David Goldstein
(1918–2003)

He was born into a musical family, the youngest of four children who all studied music. His mother was musically gifted, but never had formal training, which she insisted that her children should have—despite being poor enough that they rented one of their two bedrooms to a cousin to help pay rent. David recalled that he slept in the living room, where there was only a couch and a piano; his sister would play the piano as he fell asleep.

By age three or four, David began to sing and to improvise. He attended Manhattan’s Music School Settlement, but also developed an early love of medicine.

When the time came to choose a career, he enrolled as a pre-med student at City College of New York from 1933-35. After becoming discouraged about getting into medical school, he quit school for a year to teach music. When he went back (1937-39), it was to study at CCNY for a Bachelor of Science degree in music education. He later earned a Master’s degree in composition at Columbia University, but also taught music at CCNY and later in North Dakota.

When he returned to New York City from North Dakota, he couldn’t find a teaching job. His voice teacher at the time suggested that he audition for a job in a Broadway show—and he was chosen to sing in the chorus of Resonahna (an American adaptation of Johann Strauss’s operetta Die Fledermaus), which ran 1942-44 on Broadway and was choreographed by George Balanchine—David joked that he may have been the only pediatrician to have had a dancing lesson from Balanchine.

While singing in the chorus, David completed his pre-med studies. When the Broadway production went on tour, he used the show’s various stops to apply to medical school in a number of cities. Eventually he was accepted at Long Island College of Medicine, financing his studies from 1945-49 with his singing. He finished his pediatrics training there in 1953, and joined the Health Insurance Plan of Staten Island—practicing until 1980 as a pediatrician in a large group where he had no private patients, and was able to limit his work schedule to three days a week, a few nights a month and occasional weekends. It was a perfect situation for him to continue his musical life while working as a doctor. He described himself as an “Apollonian,” since Apollo was the god of medicine but also led the muses, including music.

Goldstein remembered that he took up the recorder after running into Joel Newman, who was teaching in the Columbia University graduate school and was starting a recorder class. Newman helped Goldstein purchase a tenor recorder, which appealed to him because of its similarity to the human singing voice.

He became a good recorder player, playing in ensembles and improvising in church almost every Sunday for years. He also wrote many choral pieces for All Saints Episcopal Church in New York City, which shared those compositions with other churches in the diocese. His brother Philip, who conducted a Jewish choir in Florida, used many of his arrangements.

Even though he had little religious education, and didn’t have a bar mitzvah until after he was 60 years old, he had a strong religious feeling that came out in much of his music. "What I write is music that somebody needs."

He found another niche in writing music for special occasions or on special request. He wrote many of these types of pieces over the years when asked by fellow recorder or violin players. Starting in the late 1960s, he included rounds in Christmas cards that he sent to many friends. He also became infamous for penning limericks (publishing some in 1986).

His family recalls him often doodling in the 1950s and 1960s on a variety of types of paper and cardboard, making intricate designs or “doodle monsters” — fantastical animals and plants. He drew and painted for his own pleasure, but also had some works meticulously framed for family members, friends or patients.

He loved to travel and was delighted to give a tour of New York City to anyone who requested one—pointing out sights, providing details about architecture, and navigating with ease through the subways.

American Recorder is grateful to all those who consented to share their memories of David Goldstein, but especially to Ann McKinley, whose acquaintance with and proximity to David’s Illinois family members helped greatly with photos and background materials; and to David’s niece Vida Goldstein of Naperville, Ill., whose fondness for him is reflected in the materials she sent through Ann, much of which was collected over the years in an unofficial “family archive.” Some of the information about his youth comes from a 1978 Town & Village newspaper interview with David, written to announce a performance of his Psalm 93 in New York City, NY (before his 60th birthday).

A memorial service for David will be held on the afternoon of September 12 at Manhattan’s Corpus Christi Church. For information, e-mail Michael Zunoff <mzunoff@nyc.rr.com>.

David with his siblings from left Herman Garlan (who changed his name from Goldstein), Philip Goldstein and Rose Calodney at an October 1984 family reunion in Milwaukee, WI. (Photo courtesy of Vida Goldstein)

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I first met David Goldstein at a workshop at St. Luke’s Church in the Village; he played the tenor viol in one of my classes. During a pause between pieces, he quietly requested permission to make a phone call. He wanted to check on one of his young patients. It was then that I learned that he was a pediatrician, and more than that, a compassionate human being.

David was a serious music student before embarking on a medical career and earned a Master’s degree in composition at Columbia University. He composed an impressive number of vocal and instrumental works.

Following a familiar route, he came to the viol from the recorder. His compositions for viol were always idiomatic, and many were well within the ability of even the least experienced players. In fact, he wrote deliberately simple studies for learners, some taken from his recorder works, which many of us use in our teaching.

His transcriptions have become great favorites: hymns, Bartók dances, Swedish folk songs and popular tunes such as The Man I Love, among others. If you needed a piece for a special occasion, David Goldstein was your man, and he was delighted to be asked.

I requested a piece for a mixed workshop to celebrate July 4, 2000. David came up with a suite of 14 pieces, one for each of the original colonies plus an overture.

His setting of the 23rd psalm for viol and speaker (originally written for Martha Bishop in her oboist role) was his own favorite. Ironically, his most effective pieces were those he wrote in memory of departed friends such as gambists Robert Mottinger and Richard Bodig.

David Goldstein’s playful side was revealed most vividly in his many limericks. A collection was published by Provincetown Bookshop Editions in 1986, and he triumphantly sent me a copy. Here is one example, scribbled in the margin of the last note I received from him:

Music did not begin when man sang
Nor when the first “bow-string” went “twang”
Nor with reed nor with horn
No, sweet music was born
With percussion—first came the big bang!

Judith Davidoff, New York City, NY
(edited from a piece that appeared in the December 2003 VdGSA News)

If you needed a piece for a special occasion, David Goldstein was your man.

It was midnight and I was more nervous than I’d ever remembered being in a musical setting. I was in a large orchestral class at the Amherst workshop, led by Alejandro Planchart. He had decided we ought to perform in the next afternoon’s student concert. There were only two recorder players in the class, and I had been chosen to play soprano in a Guami piece that was, for me, terribly complicated by timing and rhythmic difficulties. I knew if I messed up at any point, I might bring the piece crashing down on us all.

I had gone into a practice room and started trying to untangle my insecurities. All of a sudden, a little man appeared, smiling, and asked what I was working so hard upon. He told me that since an operation a few months before, he hadn’t been able to sleep through the nights and spent time walking around the campus.

I had heard of the composer David Goldstein but wasn’t sure if this friendly stranger was indeed the same person. He began asking me to play phrases of the Guami. I remember nothing negative, just waves of constant reinforcement and praise for how well I was doing. He kept this up for something like two hours, calming me down and encouraging me. By the time he left, I was still somewhat nervous, but was strengthened sufficiently to be able to survive our concert presentation the next afternoon.

That was the start of my friendship with David Goldstein, who indeed was the same person as the composer. Soon he began sending me packages of music, little greeting cards and notes at Easter and Christmas containing rounds, and letters telling me what he had been working on.

In the late 1980s, after he issued his invitation in American Recorder for people to send him requests to arrange pieces for them, our correspondence became much more regular and lengthy. I was one of his admirers who many times took him up on his offer, and eventually almost all of one of my bookshelves became the Goldstein shelf, loaded with original pieces as well as arrangements and reworkings of folk songs he had come across from Poland, Brazil and numerous other places.

As years went by and I became called upon to present recorder workshops, I always found it desirable to include at least one or two of his pieces—and, knowing of his deep interest in Roger Williams and his advocacy of religious freedom, I prevailed upon David to come to Rhode Island and run a recorder music composers’ seminar and a playing session for our members.

After we finished, I took him to the huge statue of Williams that overlooks the city he founded, and as the sun set, David threw out his arms and shouted, “At last, I’ve come to Providence!”

In September 2003, I attended the board meeting of the American Recorder Society in Denver, CO. On Sunday morning, the last of our sessions was about to start. I had been asked to pick a piece and lead everyone in it. I had advocated giving David a lifetime achievement award and finding a home for his many unpublished works, and I had brought several samples of his unpublished compositions to show the group. I chose one, his In Memory of Andrew, a tribute to the recorder teacher and performer Andrew Acs; we played it and I was happy to see that everyone shared my enthusiasm. [This piece is now published as the Members’ Library Edition that accompanies this issue.]

It wasn’t until I returned home that I found out David had passed away during our meeting. It is a consolation to me that, as he passed from this world, friends and admirers of his were celebrating his creativity, generosity and the great sense of joy that he brought to everyone around him. I will miss him always, but I am so grateful and enriched by knowing him, starting when he came in out of the night to help me with that Guami part long ago.

Richard Carbone, Greenville, RI
The Performers’ Perspective

On February 18, the consort Chelsea Winds honored David Goldstein with a concert in his memory. Held in the neo-Gothic chapel of New York City’s General Theological Seminary, “The Art of David Goldstein, Framed” celebrated Goldstein’s love of the recorder—and of counterpoint.

Although the tribute focused on Goldstein’s recorder music, it began and ended with selections from J. S. Bach’s The Art of the Fugue, which “framed” the work of the master’s modern-day disciple. The juxtaposition was well-timed, in the view of composer David Hurd, professor of church music at the seminary and co-founder of Chelsea Winds.

“David considered Art of Fugue one of the summits of composition, and he wrote excellent counterpoint,” Hurd says. “His cleverness and contrapuntal skill were resonant with the cleverness and meticulous construction that Bach displayed. I thought we might honor him by interweaving Bach’s sublime counterpoint with compositions of his own.”

The concert included two highly contrapuntal sets of Goldstein’s hymn Preludes, one for trio and one for quartet; the three-movement Chanukah Suite (Attack and Mourning in the Temple, Prayer, Dance of Triumph); Chanukah Songs, an arrangement of two traditional melodies; Slow Dance, Fast Dance, first published by the ARS in 1970; Savoy Suite, a light-hearted collection of Gilbert & Sullivan tunes arranged for recorders; and Isaiah 2:2-5, a 1993 composition for seven recorders (soprano through contra bass) plus narrator. Isaiah also contains a melodic, 10-bar section, sung a cappella, of the verse in that Biblical text that begins “And they shall beat their swords into plowshares…”

The concert concluded with The Art of the Fugue’s final, incomplete contrapunctus. Chelsea Winds played through to the place where Bach stopped writing, trailing off mid-stream as the unfinished voices ran out. A pause followed. Then a slow, meditative tenor solo introduced Vor denen Thron tritt ich hiermit (Before your throne I now appear), an organ chorale that Bach is said to have dictated on his deathbed. It is hard to think of a more appropriate conclusion to a concert honoring a composer who loved counterpoint.

As Hurd points out, a love of counterpoint was not limited to Goldstein’s formal compositions, but also appeared in his annual Christmas greeting. “David would send out a little canon in two to four voices. He would write the text and the music and send it to his friends.”

Playing the recorder was another idea Hurd got from Goldstein. In 1983, Hurd became music director at All Saints Church. He recalls, “David had been there for many years. He composed psalm settings that were used every Sunday. He also improvised on his recorder, alto or tenor, during the communion. It was a nice touch. He was instrumental in re-igniting my childhood love of the recorder.”

That love eventually inspired Hurd and Gregory Eaton, director of music and organist at St. Ann & the Holy Trinity Episcopal Church in Brooklyn Heights, to create Chelsea Winds, an ensemble that varies from two to eight members. Performers at the February event were Hurd and Eaton, Anita Randolfi, Barrie and Lucinda Mosher, Amanda Pond, Nancy Hathaway, and narrator Jonathan Linman.

Goldstein was well-acquainted with the group. “David loved to hear his music performed,” Hurd says. “If you told him you were going to play something he wrote, he was there. He came to hear Chelsea Winds several times.” So many musicians knew David Goldstein. They knew his music and his wit, and they knew that he would have been there if he could.

Nancy Hathaway, New York City, NY

I met David first in the 1960s at the Prowincetown Collegium. Every morning, I sat at his breakfast table and heard his limericks, poems and jokes. I thought he was the funniest, most wonderful fellow.

Back in NYC, he and I kept meeting each other at recorder sessions, but didn’t really become friends. Then I found that, if I went to some kind of offbeat music event that nobody else went to, I kept running into him. There we were: David and I. So we became friends and had a wonderful time.

Later, in more recent years, we started playing together in a recorder quartet. We played every other week with Shirley Dresler and Shirley Coon, and we really enjoyed it. He was such a good musician: he could really hold a piece together, and enjoyed doing it. We played his music all the time, and listened to it, and loved it.

Years ago, he traveled with a touring opera company that was performing Richard Strauss’s opera Die Fledermaus. I knew this, and I asked him to go to the Metropolitan Opera to see a performance of that opera with me, and he told me so much about that trip—how I wish I had written it down! In every city where the tour stopped to perform, he looked up any medical schools and applied to go there. I don’t know how many, but he applied to a lot of schools. Of course, he ended up getting into medical school here in New York City, and then became a pediatrician and stayed here.

I called him just a few days before he died, to see if I could come down and visit him. It was the end of the summer and we weren’t playing then, so I hadn’t seen him in a while. He told me to wait just a couple of days to come over, but then I didn’t get to see him again.

I’m just a memory collector, and he gave me so many good memories.

Liddy Guiter, New York City, NY
A Ballad of Two Composers

David Goldstein's Southwest of Baroque Suite was my first introduction to his music. Trying valiantly to learn it, a friend and I were absolutely delighted with its humor. Indeed, the music brought me so much pleasure that I decided to send a note to Joel Newman and he in turn sent my note on to David.

This was in April 1992. I soon received a fine letter from David, who informed me that if there were other things by him I could use. He referred to the Bass Sonata "which will be published this fall" (1992), "without the title which I like but Prof. Newman does not!" i.e., "Sonata in Gee Whiz I Can Play It on my Bass Recorder and Harpsichord." He informed me that his "note paper is discarded copies of first versions," and so it proved.

By the time I got around to replying to David in late June, I had attended the Early Music Festival in Whitewater, WI, where I participated in a session during which we actually played through David's Bass Sonata and I heard comments about his Musical Limericks, which had deeply impressed people a year or two before. In my letter I told David about myself and sent him one of my Bantam Ballads.

He answered a week or so later, informing me that he had just turned 74 and enclosing a nicely printed sonnet about old age that he said "becomes even more relevant as the years go by." He later sent me a modified version of the poem in his own hand, somewhat darker in tone; that version is included below.

There seems to be a gap of three years before David and I resumed our correspondence. I had retired, and with Viola and Earl Manning, played fairly regularly on the local circuit of retirement/nursing homes; we usually included some of David's music on our programs. In an October letter to David, I said: "at a retirement home, when I read to them your sonnet on aging, the response was gratifyingly powerful: they...really clapped—the best hand we got, actually." I went on: "Flushed with this success, I thought it appropriate to read the poem for the Chicago Chapter, made up, to be sure, of an audience somewhat younger....Including the poem added another dimension to their perception of you, which is good."

In January 1996, I again wrote to David, urging him to send us music and angling for something for three players with the humor of Southwest of Baroque. I found out that his niece Vida Goldstein (who has kept her maiden name) lives in Naperville, IL, as do I.

Then, more silence until April 1998, when some friends and I played David's music on a recital at the Naper Settlement (a 19th-century village with preserved buildings and assorted activities to entertain children). The staff features recorder players at Christmas, so we already had an "in."

We began with the Sonata for Bass Recorder and Keyboard—I on my electronic keyboard, and the solo part played by James Heup. David's niece Vida came, with her daughter Rachel, who had taken an English class with Jim earlier that year at Naperville Central High School. (Our link with David grew stronger still.) We then played an assortment of shorter Goldstein pieces for various combinations of recorders. We ended with his Easter Round.

Our success further emboldened me to write to David to ask if he would be willing to come to Chicago to run a chapter meeting devoted to his music. On June 16, 1998, he replied, "five years ago I would have jumped at the chance to conduct a recorder society meeting in Chicago. I will be 80 next week. The number itself does not deter me, but in the past two years I have aged a lot. My energy level is down. Age is the time when initiative is replaced by inertia." However, David said he was still composing, although "everything seems to take longer these days and I never seem to catch up with myself."

Later in the letter he said: "I would be delighted to write something special for Chicago as long as I don't have to buy tickets, get on a plane, and be met and disposed of... Oh old age!"

As a PS, he said his "favorite piece in Southwest of Baroque was the Soft Shoe (which has been danced to); this prompted me to schedule it that way in Chicago. (Louise Austin was the dancer.)"

In July, when I began to plan the Chicago program, I asked if he would write a piece for the chapter, "something challenging," I could ask the Oak Park Recorder Society (with members who played together every Tuesday evening—David Fitzgerald, director) to learn the piece first: they'd play it for the chapter at the session, then everyone would play.

I planned to vary the program by mixing group playing with the Bass Sonata and chamber music pieces—that is, things not really suited to a large group.

Later that month David claimed to be revitalized and initiated a flow of pieces from NYC to Naperville, asking, "are you interested in Rounds?" (of course); and commenting, "I'm writing a tenor recorder solo sonata but it's going slowly."

"I'm writing a tenor
recorder solo sonata
but it's going slowly."

He responded to my request for a picture by saying: "I hate pictures of me. I'm still corresponding with a pupil to whom I taught English in Wildrose ND in 1941. She was one of my juniors, her husband one of my seniors. I sang at their wedding in Brooklyn (in Latin and Norwegian)." [I have to assume that that Brooklyn was in North Dakota.] "She recently sent me a picture of their 50th anniversary & I didn't recognize those old people! What did I look like then & what do I look like now? I hate photographers."

In November the flow of letters resumed. By that time the two Davids—Goldstein and Fitzgerald—had established contact and were identifying Chicago sites in order to name the pieces. I put my oak in, mentioning Frank Lloyd Wright and a PBS program about him. From there I went on to the nitty-gritty of planning. Later that month David responded to my reference on "FLWright. I guess," he said, "a great deal can be forgiven to a genius— and he certainly was one. I love the Guggenheim Museum (Flying Saucer
A Partial List of David Goldstein’s Publications

Goldstein’s music has appeared at various times over the years in American Recorder—including a handwritten set of two dances published in the fall 1970 issue of AR, the first piece of music published for its members by the ARS. Two of his arrangements—of “Anne Laurie” and “Little Brown Church in the Vale”—make up the fourth edition of the ARS Members’ Library, published in 1990 as Sentimental Songs. The current issue of the Members’ Library is his piece for Andrew Acs, In Memory of Andrew.

Joel Newman has compiled what he thinks to be a partial list of the published compositions and arrangements by David Goldstein. Please let American Recorder know of any other pieces of which you are aware.

ARS EDITIONS, P.C. Schirmer (formerly Galaxy Music Corp.)
- Bartok: Hungarian Children’s Songs, arr. for SATB Recorder (ARS Ed. 65)
- Bartok: Hungarian Folk Song Settings, arr. for SAT Recorders (ARS Ed. 43)
- Chanukah Suite for SAT Recorders (ARS Ed. 82)

PEACOCK PRESS, Scout Bottom Farm, Myths of England, Hebden Bridge, England
- Savoy Suite, arr. from Gilbert & Sullivan operettas for SATB Recorders

POLYPHONIC PUBLICATIONS, 64 Rinaldo Rd., Northport, NY 11768
- Duets for Basses (PP-61)
- Trios for Basses (PP-62)
- Quartets for Basses (PP-88)
- Isaiah 52:2-5 for Recorder Orchestra & Voice

PRB Productions, 963 Peralta Ave., Albany CA 94706
- Bartok: 10 Pieces, arr. for five viols
- Daybreak for four viols
- A Pleasant Suite for two viols

Provincetown Bookshop Music Editions
- Bicinia on Christmas Carols
- Hymn Preludes for Two
- Hymn Preludes for Three
- Hymn Preludes for Four
- Jewish Festival Songs
- Musical Limericks (light verse)
- Sentimental Songs & Favorite Hymns
- Sonata for Bass Recorder & Keyboard
- Sonata for Tenor Recorder & Piano
- Southwest of Baroque ("Cowboy" Duos)
- Michael East: 20 Light Fantasias for Recorder Trio

ARS Launches Goldstein Fund

Shortly after the death of long-time ARS friend David Goldstein, the ARS board voted to establish a separate fund in his memory. David was an avid recorder and gamba player, composer and arranger. His generosity and kind spirit touched many lives.

David was the first recipient of the ARS Presidential Special Honor Award, presented to him in absentia during the 2003 Boson Early Music Festival.

The Goldstein Fund will support the publication through ARS of some of David’s music and the works of other promising composers and arrangers. The proceeds from the sale of these editions will be split equally between the Goldstein Fund and ARS scholarships.

Since its inception, donations to this fund exceed $600, including contributions of pledges from every Board member.

This is a wonderful opportunity to honor the memory of an exceptional ARS member and to support the publication of new music for the recorder. We frequently hear from ARS members that they would like to see more recorder music available, especially music that is both playable and rewarding. Contributions to the fund will help make this possible.

Please contact the ARS office directly if you are interested in making a contribution to the Goldstein Fund.

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(1918-2003)

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Landing Station) but a friend of mine can't stand it. It makes her sea-sick.”

December 8: “Here is some stuff for you” (for the Chicago set). ”The Bronze Town” was written many years ago for New Orleans for 3 gambes & has never been done since. But I liked the tune & the rhythm, so I completely rewrote it for recorders. Except for the melody it is a completely new piece.” (He double-underlined “completely” to assure us we weren’t getting second-hand goods.)

“Also enclosed is my 23 Psalm, originally for Baroque oboe and gamba. It’s my favorite of everything I’ve ever composed.” And no wonder; we performed it twice that day in Chicago. The two-part counterpoint for instruments is heartbreakingly beautiful.
January 29, 1999: David said of the speaker’s part, “it is to be spoken over the 2 playing lines, roughly at the times indicated, but not rhythmically precisely with the music.” The speaker’s part fell to me. I didn’t do it well. As I found out when watching the video, I was too stiff.

He continued: “Psalm 33 [also enclosed] is the piece I wrote for my great niece Rachel. Aas, the woman who read the psalm could not read music so the recorder player (I) had to fit the music to the words rather than the other way around. If the music & word interaction does not make sense, I can rewrite it more clearly. Since I was playing it, that was not necessary. I think it’s a fine piece for tenor recorder.”

Recently, with Vida Goldstein in Naperville, I watched the video of Rachel’s Bat Mitzvah. And there was David—he had come to Naperville for the service—so I got to see him in the video, playing his tenor and adapting to the woman entrusted with the text.

On January 8, 1999, he raised a small point about my “computerization” of his music that he said was “great but do I want 8 over Soprano and Bass lines.” I spoke to this in my reply two days later, explaining that FINALE didn’t offer that clef option (this was 1999, remember) and that I wasn’t crazy about putting in all those little eights one at a time—although it was possible that such an option was buried in the program somewhere. This seems to have been the case since the final version has soprano and bass clefs with nice little eights.

Through February into March 1999, we continued the letter-exchange, sometimes focusing on our Chicago concerns, but sometimes digressing to other interests, both sacred and profane.

David’s background was remarkably ecumenical. Knowing me to be a Catholic, on February 23 he wrote: “As to the Latin Mass, I think it is one of the great artistic creations of man, even if “Blessed is he” is a direct translation of the Hebrew Baruch haba b’shem Adonai. Did I ever send you my round with those words in three languages? The Latin Mass Ordinary will be OUT except officially. I think anyone who is used to it knows what the words mean (which is the only excuse for a translation). I believe it is Robert Frost who said, “Poetry is what gets lost in translation.”

In late March, David kindly thanked me for “reviving” him. “Your event gives me the incentive to keep going. But I still resist travel for health reasons. Tomorrow I will entrain for Washington D.C. to lead the singing at my niece’s Seder. I have no idea if my voice will hold out or if I will have the drive to accompany the singing on the piano. This may be the last year I will attempt this, but it is in God’s hands.”

Early in April he said: “Vida came to the Seder at my niece Toni’s house. It’s so good to know that these first cousins are on such close terms even though they live so far apart… I saw Vida’s video tape [of the Chicago event] at Toni’s house. I got the impression that every one was having a wonderful time, and I loved the notes so many people sent me. Now I am ready to compose and/or arrange some more. Suggestions?”

To end my tribute to David, I want to tell of a happy coincidence. In March 2004, I went to Vida Goldstein’s house to pick up my videotape of the Chicago 1999 chapter meeting. Vida, as the family historian, has a wealth of items illuminating David’s life. Among the items that she photocopied for me was an undated newspaper clipping headed It’s Your Opinion that included a letter from grateful parents, praising Dr. David Goldstein for the way he had taken care of their hospitalized two-year-old daughter. He had arrived at the hospital at 1:20 a.m. and had refused to leave until he could be sure the child would be all right.

“I excused myself, stepped aside, and said ‘God, I don’t really believe in you but this baby and I need your help desperately.’”

Within days of learning about David and the sick child, I again read through the letters from which I have quoted above. In August 1999, as David and I had exchanged accounts of what, in his words, were “supra-normal experiences,” he told me this story: “Shortly after I started practice… I was in the hospital at 3 a.m. with a very sick baby. I thought through every thing I knew and couldn’t decide what to do. So I excused myself, stepped aside, and said ‘God, I don’t really believe in you but this baby and I need your help desperately.’ And I knew what to do and I did it, and the baby got better. Since then I never really doubted and I asked for help several times, & I always got it!”

David saved that clipping and years later he still remembered the baby. Surely there you have the measure of the man!

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Ann McKinley