



FRIENDS  
OF ALTA



In Memory of  
Jean and Harold Berlfein  
September 11, 2015 | Memorial Grove | Alta, UT









## REMEMBERENCES

Our first ski adventure to Alta was the winter of 1965. Our family ranged in age from 7 to 47. We returned every Christmas for many years until we all were teenagers and went off to college. But the trips were re-instated once we started raising our own families. The last time our folks were able to join us was sometime around 2004. At 86, our dad still made it out onto the slopes. While he was hesitant to go -- he was grateful that he took the chance; he loved the cold fresh air, the stillness while skiing through the trees, the beautiful soft powder. Our mother took part in all the winter fun, but was a true fan of Alta in summer. With camera around her neck and wild flower guide in hand, she was, as we liked to think, in heaven. What better place to have them remembered.

Jean Reiss Berlfein

Our mom died Wednesday (February 13, 2013). Jean Reiss Berlfein. We knew her by the things she loved. Her family. Sitting in the sun. Weeding in her garden. Taking photos of kids. Taking photos of family. Taking photos in India, Africa, China. Quietly shepherding the family. Planning unconventional adventures. Riding her bicycle anywhere. Wearing blue jeans with one pant leg rolled up so she didn't get grease on it. Hand crafting innovative New Year's cards when cut and paste meant cut and paste. Hiding Wrigley's gum in the hutch in the entry hall for the grandkids to find. Being barefoot. Swimming in a mountain lake. Her idea of heaven was Alta, Utah in the summertime. We all hope that's where you are now, mom. Sitting in a field, in the middle of wildflowers, sun on your back, blue, blue sky, camera around your neck and a piece of dark chocolate in your hand. We miss you.

Harold Mattes Berlfein

Our dad died Friday (August 15, 2014). Harold Mattes Berlfein. We knew him by the things he loved. He loved to schmooze. He would talk to cabbies, nobel laureates, and school children around the world. He could say, "It's a pleasure to meet you," in 32 languages. He loved to learn; to ask questions, to study, to problem solve. Anything and everything--The Torah. His computer. Physics, philosophy, mathematics. Learning trumped everything. Except for teaching. He loved to teach; young people, people just starting out in business, his daughters and his grandchildren. At the head of the seder table, from his bicycle, on the ski slopes. Teaching trumped everything. Except for family. His generosity was boundless. He said yes to anything--if it strengthened family ties. Dad, you and mom have sown the seeds. We listened and learned. We not only survive you, but we thrive from your example. Go find mom and take a dip in that cold mountain lake. Someday we will all meet you there.

The Berlfein sisters: Davia Rivka, Jan Burns, Eliana Berlfein, and Judy Berlfein





**Berfien Memorial Trees 2015**

**MEMORIAL GROVE**

Harold Berfien  
Jean Berfien

