

MORRIS JACKSON

A Tribute

First, Isaac Jackson, the oldest; then Henry Jackson; finally the youngest of the three brothers, Morris Jackson, gathered in the harvest of death within twelve months. Morris Jackson had been living in Atlantic City, when, beyond the three score and ten years allotted to man, he had gone to spend the winter of his life.

But God saw that he was weary, so he gently turned out the light and cradled him to rest on the bosom of Mother Earth. Since all of us must pass through the valley of the Shadow of Death it is better that we enter it ere we scarcely realize that we are on our way. So Morris Jackson died as he lived, peaceably and in the arms of his life-long faithful helpmate.

He was a man of simple tastes; yet he found time to take an interest in communal work and for years he had been the head of the Hebrew Free Loan Society of Pittsburgh. Never was he too busy to give liberally of his time and service to this most worthy of all our communal causes. He lived as a good man and as a good Jew. And it seems to us that after all the world needs this type of man who possessed all the homely virtues and who lived the normal life of a worthy citizen.

He is survived by his widow, who for almost forty-five years was his faithful companion, with whom he had gone hand in hand, through the years, in perfect sympathy understanding and comradeship.