

In
Memoriam

Charlotte Sonya Weber

1895 - 1984

Cape Cod, Massachusetts

August 13, 1984



I N
M E M O R I A M

CHARLOTTE SONYA WEBER
January 22, 1895—July 3, 1984

Cape Cod, Massachusetts August 13, 1984

Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside still waters.

He restoreth my soul;
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
for his Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil;
For thou art with me;
Thy rod and staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of mine enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life,
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

We Remember Sonni

Sonni gave us all many things;

She showed us how to live with joy and vibrancy.

She touched many lives and left her mark on them.

This had a wonderful, rippling effect.

Surely, this is a form of immortality--

She lives on in all of us,

In our thoughts, deeds and memories;

In our children and grandchildren.

We should continue to live as she showed us,

With JOY and VIBRANCY!

Let us be grateful and happy for such a legacy.

Thank you, Sonni,

For your gift of life and living.

Hertha and Jim

I Remember Sonny
(Jimmy's Thoughts--His letter July 27, 1984)

Sonny was one of the few people I knew who seemed to live life exceptionally well. She somehow got more out of it than most; and I suspect it was because she put more in.

Her passing leaves a void in me--something that still chokes me up and brings tears when I think about it.

My memories are so good about her that with time I'm sure I'll think of her and be happy and lucky to have known her.

I find I remember years' worth of experiences--Mt. Vernon, Candlewood, Puerto Rico, NYC, Exeter, Swarthmore, Austin, San Francisco, Sebastapol, Oetz and Tryon. I realize that I remember her some 34 years or so. My last visit is nowhere near the sharpest memory.

Ultimately Sonny's death reminds me I only have my relationships with people I love and who love me--Warts and all.. and so I look forward to Cape Cod.

JIM

Monday morning, beneath the "firs", in the rain at Cape Cod, in a family circle. . . .

When I think of Sonny, I think of Sonny and Ernst together--as teachers, knowing you can succeed with what you will. And following Sonny's examples, sharing her exhilaration after climbing a 3000-meter peak in Oetzal, arms raised, ready to fly. Their tremendous faith and encouragement of young people, always treating us as peers, and always with great elegance.

A meal with them was a complete event with its own past, present, and future. Spending an evening with Sonny and Ernst was like going on a voyage into another world of experience as they shared their sense of history, their personal philosophies, and their great love affair with all its romance, appreciation, and companionship with each other.

Our last images of Sonny--

Sonny with Bardin on the balcony in Oetz amid the petunias celebrating Ernst's birthday--Sonny nibbling and giggling at Bardin and a rosebub.

Always a question with Andrew and Sonny--which one would find a jause a necessity first.

For Jim, strong feelings of Sonny's very rich and very full life--her living of every moment of it.

Betsy, Jim, Andrew and Bardin

I Remember Sonny
(Karen's thoughts--Her Family letter July 26, 1984)

Sonny's passing away was not totally unexpected,
but it came as a shock nevertheless.

She was a wonderful person.

Everyone who knew her has been positively
affected by her.

We all loved Sonny and we will certainly miss her.

Karen

Pale Fire

Vladimir Nabokov

Retake the falling snow: each drifting flake,
Shapeless and slow, unsteady and opaque;
A dull dark white against the day's pale white
And abstract larches in the neutral light.
And then the gradual and dual blue
As night unites the viewer and the view.

I was the shadow of the waxwing slain
By the false azure of the windowpane.
I was the smudge of ashen fluff, and I
Lived on, flew on, in the reflected sky.

Quoted by Tom Bonnell

I had heard many stories of Sonni before I met her in the spring of 1980. She greeted me with warmth and immediately launched into a story of Tante and her boots.

I was not disappointed!

Fran

Sonny was always a late sleeper. We knew to be quiet until 9:30 or 10:00 AM. Even then she did not function well until 11:00 or 12:00 o'clock. This was not because of age.

It was because of genes, which I now proudly possess.

Bob

Sonny gave me my first taste of the forbidden fruit---Chocolate Ice-Cream!

I sucked it off her finger as my parents looked on in disbelief!

Sophie

I have many vivid memories of Sonny, but my favorite one is of Betsy, Sonny and me taking a walk around Piburg Lake.

She would walk about three feet and then find some interesting little plant on the side of the path and tell us a story about it.

She got us both so interested in the plants that it must have taken us most of the day to get around the lake.

Jesse

When we visited Sonny in Austria she was recuperating from a broken hip; yet she insisted on keeping up with everyone, especially on hikes.

I remember her as a very strong woman and a person to be idolized by everyone.

Betsy

I'll always love Sonny for her understanding,
human foundation.

Sonny, I'll always love your story-telling,
the concerts we enjoyed and learned to appreciate;
your passion for flowers, glaciers, mountains--
and jause.

And we had good laughs together.

I admire your youthful curiosity, feisty-ness and
loyalty.

And I hope to grow as you have.

Tita

I remember Sonny once saying:

"If you weren't a little bit crazy,
you'd be a complete bore."

Tom Young

Sonya Weber / Memorial Service/ August 13, 1984

Robert F. Flack

Memories of Sonny are overwhelming in number and painful in content. She was a vital member of my life and of our family. I cannot adequately relate her impact on my life; but I will share a few memories.

I have tried to remember my first images of Sonny. I must have been four or five years old at Candlewood Lake. Most of us know Candlewood as a special house, nestled on wooded slopes overlooking a beautiful lake--a piece of Oetz transplanted in America.

My image begins in the living room with vaulted ceilings. The house had a distinct odor which somehow crossed the ocean. We had finished dinner and I was put to bed in one of the small rooms directly off the living room. The night air was chilly; so I pulled the dark green wool blankets up to my chin. I listened to Sonny practising the piano, softly in the background.

It was the most beautiful thing I had heard. I was captured by the music and lulled to sleep. Later, Sonny came into the room to tuck me in. I told her the music was nice to sleep to. She smiled; but then she told me that if it was really good music, I should have stayed up to listen--not to sleep. A five-year old was baffled by that response--but also clearly impressed.

Sonny was direct; her language did not change for a five-year old. She spoke to me as an equal. And she continued to play that night, while I struggled to stay awake.

Much later in my life, Sonny met my youngest offspring, Sophie, during lunch at the Ritz. Sonny was thin and weak from sickness and old age. Movement was frequently an effort. But she insisted on escorting Ernst on his trips. She would remain his companion to her dying day.

Fran and I were invited to lunch and to visit at their hotel, which by any measure is the most comfortable, established and "proper" hotel in Boston. Sophie, of course, was also invited to lunch at the ripe old age of 6 weeks. We were in a plush dining room, surrounded by waiters and white table cloths. I was afraid that Sonny was not feeling well. And, of course, Sophie was busy being a six-week-old. We juggled, walked, bounced and otherwise struggled with Sophie throughout the meal.

I oscillated between embarrassment and frustration, when, finally at the end of the meal, Fran asked Sonny if she wanted to hold Sophie. The first seconds were stiff and a little awkward. Things quickly wound up in smiles, after a little wiggle of the legs. Within moments Sonny was busy feeding Sophie her first solid food--chocolate icecream. Icecream was all over Sophie, Sonny, the tablecloths and the floor. Sophie and the Ritz will never be the same again!

I am thankful that my children knew Sonny and I hope that their children will know of her as well. She has taught us a lot about life--and now we must learn about death.

I have been fortunate; this is my first painful loss. Although I knew that she would die and despite the inevitable conclusion, I was not prepared for the reality of the pain.

There is an analogy of the family as a chain with each person as a link. A death breaks the chain, leaving the family disoriented and in pain.

We are here to mourn Sonny's death. We are here to repair the chain and draw the links closer together. As Sonny taught us so much about life, I hope that through our grief we can open ourselves to each other and become a stronger family. I hope that as I approach the end of my life that I too can have Sonny's strength of character. I hope that my family will learn not only from my life, but also my death.

Bob

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge
from one generation to another.

Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth
her voice in the streets:
She crieth in the chief place of concourse,
in the openings of the gates.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills;
from whence cometh my strength.
My strength cometh from the Lord,
Who hath made heaven and earth.

Amen

(Excerpts from Proverbs and Psalms)

Edelweiss

Edelweiss,
Edelweiss,
Every morning you greet me.

Small and white,
Clean and bright,
You look happy to meet me.

A blossom of snow,
May you bloom and grow;
Bloom and grow forever.

Edelweiss,
Edelweiss,
Bless my homeland forever.

Sung by
Jesse and Betsy

A Prayer
(Attributed to St. Francis)

Lord, make us instruments of your peace.
Where there is hatred, let us sow love;
Where there is injury, pardon;
Where there is discord, union;
Where there is doubt, faith;
Where there is despair, hope;
Where there is darkness, light;
Where there is sadness, joy.

Grant that we may not so much seek
to be consoled as to console;
to be understood as to understand;
to be loved as to love.

For it is in giving that we receive;
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned;
And it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

Amen



Lotta Neustein
N.Y.