



Muray A. Friedman

October 10, 1936 - May 28, 2019

Obituary for Muray A. Friedman (Ray)

Muray A. Friedman, 82, of Hollywood, Florida, passed away peacefully in his sleep on May 28, 2019. He was the loving father of Judi Friedman and David (MaryBeth) Friedman, beloved of Yolanda Ortiz (his Yoly), father-figure to Yoly's daughters Francine, Melanie, Valerie, and Derly, dear brother of Helene Genser, loving uncle of Holly Genser, cherished grampa Ray-Ray of Abraham, Morgan and Yoly's grandchildren Isabella, Nicole, and James, best friend to Buddy, and both mentor and friend to so many.

Muray spent his career in Rhode Island helping children who suffered from abuse and neglect. He fought for them in every way he could, including by blowing the whistle on abuse and neglect at the Children Center, the very institution that was supposed to be taking care of their charges. After helping to get the facility where he worked shut down, he became an investigator and ultimately a supervisor at the Rhode Island Department for Children and Their Families, helping to create innovative approaches to investigating child abuse and setting high standards of accountability for himself and those who worked for him.

After retirement, he continued those efforts by volunteering with Stand Up For Kids, helping homeless and street kids find their paths. He spent much of his life finding other ways to use his knowledge and wisdom to help others. To many of them, he was Ray, who would counsel young and old at Shennanigans, or wherever he crossed their paths. To all of us, he was someone who encouraged and pushed us to become more than we thought we could be, and helped us believe that it was possible.

All along, he pursued his passions of gardening, photography, antiques, stocks, driving too fast, fishing, canoeing, and kayaking.

His garden in Rhode Island was legendary, filling almost every open space in the back yard, along with beautiful flowers in the front yard. There were so many fruits and vegetables that he had trouble giving away all the extras, which led to tipsy squirrels

eating unintentionally fermented apricots and Judi and David covered in tomato guts from their occasional rotten tomato battles.

His photography was beautiful and artistic. His photos fill his walls and those of many others. He loved experimenting, including with software to enhance the images into their own kind of artwork, and printing on a variety of medium.

Murray was also a poet, having created a binder full of his thoughts, feelings and dreams. His favorite book was *The Book Thief*, which he loved for the beautiful writing, the story of a young girl, Liselle, and Max, a Jewish fist-fighter, during the Holocaust, and the narrator—Death, who collected souls and saw colors before anything else, the full spectrum representing each part of us, noble and not. If you have not read it, I know he would like you to.

Time and again, Death began to approach, but Murray was not ready. Prostate cancer could not take him. Neither could a shattered hip. Leukemia tried very hard, more than once, but ultimately failed. Perhaps, like Liselle, Death found that Murray distracted him as he worked, so kept coming back, just to watch and experience the life that was Murray... Ray. In the end, after a difficult last mile on his journey, Murray was ready to be collected and his full spectrum revealed.

Murray settled in a home with a view of one of Florida's beautiful canals. Thankfully, that is where he was able to pass, just feet from the beautiful gardens he created, the canal where he helped teach Abe, Morgan and many in Yoly's family to fish and kayak; where wildlife, from manatees to herons, ducks and iguana regularly brought him joy; and where he shared the last years of his life with all those he loved and cherished.

We all miss him so much and are deeply thankful to have had our time with him.

In lieu of flowers, please help support the Miami chapter of Stand Up For Kids in his memory:

<http://www.standupforkids.org/> (donation page—<https://donatenow.networkforgood.org/standupforkid>)

For service information please email: D_J_Friedman@yahoo.com)

Comments



“ When I first met Muray, my future brother-in-law, I was a young college kid who viewed him as a beatnik with an imposing presence, a huge heart, and a social consciousness and activism that I had never been exposed to before. Watching Muray work with the kids at the children's center was eye opening, seeing the love and caring in his no nonsense approach. The years and our bad backs have kept us apart, but I will fondly remember his deep booming voice and quick laugh. Mostly, however, I will remember how much he loved his own children, David and Judi, and how proud he was that they, too, work in fields where they are helping others rather than searching for monetary wealth. Muray left a strong legacy of love and caring for others, a life well lived.

Ken Quilty

Ken - June 04, 2019 at 11:36 AM



“ Muray was a kind caring man who was so cool! He was the only one of our best friend's fathers that had / rode a motorcycle. He was coool!

He loved people and was genuinely interested and cared about and for all. He was a wise man who was always there is you needed advice or wanted to talk something through. He was always honest about his thoughts and had an open mind. He loved to talk and express himself in many ways. I am so sorry for your loss and that I cannot be there with you to celebrate this wonderful being. You are all in my thoughts and prayers! Xoxoxo

Kim OConnell - May 30, 2019 at 09:41 PM