

REMEMBERING RABBI INDICH

The first time I met with Rabbi Indich was for him to check out my Judaism and verify that I was in fact Jewish so that I could marry my wife (Janet). The next encounter was at my wedding, after the signing of the ketuba, and then under the chupah. It was there that I had to face him and could not watch my bride walk down the aisle. I made the mistake of telling him not to move, I could see Janet in his glasses. So as a good Orthodox rabbi he removed his glasses.

We became somewhat close because of his relationship with my father-in-law and the Mayers family. When I was handed down a Torah that had been in my family for 3+ generations from my great grandfather's synagogue in Eastern Europe, I wanted to loan the Torah to be used at Golf Manor Synagogue. He said we had to make a special function out of this. And of course, we did. We had a dinner in honor of placing the Torah at the shul. This was not just any Torah but a small Torah written by a special sofer with a very unique style of writing. My parents came to Cincinnati to present the Torah to me and allow me to place the Torah in the synagogue with all the fanfare deserving of a Torah.

Rabbi Indich's family suffered from his lack of being with them so that the Jewish Community of Cincinnati could benefit from his knowledge and abilities to console others in and out of his congregation. He was always on call for anyone who needed his services!

The rabbi shared with me his special collection of Pesach Haggadahs, which I became envious of and have since started to collect on my own— not to match his by any means. I found him to be a very special person and not just a rabbi or congregational rabbi. Several of the shul's members confided in me on how his actions with them in their time of need had brought them into our shul. He was loved by all who came in contact with him whether they agreed with him or not. He was not only a man's man but truly concerned about families and their well-being.

Rabbi Indich would give classes between Mincha and Maariv and I would say to him, after having heard tapes from Rabbi Berel Wein, that he should make tapes, he should not be so stubborn as to take his knowledge to the grave with him. His comment back to me was, am I conspiring with his wife? Evidently, she also had been telling him to make tapes and pass on his knowledge.

He always told me that his plans were to go into business in New York after 10 years here and not to stay in Cincinnati as a congregational rabbi, but as we can see, G-d had other plans for him and I as one still miss him to this very day!

S. Marvin Weisberger and Family