

**Mother's Words at Jacob Kliman-Trimble's Funeral, February 19, 2006**  
**Read by Rabbi Andrew Vogel at Temple Sinai, Brookline, MA**

Jacob will always be the light of my life. He taught me how to love in a way I never thought possible. He helped me to be less serious and less judgmental. He drove me absolutely crazy and he made me laugh - a lot. I pray that Jacob knows how happy and proud I am to be his mom.

I cannot begin to put words to how grateful I am for Jacob's nineteen short years, in which he touched hundreds of hearts, above all those of his entire family. His life was short, but precious. His last months, in some ways, have been the most precious, because they brought him back to us, when he had been lost, and helped him and us to heal. I thank Heartland, and especially Jerry, who believed in him, and Ralph, who helped Jacob realize that he was a brilliant mechanic who could make a meaningful, happy, and productive life working with diesel engines. I wish he'd had the chance. I thank Delana, his birth mother, who gave my family and me the child who is dearly loved by my family and hers.

When Jacob was five, and for years after, he asked, "Mommy, why are we here?" I was astonished that such a tiny person could ask so profound a question - his spiritual quest began early and ran deep. I thank God for that spiritual place in his heart, and for all the forms it took, because his spirituality ultimately brought him back to us after his - and our - years of anguish, and helped make him whole again. He was whole the day he died, spreading sunshine among his friends, and so proud of his turning around his performance in school. In our last conversation, he told me excitedly that he had gotten all A's on his science labs. I hope he realized how proud I was of him. I am, above all, proud of his loving heart, and the light that he radiated, reflected in the faces of everyone here today.

I saw his beautiful face yesterday, unmarred by his accident, and his face showed that somehow, he found peace in his dying moments, surely knowing they were his last. I thank God for those last moments of peace.

My family is grateful to all of Jacob's friends for letting us know how he would talk about his love for us, and how he knew how much we love him, and for helping us know that he was excitedly embracing life the day he died. Knowing that gives us some measure of peace. My family is also forever grateful to the loving and dedicated teachers and counselors at Brookline High, who believed in him enough to give him another chance, and to his professional helpers who loved him and, like us, did their best. I would do anything to cry at his graduation next year, instead of at his funeral, but I will always rejoice in my beautiful boy.