



## DR. BERNARD GOLDSTEIN

March 27, 1933 - May 23, 2023

GRAVESIDE SERVICE: 11:00 A.M. THURSDAY, MAY 25, 2023, AT HEBREW MEMORIAL PARK.

Age 90 of Oak Park; died on May 23, 2023

Beloved husband of the late Jean Goldstein.

Dear father of Avery (Nancy) Goldstein, Sharon (Mayer) Hayat, Rachel (Robert) Olive.

Proud grandfather of Max, Emily, Nathaniel, Jonathan, Eliana, Austin, and Joshua.

Dr. Goldstein was preceded in death by his sister, Nissie Segal.

OFFICIATING: Rabbi Robert Gamer

INTERMENT: Hebrew Memorial Park Cemetery.

SHIVA:

The family will gather Thursday from 1:00-5:00 P.M. and Sunday through Wednesday from 5:00-9:00 P.M. Religious Services will be held nightly at 7 P.M. at the residence of Dr. Goldstein:

24311 Majestic

Oak Park, MI 48237

CONTRIBUTIONS:

The family suggests that those who wish to further honor the memory of DR. BERNARD GOLDSTEIN you may do so by making a contribution to a charity of your choice.

# Previous Events

## Shiva

MAY **25**. 1:00 PM - 5:00 PM (ET)

Residence of Dr. Goldstein  
24311 Majestic  
Oak Park, MI 48237

## Shiva

MAY **28** to **31**. 5:00 PM - 9:00 PM (ET)

Residence of Dr. Goldstein  
24311 Majestic  
Oak Park, MI 48237

*Religious Services will be held nightly at 7 P.M.*

# Tribute Wall

RG

“ *This Thursday dear Bernie will have been gone for one year. He may be gone from this physical realm, but forever in the hearts of those who were blessed to know and love him.*

---

**Ruth Grimaldi** - May 19, 2024 at 03:45 PM

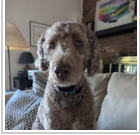
OT

“ *2 files added to the album Graveside Service*



---

**Otto** - May 25, 2023 at 01:01 PM



“ Avery, Sharon, and Rachel,

*Your Dad, Bernie was no question my favorite Uncle. Before you were born, we went over to your Mom's and Dad's house at least once per week, when they lived close to us on Greenfield, and when they bought the house in Oak Park. When I was younger my Dad took me to Eastern Market every week, and we would bring fruit and vegetables to Grandmother and your parents.*

*When I was about six years old, I started to get into building model airplanes and some cars. I brought my models over and your Dad would help me build them. It was during this time over several years I learned how meticulous your dad was. I always saw that large wood boat your Dad built, how perfect it was, and wanted one day to build one, but at that time the plastic models where about what I could do. When your Dad help me build them, everything had to be just perfect. He helped with the decals and painting and I thought the planes we built were pretty neat. When I was eight or nine years old, I talked my dad into getting a much more elaborate plane, because I thought my skills were pretty good, but it was you Dad's skill that was really good. I think the plane had about 300 pieces. Your Dad wound up building the entire plane, and I just sat there sniffing the airplane glue. Everything had to be perfect, he would sand the little parts to remove plastic left over from the molding process, and of course I would get impatient with the time it took. We worked on it every Saturday afternoon, for over a month after we returned from Eastern Market, and he returned from Synagogue. When it was done, I could not believe how beautiful that plane was how your Dad was so meticulous in sanding every part, removing the excess glue, and the paint job was unbelievable.*

*As you recall your Dad being so meticulous really paid off for me in the summer of 1976 when I had the motorcycle accident heading to Holly one evening while working at Camp Tamarack. The motorcycle was stuck in the front of the car, and I flew above the entire accident and landed 150 feet off the side of the road. Once I*

*was loaded in the Holly EMS Ambulance, I insisted that they take me to Martin Place Hospital, and call to have Dr. Bernard Goldstein meet me in the Emergency Room. They were not to receptive driving 55 miles, but since I was not in a life threatening situation they agreed. During the ride they keep checking my left leg. At first, they would not tell me what they saw, but finally they told me they could see my entire knee cap, and my bone under the knee. We arrived at Martin Place, and your Dad was there waiting for me. He had an X-ray taken and nothing was broken. I finally got to move and see the damage, and my entire knee cap was exposed and below the knee about a 3 x 4 inch section of my leg bone was totally exposed. Your Dad then spent about 2 hours pulling dirt, small gravel, and twigs out of the wound. Now came the real important part, sewing it back together and would there be enough skin. I recall that probably took another 1.5 hours. To me it seemed like it was taking forever. Somehow your Dad had a plan on how to sew it up, and in his very meticulous way he went slowly and got all the skin pulled together. Three months later you could not even see a scar, or even the little marks the stiches leave. It was amazing and I will show anyone today there is no scar, and just one little spot that the hair did not grow back. It was as good as any plastic surgeon could have done.*

*I will never forget the time in my childhood when your Dad helped me with all my models, and just how meticulous he was. As I became an adult, and did different projects I always thought about how your Dad would have done them, and tried to have a good plan, work slowly, and make the project perfect, but never came close to your Dad's standard.*

*Brian A. Sinkoff*

---

**Brian Sinkoff** - May 24, 2023 at 10:05 AM

RG

“ Dear Avery, Sharon and Rachel....saying good-bye to Bernie....I simply cannot do it. I need to see him on the bimah at Congregation Beth Shalom with his glasses perched on the tip of his adorable nose leading the nightly service bringing comfort to mourners with his gentle, kind voice. I need to remember the holidays Marv and I were fortunate to observe in Bernie and Jean’s home throughout the years. I need to remember Bernie mending something for me...me who can’t thread a needle. I need to remember Bernie walking across the front lawn with his blue blazer after conducting a lecture downtown with his gentle smile. I need to remember the time I asked Bernie if he had ever raised his voice to any of his children and he simply responded “only if they were in danger.” Bernie’s 90 years were too brief in my opinion. His material needs were minimal...his generosity was extensive. I will miss Bernie for the duration of my life, but I will never say good-bye because Bernie is not gone. He will live in my heart always. Thanks to each of you for sharing your dear daddy with me. Thanks to each of you for being the people you are because of Bernie and because of Jean. Their memories are for a blessing.

*With love always and forever,*

*Ruth Grimaldi and Marvin Petuch*

---

**Ruth Grimaldi** - May 23, 2023 at 10:56 PM

JU

*Thank you so much for this. I am one of Bernie's grandchildren, so this means a lot :')*

---

**June** - May 23, 2023 at 11:23 PM

BS

*Dear Sharon, Rachel, Avery: So sorry to learn of Bernie's passing. He was a kind and loving soul.*

*Love,  
Cousin Brandy Sinco*

---

**BRANDY SINCO** - May 24, 2023 at 08:29 AM



*My beloved fencing coach, and friend. I kept meaning to visit. I am very sorry for you loss. I was thinking of those teachers who influenced me the most. Your dad, Sharon, Rachel and Avery perhaps was the most influential person in my life. It was at your mom and dad's house we did my daughter's name. Your dad and Rabbi Nelson were fighting over the spinach dip and everyone love my wife's pav bahji (Indian dish, bread and vegetables). I remember him so much. I got busy with my own family. I miss talking with him. I never knew my dad, he was the father I never had. I loved him very much. Your dad did so much for me. I tell my children about him. He will never be forgotten. He told me when I graduated college to invite him, which I did, and it took way to long, we went to the Tower Inn, a restaurant I went to a lot as a student next to Eastern Michigan University. I wanted to tell him that I also finished my master's and I am trying to finish my Ph.D. This was important to me because I struggled a lot in school. I went back to school and worked on an associate's degree in biotechnology, Doc knew. But I did well because I remember him telling me in high school how to study and I follow his advice. I did well and it helped me to get into grad school. I never really had much support from my mom and step-dad, he was always there for advice and friendship. I miss him very much. Every memory of your mom and dad I have cherish. Like your mom telling him not to eat the Jordan almonds at my wedding party. Or when they took my wife and I to Berry and Sons in Eastern Market to get kosher goat. Bye my friend.*

---

**Jonathan Riddle** - July 13, 2023 at 12:23 PM