

Mickey Schneider    March 22, 1927 – June 21, 2014

Dad was mighty, strong, bigger than life, knew what he wanted, his presence filled the room, his voice boomed, and he left a hole in my heart big enough to drive a Mack truck through.

I've been told that people learn to cope with grief – right now I don't believe it.

While I was Shomer over his body in the chapel, I kept staring at his coffin, and had to force myself from screaming and yelling – Come Back, Don't Leave!

I remember when Dad's father died – I remember him sobbing out loud – Now I'm sobbing out loud for you, Dad.

I have a picture of Dad holding me as a baby; he was staring into my eyes. I know what he was thinking..... I will take care of you, I will love you, and you will never be lost while I am alive. Whenever I had a setback in life.....he kept me from falling thru. And whenever there was a simcha in my life, he was there, increasing everyone's joy with his enthusiasm and lust for life.

Now he is gone. I will survive and continue to thrive because of what he taught me. The secret to my good life is to be as much like him as I can.

To be a good man, I will be like my father

To be a just man, I will be like my father

To be a generous man, I will be like my father

To be loved, I will be like my father.

To be a good Jew, I will be like my father.

As a young man, I've been told and have the photos to prove it – he was pure eye candy to the young ladies.

His personality could not be contained, he loved to act and sing. His voice sang out in shul every Shabbos and Yom Tov. He loved to be in plays and I quote from the Bangor Daily News from 1953 “ ..and Martin Schneider as her explosive young husband played a difficult part with commendable aplomb.” and “Martin Schneider gives the role of Milton an expert touch with his extreme ease on the stage”.

I remember as a little kid, maybe 4 or 5 or 6, walking to shul with Dad. He made up a song that he sang to us, and I still remember it. “How are you suh.....”.

I spent many years in the store, Sklar's Kosher Meats and Deli. Dad used to make me come in every day and sweep up, straighten out shelves and wait on customers. I got to know every Jewish person in

Bangor, I learned a lot about business and people, and I received a few scars from cutting meat. But, most of all, I spent the time in the store cause Dad just wanted me around.

His genius for business became apparent when he went into real estate. The man started out with nothing and ended up with a little financial empire. He was recognized by the city of Bangor for his work for the city. At a business meeting, he overheard the CEO of a student housing company mention that he liked Pat's Pizza. Dad took that information, invited the guy to Pat's Pizza and a few years later, with foresight, excellent business acumen, persistence and passion, he closed the deal of a lifetime, and provided for his family for long after his death.

In the history of the American super bowl advertising, Mickey Schneider was the only person ever to wear a yarmulke. Is it a coincidence that GM sold every Chevy Cruise they had in inventory the next day?

Mom and Dad created a loving, strong, secure, happy home. During Shabbos and Yom Tov, the house was clean and filled with the wonderful smells of my mother's cooking. Most of all, there was a yiddisher ruach, spirit that was so strong, I could feel it. I loved that feeling of Yiddishkeit and peace, and will continue to seek it out.

He was especially happy during the "golden years" when Rabbi Isaacs was here. He loved spending time with his buddies; Henry, Irwin, Howard, Sam, Sandy, Billy, Nate and many more.

Dad, I am just so sad. I watched you take your last breath.

Goodbye my father, the tzaddik you will always live in my heart.