

VOLUME L

FALL 2016

NUMBER 1

PART ONE

DEDICATIONS FROM COLLEAGUES OF ERIC A. BELGRAD



TRIBUTE TO PROF. BELGRAD

Nitza Nachmias

Abstract: A short essay commemorating the life of Eric A. Belgrad.

Tribute to Prof. Eric Belgrad

The Chinese have a beautiful blessing: “May you live in interesting times.” Eric was a blessing. He lived during the most important and turbulent times of the twentieth century and experienced firsthand some of the most exciting but destructive events in human history. Eric was born in Germany, and was four years old when Hitler invaded Poland. But Eric learned about the horrors of Nazism a year earlier, in 1938, during the Kristallnacht, when his father was arrested in the middle of the night and taken to the Nazi camp of Dachau. Miraculously, Eric’s father was released and returned home a few weeks later, and the family fled Germany and found refuge in Belgium. In 1948, when Eric was thirteen, his family moved to the US.

Eric did not like to talk about his difficult years as a child in occupied Europe, surviving the worst human atrocities known to mankind, and I, also a descendent of survivors of the Holocaust, tried to avoid the subject. However, when we met every few weeks, over a glass of wine at the Pikesville Hilton on Friday afternoons, we did find the courage to talk about the unthinkable. Our Friday meetings commenced when we were working on our book. The bar at the Pikesville Hilton was Eric’s favorite meeting place. It was somewhat surrealistic. We were sitting comfortably on soft couches, listening to background music, sipping good, dry red wine, while discussing the most horrific and sadistic historical events that the human mind had created.

I first met Eric in 1992, when I moved to Baltimore from New Mexico and was looking for a teaching job. Eric interviewed me in his capacity as the Chairperson of the department. My first impression of Eric was: He is so European. So elegant. What a change from my previous life experience as an instructor in New Mexico, the Land of Enchantment. He was wearing a colorful bow tie, his French goatee was perfectly trimmed, his questions were short and to the point, and most importantly, he was very, very cordial, formal, respectful, and polite. I could not miss his European upbringing. I later learned that Eric was a descendent of West European assimilated intellectual Jews, who adopted German and French education and culture. It brought to mind Hannah Arendt’s observation, “It is important to bear in mind that assimilation as a group phenomenon really existed only among Jewish intellectuals. . . Assimilation in the sense of acceptance by non-Jewish society, was granted them only as long as they were clearly distinguished exceptions from the Jewish masses even though they still shared the same restricted and humiliating political conditions.”¹ Eric was totally assimilated but continued to maintain his Jewish identity.

He rejected and harshly criticized the traditional East European norms and ways of life of orthodox Jews; he labeled them “black coats” because they wore traditional long black coats.

¹ Hannah Arendt, *The Origins of Totalitarianism*. London: Trinity Press, 1973, p.56.

For Eric, the world for Jews was not the same after the Holocaust. “How can anyone believe in God after Auschwitz?” He asked. He cut off ties with his father who was very religious and strictly followed the old Jewish orthodox traditions. For Eric, he was one of the “black coats.” Eric became an “atheist Jew,” and these feelings were strengthened by his beloved late wife, Gloria, who grew up in Canada, as a daughter to a family of secular Jews. I shared Eric and Gloria’s outlooks about Jewish orthodoxies and secularism. I was born in Israel to refugee parents who escaped Nazi Europe in 1933. In the early 1930’s many Jews could escape Nazi Europe but were encouraged by orthodox leaders to stay. No harm could come to them, they were told, as long as they follow religious orthodox practices; “God will save them.” Indeed, the early immigrants to Israel were secular Jews who were aware of the looming storm and fled Europe to Palestine.

Both Eric and Gloria felt a strong bond to Israel. They followed closely events in Israel, and were especially impressed by the Israeli military establishment. For Eric, the Israeli military, the IDF, was a microcosm of the “Changed Jew.” Gloria, more than Eric, was militaristic. She believed that Israel’s survival was dependent on the strength of its military. She spoke highly of the Israeli soldiers, who defended the newly created state of Israel against its numerous Arab enemies. It was difficult for Gloria, who hardly experienced severe antisemitism and grew up in quiet and peaceful Montreal, to understand why Israel’s Arab neighbors would want to wipe Israel off the face of the earth. On one of my trips to Israel, Gloria asked me if I could get her a miniature gold charm of an Uzi, the famous Israeli gun. She wanted to add the Uzi to a charm bracelet that she had and loved. I could not find an Uzi charm in Israel, so Robert, their son, the artist, made a golden Uzi charm for her. Eric and Gloria’s attachments to Israel deepened when their daughter Allison married an Israeli engineer whom she met in Baltimore, and moved to Haifa, with their family. The three grandsons enlisted and served in the Israeli military; one joined the paratroopers, and another grandson joined the Israeli navy. The youngest served in the army. To his great chagrin, Eric could not visit them in Haifa because of his poor health, but he was compensated and delighted when they came to visit him in Baltimore during long summer vacations.

During our long discussions about our book on humanitarian aid and refugees, it became clear to me that we did not choose the topic of our book incidentally; Eric and I immersed ourselves in the subject of war, violence, human cruelty, and the painful issue of refugees, probably because these problems touched us personally. Perhaps, we were plunging into our similar past, trying to explore and understand the causes and effects of humanitarian disasters. Eric’s opening sentences in the book say it all: “The juxtaposition of the terms ‘politics’ and ‘humanitarian aid’ in the title of this book was hardly fortuitous. It was designed to reflect a fundamental dichotomy characteristic of virtually all aid programs: the humanitarian impulse to relieve the suffering of the victims of war, famine, disease, or natural disasters tends to run counter to the self-serving motives that normally animate the pursuit of national interests.”² Eric’s compassion and empathy to victims of wars and other disasters is seen in every paragraph of his writing. Interestingly, Belgium, the country that provided shelter for Eric’s family during World War II, was the first country in the world to experience an international humanitarian air operation, following the ravages that Belgium suffered during World War I. “Belgium, whose

² Eric Belgrad, “The Politics of Humanitarian Aid,” in Eric Belgrad and Nitza Nachmias, eds., *The Politics of International Humanitarian Aid Operations*, London: Praeger, 1997, p. xiii.

violated neutrality and brutal occupation had been central focus of allied propaganda during the conflict, was identified early as most deserving of aid. Belgium therefore, became the first beneficiary of postwar American relief effort headed by Herbert Hoover. ...This became the first official humanitarian relief effort sponsored and controlled by the U.S. government.”³

The concept of “Responsibility to Protect,” or the responsibility of nations to alleviate human suffering through concerted international effort, is a relatively new concept. It involves national as well as international organizations, private enterprises and individual donors. Eric’s work raised the conceptual, strategic and political dilemmas involved in humanitarian aid. His brilliant analytical discussion shows dilemmas and ambivalence paramount to the subject, dilemmas that are as relevant today as they were when the book was published. Eric was critical of the resources that wealthy nations allocated to humanitarian aid, as well as the donors’ motives. Arguing that, “A defensible test of the validity of any governmental humanitarian aid program might be, not whether the donor will derive some benefit from the program, but whether recipients are likely to benefit as much from the program as the donor,” he concluded, “It is not unreasonable to expect donors to seek some political advantage in connection with succoring these needs.”⁴ I hate to admit that I did not initially recognize the verb “succoring,” as well as many other verbs, nouns, and pronouns that Eric used in his writings. Eric was a magician and a true connoisseur of the English language. While his arguments were analytical, precise, and very clear, his vocabulary was infinite. Eric showed me how the English language could and should be used, but most importantly, how to enjoy it. While I often felt intimidated by Eric’s proficiency with the English language, I am forever grateful to him for showing me its beauty and richness.

Eric addressed the shortcoming of aid programs through the eyes of the victims, but he did not ignore the major human dilemmas involved in helping them. His analytical review of the concept of international humanitarian aid clearly demonstrates the ambivalent motives of the donors, as well as the motives, needs and feelings of the recipients. Eric warned the donors against destroying the recipients’ dignity and humanity while succoring their needs. The refugees are indeed devastated, and in a dire need for aid, but their need for aid should not destroy their dignity and self-respect. “The need for charity must be particularly galling,” he wrote, “for emerging states attempting to assert their national independence after a usually long and demeaning period of colonial subservience.”⁵ While emerging nations often experience civil wars, political chaos, and extreme human suffering, donors should be careful to maintain the recipients’ national dignity and sense of independence when providing aid. Eric considered the issue of self-respect and maintaining the dignity and autonomy of the recipients of international aid a major principle, albeit in the literature it is secondary to the national interest principle.

During our work on the manuscript, I was introduced not only to Eric’s conceptual and analytical thinking but also to his love of art, painting and photography. He was very pedantic, fastidious, and went over every word and phrase in the manuscript with a magnifying glass. In addition, Eric insisted that his wife, Gloria, who was a brilliant lawyer, review the manuscript. Indeed, Gloria became our *de facto* editor, and she edited every one of the manuscript’s 218 pages. Eric also insisted that Gloria review our agreement with the publisher. While I was ready

³ *Ibid.*, p. 43.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 5.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 34.

to sign the agreement with the publisher with my eyes closed, it took Gloria two weeks to review the agreement and to find a few clauses that she demanded be changed. To my astonishment, the publisher accepted all of Gloria's revisions!

In summary, I probably felt a special bond to Eric because of our shared life experience, because I have been spending a few months a year in Israel, remaining in touch with his daughter in Haifa, and because of our research together. And so went our wonderful friendship, which included a joint book that we edited and was published in 1997. Eric was excited about the project. The refugee issue had a special meaning for him. His parents and mine never enjoyed a refugee supporting network when they escaped occupied Europe. Hardly any doors were open to Jewish refugees. Jewish immigration was globally limited. During our Friday Hilton meetings I once asked Eric if he ever visited his home town in Germany. His answer was very clear; he would never set foot in Germany, and he would never buy a German car. He did go to Belgium once, after the war, to visit the family that hid him during the war, but it was a very disappointing experience. Eric never elaborated on his encounter with the family in Belgium, but I understood that they only took him in for money, not compassion. I told Eric about my traumatic trip to Poland; I visited the small village in Eastern Poland where my father was born and where his family had lived for hundreds of years. I knew that all my father's family members, including his sister's family, were burned alive inside the village synagogue, one day in 1941. No one survived. The fate of Eric's extended family was no different. But what shocked both of us was the world's attitude towards the Jewish refugees. The hundreds of thousands of Jews who survived the Holocaust but could not find refuge. The only door that opened up for the Jewish refugees was the newly created state of Israel.

Eric and I were changed by the horrors of the war. We both wanted to shine a light on the painful issue of refugees. We tried to find some answers and perhaps suggest some ways to help alleviate the pain of refugees, a subject that unfortunately refuses to leave us. Every year more refugees are added to the world. Every day more children lose their parents, homes, and often their lives. In his dedication to our book Eric wrote, "This book is dedicated to the Nachmias grandchild Nir Tomer, and to the Belgrad grandchildren Alex, Benjamin, Max, and Asher. May they grow up and flourish in a world free of war and filled with humanitarian concern." Let us hope and pray that Eric's words may one day become a reality.

Eric A. Belgrad, Personal Memories

Jack Fruchtman

Abstract: A short essay commemorating the life of Dr. Belgrad.

Eric Belgrad, in my judgment, was not a particularly religious man in an institutional sense. I never thought of him as someone who regularly attended synagogue or even at all. I can say that after our first meeting in 1978, when I was an aspiring college instructor, he was a man of great learning and wisdom (there is a difference). He reminded me of some of the great teachers in the Jewish Hasidic tradition, the pious ones or “rebbe,” who taught the truths of humanity or, in other words, how to live a virtuous life. Thirty-five years ago, Nobel laureate Elie Wiesel wrote a book about these men with their “souls on fire,” a term that embodies the impassioned mind and spirit: Eric Belgrad was indeed a soul on fire.

Everything he did—from his classroom instruction to chairing Political Science at Towson University for over 20 years to fostering, and then promoting, the character of the department—he achieved with the zeal and strength of a man with a passionate and fiery vision. He arrived at the department in 1966 as a young man. By the time of his death nearly 50 years later, he had taught and counseled thousands of students: his personality and intellect inspired all of them, and all of us who teach here. How do I know this? The answer is both simple and complicated, simple because he was so easily accessible, complicated because he was a complex man. It is hard for me to believe now that after the all the years that have passed, he had “only” been teaching for 12 years in 1978. And yet, to me, he seemed to be at that time the consummate professor: his greying hair with a forelock covering his brow, his smart beard revealing a knowing smile, his twinkling eyes as he looked at you, and his ever so wisp of a Belgian accent. All of these characteristics belied the majesty of the man.

I intuitively understood that he seemed so right to be a college professor in an old fashion way. He read books and journals, not on the Internet, but on real paper. He also read the papers—not some online facsimile, but the real thing. He loved Latin phrases and often quoted them. One that I recall him often using is *ad astra per aspera*, “to the stars with difficulty,” perhaps a phrase reminiscent of his early escape from Nazi Germany and arrival to the New World. He loved Towson University, but with a tough love. The foibles and foolishness of administrators made him laugh as much as it made him angry. You could see, almost feel, the anger coming when he learned of some new silly administrative policy that the Board of Regents or the campus administration had foisted on the faculty. He knew full well that he could do nothing to stop it. Yet, at the same time, that didn’t stop him from pouring out the best invective possible, if only for the moment. It all ended almost as quickly as it began. And we knew it ended when he started to laugh in that wonderful, contagious way.

We forget that his training at Johns Hopkins University, from which he received his Ph.D. in 1969, focused on international relations, in particular international law. He was a student of Robert W. Tucker, an expert in the field, and I suspect Eric expected to teach in that field. In fact, he may well have, though I doubt it, given that when he arrived at Towson in the fall of 1966, Pritam (“Pete”) T. Merani had been on the faculty for a year. He would soon become Pete’s closest colleague and friend. A scholar of Pakistani-Indian territorial disputes in areas like Goa, Pete also taught international law, which meant that Eric would not be teaching it, although like Pete, he focused his earliest research and writing on international law, especially

the law of neutrality and private law in the global system. In any event, Eric focused on other areas of Political Science, because he loved to teach—and never without the crutch of overheads or, God forbid, the progeny of overheads, the PowerPoint, where instructors project a paragraph on a screen and then proceed to read it aloud as if students were illiterate.

I think Eric's greatest love was to teach upper-division courses in political theory. After all, it was his transformation of POSC 101, Introduction to Political Science, into an introduction to political thought as a course for freshmen and sophomores. All current faculty members who teach that course today have followed Eric's lead, but this was not the same in the 1970s. At that time, students were forced to study tedious textbooks with the same official name of the course.

In any event, it was the upper-level courses he loved most, though, for the longest time, I disagreed with the manner in which he taught it. He admired George H. Sabine's classic work, *A History of Political Theory*. First published in 1937(!), it was the first of its kind to be a comprehensive review of all the ideas of the great political philosophers from the ancients to the rise of Fascism and Nazism. Of course, Eric did not use the first edition, but rather the slightly revised editions that followed (there were four in all, ending in 1973). Sabine, who served as a professor and vice president of Cornell University, died 11 years earlier, so afterward, the updates were undertaken by Thomas Thorson of Indiana University.

I thought that because inexpensive paperbacks on individual authors were available, it made more sense for students to collect a small pile of books to read the works in their original or translated forms. Eric was persuaded, however, that this was wrong, because Sabine had been a giant in the field and conveyed the ideas of political philosophers in plain language. Moreover, Sabine's approach to political thought matched Eric's. Sabine wrote that "theories of politics are themselves part of politics" in that they convey a sense of the social and political moment at the time they were written. In other words, political theories are not merely ideas in a vacuum, but they informed us about more than what the writer was thinking: they opened the entire world in which political philosophers lived in ways that studying political institutions or political actors could not. For Eric, this was most satisfying insofar as it allowed his students to gain a deeper knowledge and appreciation of the social and political environment in which ideas flourished, were debated, and even condemned. As it turned out, his students enjoyed the text, and, not unexpectedly, became proficient in the study of the grand history of political thought.

If Eric loved teaching the history and development of political thought, he was clearly an internationalist in his outlook. Perhaps this is related to his European origins, having been born in Belgium and having lived in the South of France during World War II (he became a U.S. citizen in 1953). Thus, more akin to his internationalist outlook, Eric also loved to teach Soviet-American Relations, a course that soon had to be transmogrified into Russian-American Relations after the demise of communism. There, he used another classic text: George F. Kennan's 1961 magisterial *Russia and the West Under Lenin and Stalin*. Eric viewed this work as an invaluable contribution to our understanding of how the emergent Soviet empire and the United States quickly developed an adversarial relationship to complicate an already complex world, leading to the Cold War of the post-World War II era. Like the Sabine book, I thought for a time that this one was dated, but once again I soon saw the wisdom in Eric's choice when I realized that Kennan's insightfulness, complemented by Eric's judgment, gave his undergraduates the proper perspective of the ongoing and developing relationship between the United States and the U.S.S.R., today Russia. Eric greatly admired Kennan, who started his career in the U.S. diplomatic service and rose to become, for a very short time, the United States

ambassador to the Soviet Union. It always seemed to me that the Soviet's 1952 expulsion of Kennan only increased Eric's admiration and respect for the man, who, like Eric, had no truck for Soviet totalitarianism (or any form of tyranny, for that matter).

Eric's guidance in these matters of instruction helped me become a better classroom instructor. Like many faculty members of the late 1970s, early 80s, I taught, as did many instructors, several courses within the three areas of my doctoral work: in my case, political thought, public law, and international relations, including American foreign policy. In 1985, however, when our prelaw advisor, Gerd Ehrlich retired, I soon took on that task, and Eric, who was then chairing the department, mentioned to me that I would soon have to develop the courses that Gerd had taught in constitutional law. When I put this off mainly out of procrastination, Eric again approached me privately in the narrow corridors of Linthicum Hall to tell me to get on with it. Eric's voice was stern and decisive, but when I looked at him, he had that classic twinkle in his eye and a smile on his face. I knew then that while this was an "order," he left it to me to get on with the task he had earlier given me. Today, not only do I teach that one course, but to Eric's delight, I developed it into three.

Eric's contributions to teaching and learning extended beyond the academy. From the 1970s through the 1990s, whenever a major incident occurred in the world, especially when it involved U.S. interests in terms of foreign policy or national security, Eric was called upon by the local television stations to comment. This was especially true when the subject involved the Soviet Union (later Russia) or the Middle East. One example arises when the "Intifadas" (or uprisings) exploded in the Israeli occupied territories (Eric only referred to them as the territories, dropping the word "occupied"), requiring the Israeli Defense to engage in daily struggles with rock-throwing Palestinian youths. Eric's views, like his assessment of most things, were strongly felt and clearly expressed, not in emotional or passionate terms, but in reasoned thinking. I suspect, however, that underlying the clarity of his ideas and expression lay a seething urge to lash out against the uprising.

But not on the air. There, he was the seemingly mild-mannered, professorial analyst, who had the uncanny ability to separate his feelings from his thinking. In 1994, he appeared on C-SPAN to explain the burgeoning new nationalistic forces that were pouring out of Eastern Europe in the wake of the collapse and disintegration of the Soviet Union. He wound up debating a fellow named George Kenney from the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace (today he blogs on "electric politics") over identifying the causes of ethnic and nationalistic violence. In his typical way, Eric was coolheaded and reasoned as he debunked the supercilious and superficial reasoning that Kenney furnished.

While television interviews were time consuming, Eric along with Pete Merani, who died in 1996, also conducted a weekly Sunday morning call-in radio program on domestic and world affairs. I don't know how long the show ran, but it was a serious effort designed to extend his teaching prowess to the larger community. He and Pete invited experts to answer questions and respond to comments from themselves as well as listeners on a variety of important topics. They even included some folks from Towson like Martha Kumar, Joseph Rudolph, and, yes, me from Political Science as well as Robert Caret, the then-Provost of the University and now Chancellor of the University System of Maryland.

And then there was the music. One of the things that moved Eric more than anything, in my judgment, was music, especially the sweet mellifluous sounds of eighteenth-century French baroque composers. While I thought I knew a lot about the eighteenth century, he introduced me

to the wonderful world of Marin Marais, a master of the viol whose work is marvelously accessible today. I first heard his compositions when I wandered into Eric's office probably 25 years or so ago, and instead of focusing on the issue I initially wanted to raise, we talked about Marais and his mesmerizing sounds.

If teaching was one of Eric's major achievements, perhaps the most significant step he took early on was to mold the department according to his vision. He created a model of collegiality, even among a group of highly well-trained, independently minded faculty members, all expert in a wide-ranging array of sub-disciplines. The University has long demanded departmental meetings as the best means to accomplish the work of the departments. Indeed, Eric followed that directive, but only to a minor degree: the tenured and non-tenured faculty met annually in the fall to discuss promotions, tenure, rank, and merit. Eric clearly hated meetings, because he thought they were worthless and mind-numbing and because he saw what happened to academic departments when the issues pulled people apart, caused irredeemable rifts, blew up into rancorous arguments, and created lifelong enemies.

Instead, Eric conducted departmental business in an alternative way. We discussed policies, planning, and staffing just as thoroughly devoid of the conventional bitterness and venom, in the hallways, just as he had accosted me to chat about constitutional law classes. Or even better, we met at a bar to discuss these matters over drinks, first in the Auburn House, and then later at the Burkshire (now the University Club on campus). Even when we "met" for our twice-per-year dinner meetings at the Johns Hopkins Club (among us, Eric was the sole member of the club), we may have chatted briefly about issues, but that wasn't the point. The idea was to enjoy one another's company. Eric could amass a true consensus, a word that he loved to use, so that we could come together without actually, well, coming together in more corporate ways.

For those of us who have served Towson for a while, we have Eric to thank for this: his caring and supportive qualities that brought us to become the distinct and distinctive small unit in the larger entity of the University community. So we bid our Eric, this wonderful man, in the words of Virgil, *sic itur ad astra*, "thus a journey to the stars," in memory of his life's work, his steadfast dedication, and his enduring commitment. He was a man who truly lived with a soul on fire.

Remembering Eric

Joseph R. Rudolph

Abstract: A short essay commemorating the life of Dr. Belgrad.

The Eric Belgrad who I was fortunate enough to know for nearly half of both of our lives had an enviable range of interests and talents to match. He was an old world scholar, meaning he could eschew those pesky translations of Greek and Latin in teaching his political philosophy classes. He was as accomplished a photographer as anyone can be without crossing over from amateur to professional status. He never drove his large vehicles or built a winter's fire without listening to the classical music whose composers' lives he knew as well as Machiavelli's and Plato's. Above all, he was as good a conversationalist, not to mention friend as anyone could hope to have.

Classical teaching, classical music, classical tastes, and a penchant for black and white photography aside, no one lived more in, or enjoyed the present than Eric. A genuine Holocaust survivor, Eric could still some 70 years later recall almost fondly the young German soldier who held up the train on which he and his mother were fleeing their native Flanders at the French border, not to off-load them into a boxcar bound for an ugly, SS end, but to buy young Eric a candy bar before sending them on their way in their quest to reach neutral Switzerland. It was one of the very few times in which I ever heard him speak of his Jewish past. Rather, his best story concerning his religion centered on the day near Christmas of long ago when the Jewish rabbi who was to marry him arrived unexpectedly, and the resultant near panic with which he and his future bride rushed to stuff their decorated Christmas tree into the closet before opening the apartment door.

But this brings me to the heart of my small footnote to Eric's large life. As nearly as I can tell, mixed in with but never obscured by his wide ranging interests or greater network of friends that most of us collect in a lifetime aside, were Eric's two great passions: one for his beloved wife Gloria of so many years, and the other for the Department he built and stamped, we hope irrevocably, with his profound commitment to quality and collegiality.

Of the former, he unabashedly spoke frequently, including a confession that he once decked his longtime friend, colleague, and co-founder of this *Journal*, Peter Merani for once daring to try to woo Gloria-of-the-tight-sweaters. As for the latter, he never needed to speak of it, though he did often. It was evident every time he came on campus, and his Department adored him for it and sought over the 30 years that I was a part of its faculty to follow his lead as our Department more than doubled in size during his chairmanship. His picture hangs in our Departmental corridor, an unnecessary daily reminder that the Department was his legacy to all of us.

During those years that the Department grew, so did our friendship as I perhaps unceremoniously tried to fill the gap that Pete's resignation left in Eric's schedule. During a sabbatical leave, it was to Eric that my wife and I wrote our weekly insights into early 1990s life in post-communist Czechoslovakia (he particularly savored the tales of the home-made videos submitted to the local television station for its weekend "Strip at Midnight" showings). It was with Eric that we dined at the Ambassador's weekend, make-your-own-bloody-Mary brunch as often as we could for more than 20 years. It was in Eric's house that my wife and I were so

graciously received and comforted the night we returned home to find our own house, belongings, and beloved pets lost in a fire. And it was at the Ambassador that I frequently met Eric for lunch during those dreadful days when Gloria was nearing her end in a nearby hospital. We never spoke of those weekday lunches after her death, but shifted our venue to the Macaroni Grill in Timonium, where we became regulars for lunch, and sometimes for long afternoon chats when the restaurant's midday deal on large bottles of the house wine were too good to miss. I miss his friendship and the ability this May to celebrate his 82 birthday. He was a remarkable man in so many ways. He inspired collegiality, and if you ever wondered what a good man would look like these days, you only had to spend a moment with Eric. I still find myself occasionally looking for his baby-sized SUV as I walk from the faculty lot to our building, and feel the loss anew.

Eric died in September of 2015.

We have not been to the Ambassador or Macaroni Grill since.