



Benny Rosenbaum

March 29, 1924 - May 6, 2018

A non-traditional obituary and memorial notice (because Dad made me promise to 'do things different'):

Ben Rosenbaum, birthday March 29, 1924, passed away gently and peacefully on the morning of May 6, 2018 at the age of 94. He had a wonderful and full life.

Ben was the happiest person, finding joy in the small things in life. He laughed and chuckled all of the time. He loved dancing, flirting, cats, the sky, dirt, bowling, music, was a self-taught harmonica player, loved to sing (Butterbeans was his favorite), and absolutely loved gardening. His favorite food was watermelon. He could light up a room with a smile, a smile that made his eyes and his whole being twinkle! The only thing I know he hated was weeds!

He did amazing things in his life- even climbed/hiked a mountain when he was 86! He loved to help his family and friends. Rarely did he ever say no.

He was a good brother to Kay, Abe, and Edna. He was a wonderful and fun Uncle Ben to his nieces and nephews- Ken, Chuck, Marleen, Jason, Steven, Susan, Jerry, and Marv. He was a wonderful dad to the 6 children he called his own: Serena, Bobbie, Frank, Mike, Wendy, and Charles. He had 2

grandchildren, Ashley and Marvin, who grew up being serenaded by their Papa Ben. He is loved by many and will be missed by many.

In lieu of a memorial service and flowers or cards, our non-traditional family would like to invite you to participate in our very first 'Ben Rosenbaum Day'.

Dad loved to look at the world with child-like wonder. To Ben, the world was magic, and he loved exploring and examining everything.

A Ben Rosenbaum Day looks like this:

Serena English and I would like to ask that at on Saturday, May 12 at exactly 11:45 Eastern Time, everyone do something that you know Dad would love to do:

pull weeds (the evil buggers), marvel at the big blue sky, watch a lizard, look for dragonflies, smell a flower, hold someone's hand, ride a horse, ride a bicycle, pet a cat, hug someone, dance, sing Butterbeans (it's on my Facebook page), or think of happy memories of Dad.

Do something that makes you think of our extraordinary Ben with love and happiness. Please, do not cry, because he is not gone. As long as he is in your heart, you will carry him with you always.

Tribute Wall

KR

“ 2 files added to the album *New Album Name*



Ken Rosenbaum - May 10, 2018 at 07:16 PM

BS

Dad always loved seeing these photos. I love them as well!

bobbie sartor - May 11, 2018 at 10:57 AM

BS

“ 1 file added to the album *New Album Name*



Bobbie Sartor - May 10, 2018 at 06:40 PM

BS

“ 1 file added to the album *Birthdays*



Bobbie Sartor - May 10, 2018 at 06:13 PM

“My Uncle Ben was a special kind of a guy. He was devoted to family, but always had several interesting friends to spend spare time with. He was extremely likable and popular. He was affable, friendly, good-natured, easy-going. My memories of him are strongest when he was in his 30s and 40s. I will share some here. He was extremely popular among the ladies of his generation. I have fond memories of spending evenings with him and my dad when the phone would ring, my dad would humorously announce loudly, “Lay down, Ben” and then Ben would take the phone call into the bedroom, close the door and lay down on the bed for a lengthy chat with whichever female friend was calling. By lengthy, I mean those calls could have been measured in hours.

One thing that stands out in my mind was how family oriented he was. From my earliest memories, when my brother and I spent time in New York with his older brother, my father Abe, I remember so much of his free time being spent visiting close relatives. He and my father made sure that my brother and I remained close to their side of the family, even though my father was no longer a custodial parent and we lived out of state. We spent several weeks to a month every summer with Ben, our dad and our grandmother. Ben was always with us when we visited his sister, Edna Suriff, and her family in Levittown, or his sister Kay Kroll and her family in Freeport. Sundays were always family times, whether we went to someone’s home to visit and gab, or to enjoy Jones Beach or Far Rockaway. Ben also made sure we found time to visit his mother’s sister, “Auntie” Fanny Bloom, also known simply as “Tante,” with whom Ben seemed to share a special affinity. I have memories of Ben seeking her wise counsel and listening intently on more than one occasion.

Ben and my father lived together for several years with their mother. My earliest memories were of spending time with them in a railroad apartment on Rodney Street in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. If you don’t know the term, a railroad apartment is basically one room wide and four or five rooms deep. You had to walk through at least one bedroom and the kitchen to get to a bathroom. It was in a walkdown level of an old, decrepit tenement. After a couple years, they moved

to a slightly larger, walk-up apartment in a tenement a half block away. It was no surprise in later years that Ben was so fond of gardening when he had a few square feet of soil to tend. He was, after all, born on a farm in Nebraska. Being surrounded by concrete must have been rough on him.

But I digress. Ben worked fairly traditional hours, while our father worked long hours from early morning until late in the day.

Therefore, my brother Chuck and I often spent more time with Ben. While he worked, we spent our day with our maternal grandparents who lived several blocks away, walking distance, in Williamsburg. After a couple years, Ben bought a tidy, two-story brick duplex in Flushing, New York, on 164th St. near Union Turnpike. He lived in the lower half with my father and his mother. From then on, when my brother and I went to visit, Ben would drive us into Williamsburg each morning where we would spend the day with our maternal grandparents, until our father could pick us up when he returned in the evening. We were able to spend quality time with Ben every day.

Many might not know that during his years in Flushing, Ben was an active member of a Navy rifle team. He became proficient in competition, amassing a small collection of trophies for his marksmanship. He also encouraged me in bowling, buying me my first bowling ball and taking me to the lanes occasionally.

It was after the years in New York, when he moved to Florida, that Ben started a new chapter in his life. We talked occasionally, and I even visited a couple times, and Ben had a new family that he held dear. When I sought advice, he always had some to offer.

I spoke to him not long ago. I miss him very much.

Ken Rosenbaum - May 10, 2018 at 05:43 PM

BS

Thank you so very much Ken for the wonderful memories!

bobbie sartor - May 11, 2018 at 10:58 AM

KR

“ 4 files added to the album *New Album Name*



Ken Rosenbaum - May 10, 2018 at 05:38 PM

BS

Marvelous pictures!

bobbie sartor - May 11, 2018 at 01:25 PM

BS

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Bobbie Sartor - May 10, 2018 at 04:15 PM