind and spirit. Pop, wherever you are, we send you our eternal love.