

From Grandson Harry Ehrlich:

George Rubman. What a legend.

My grandpa was a social, charismatic, benevolent, dedicated, stubborn, vibrant man, usually half buzzed from a glass of whiskey and whatever conversation he was in the middle of.

Those that knew him, knew that he oozed personality and that his family was everything to him. Nothing was above family.

The moments I shared and lessons I learned with him were countless;

When I was young, we would walk along the beach in Fire Island picking up purple clam shells that he told me were called wampum and that Native Americans used as money years ago. For some reason that story is so vivid in my mind. The feel of the early morning ocean air, wet sand between my toes, the smoothness of the shells and his voice. His look. A battered old bathing suit and a faded button down shirt with a bandana and a feather in his hair. Just a legend telling his 4 year old grandson about how they used to get shit done back in the 17th century.

You don't replace a man like George Rubman.

I know he would want a big party and a never ending cocktail hour. A celebration of the incredible life he lived and built.

A seagull feather in his tangled gray mop and glass of scotch to his lips. His children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren all around him. The sunset playing out in front of him as the sounds of joyous Yiddish music faded into the night.

I'm going to miss him dearly and I know my Family will as well. Especially my Mom, his little girl.

I promise to celebrate your life and aspire to be half the generous, vivacious human you were.

I love you Grandpa.

Until we meet again ❤️