



Howard Rubenstein

September 18, 1948 - October 1, 2016

Howard Gary Rubenstein(Sept. 18, 1948 - Oct. 1, 2016)

He was the middle child of a male triumverate of sons born to Samuel and Gloria Keller Rubenstein.

Howard passed away from his earthly life in the early morning hours of Oct. 1, 2016 in Metropolitan Methodist Hospital in San Antonio, Texas at the age of 68. His devoted niece Jessica Rubenstein Morse was with him until several hours before his passing.

Howard was born Sept. 18, 1948 in Endicott, New York at 5:45 or 6:15 PM.

The exact time is questionable because of how I saw the wall clock behind me as he came into the world.

He is preceded in death by his father Samuel Rubenstein. He is survived by his mother Gloria Keller Rubenstein, his brothers Lawrence and Richard Rubenstein, his cousins Susan Yeager, Janet and Lisa Serman, his nieces Jessica Rubenstein Morse and Melissa Rubenstein, grand nephews Alex and Sam Hunter, grand neice Adrienne Rubenstein and many other related family members.

Tribute to my dear child:

Howard's teen years were occupied by his activity in the FFA (Future Farmers of America) and raising his prize winning, pride and joy, Charolais calf which he nicknamed Snowball - a perfect moniker for the totally white color of this calf. He also started to raise some lambs and a small pig he kept in the

backyard of our neighbor's house. He would also find stray dogs and bring them home saying: "Don't worry mom; I'll take care of them." Of course, that lasted just about as long as the words coming out of his mouth; at which point I would take over. Once I specifically recall he brought home a stray and named it Susie Q after his cousin Susan who came to visit us in Laredo after we had gone to Buffalo, New York to visit family. Susan had lost her mother shortly before that when she was just 16 years young. We had a wonderful Summer - a healing process for all of us. She will be here with us for Howard's funeral service and burial.

Janet Sterman (who lives in Newton, Mass) and her mom, my baby sister Kate (of blessed memory), attended Howard's Bar Mitzvah 55 years ago. My sister always recalled, with great hilarity, when Howard recited his Haftorah with a Southern accent. The Yankee born Howard had become a true Southerner.

Fifty-five years ago it was a true first when celebrants arrived to honor and feast with the family and were greeted to an ice sculpture of the Bar Mitzvah young man in his religious apparel and reading his Haftorah. The festivities lasted much longer than the ice sculpture!

Less than 5 years later mental illness took hold of Howard and never let go until he found peace by leaving his earthly life.

During this 50 year descent, he was in many private facilities and programs from West Coast to East Coast in the attempt to help him get better, but it was to no avail. After that, he became part of the Texas Public Health System.

In 1990 he was admitted to Austin State Hospital under court order because of a criminal incident. He was scheduled to be imprisoned but I prevailed after a trip to Austin and meeting with the presiding judge. The judge was convinced that Howard was not a criminal, he was mentally ill and should be in a treatment facility; not prison. He was placed in the Texas State Hospitals system where he remained for the remainder of his life (26 years). I will always be grateful to the judge for making this informed decision.

Howard was in the Kerrville State Hospital from 2004 until 2016. He became

seriously physically ill on September 18, 2016 (his birthday) and was moved to an Intensive Care unit in Peterson Hospital in Kerrville. He was later moved to Metropolitan Methodist Hospital in San Antonio for intensive and hopefully life saving care for his many physical maladies. This was not to be, and he succumbed in the early morning hours of Oct. 1, 2016. He passed peacefully into the next life.

I am thankful to the staff of Kerrville State Hospital for the loving care and attention they gave Howard during his life there. They were like family to him and they made his life there a happy and safe one.

I regularly sent Howard clothes, snacks and his weekly allowance. He always looked forward to receiving these care packages, especially his allowance. He loved taking his allowance and going to the hospital canteen where he was free to buy whatever his heart, stomach and taste buds desired.

It is my intention to set up the Howard G Rubenstein Canteen Spending Fund to honor his memory in perpetuity. This will permit, when allowed, a patient (who earns it) to have a "taco or two" (Howard's favorite food) or whatever they choose; Howard's treat! This would please Howard. All donations will become part of this tribute fund.

I want to end this by saying to all who have loved one suffering the throes of this devastating illness: "NEVER GIVE UP OR ABANDON EFFORTS ON THEIR BEHALF". Family and loved ones are the key for them. I never, never gave up in 50 years.