

Dear Mr. Greenbaum, ^{עיר}

My name is Yehudit
Friedman and I was a
student of your wife ^{סו}. Morah
Hayman was my teacher in 2nd,
7th and 8th grade, tutored me privately
and spoke at my Bat Mitzvah. I
would love if you could come share
in my ^{סו} as I would have loved
if Morah Hayman could be there.

She had a great impact on
my life and I'm am very
greatful to her for all she did.

Yehudit

PLAINTIFF'S
EXHIBIT

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Morah Hayman z'l was not only one of the greatest teachers of all time, she was also one of the most beautiful and inspiring people I have had the Zchus of knowing. Morah Hayman instilled in her students, and especially me, a love of learning and a love of life. She made me realize how lucky I was. One important message that she conveyed, was that no matter how hard your life is, it can only get better, and it will with the help of the Ribono Shel Olam, get better.

Morah Hayman opened my eyes to the beauty and positivity of this world. Morah Hayman didn't see the cup as half full, she saw what Dovid Hamelech saw: Cosi Rivayah, she saw her cup as overflowing with goodness and brachos. And that is how she taught me to see everything. That's how Morah Hayman taught me to see my whole life- it's constantly overflowing with Brachos from Hakadosh Baruch Hu.

No matter what, Morah Hayman always had a smile on her face. I can't even recall a time when she wasn't smiling and speaking about something in a positive way. She never looked at anything in a negative way, and I always wished in my heart that someday I too would be able to look at life with that same positivity and cheerfulness.

Morah Hayman taught me that things that seem to us on the surface bad and harsh, are really blessings in disguise, and wonderful things will come from this seemingly harsh thing.

Morah Hayman was so beautiful, inside and out. I still remember so clearly the pesukim in Devarim that she taught me. I remember how she taught us with such enthusiasm for learning. She taught us with such grace and poise.

Morah Hayman was a Tzadekes in every sense of the word. She impacted so many lives. In this difficult time in my life, after losing my Morah, who was so dear to me, I have to remember what Morah Hayman taught me. That from this difficult and harsh time, will come so much good. I miss Morah Hayman so much and I never got to thank her for all that she gave me. But then again, words can't describe how grateful I am to her, for teaching me and guiding me and for being there for me when I needed her. I know that Morah Hayman's legacy will, G-d Willing, live on forever. She changed so many lives and she helped us all. And I know, that in some way, Morah Hayman is still helping us and still taking care of us from Shamayaim.

I love Morah Hayman and miss her beyond words.

Her Humble Student,

Chaya ~~██████████~~

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hayman,

I was a student of your daughter and I heard about her tragic death. Your daughter taught me for 3 years - 2nd, 7th, + 8th grade. I am now about to begin 11th grade and much of what your daughter taught me still remains with me. I know that nothing I say will lessen your pain and loss that you must be feeling. However, I felt the need to share the way in which your daughter impacted my life. She most effected my life, not as a teacher, but as a person. She showed so much enthusiasm in teaching her students for it was a job that she loved. She taught with patience and most especially, with love.

Looking back on the years that she taught me, I can't recall a time when she yelled at us. She always had a smile on her face and everyone felt her warmth. I look up to your daughter as a role model, as do many of my friends.


When I heard about her death I was in camp, and my entire bunk sat around discussing your daughter for she taught many of us. I was wondering how such a terrible tragedy could happen to such a good person. I was at first very discouraged, but it's not our job to question G-d. Instead I am trying to work on myself to follow in the ways of your daughter. I hope that in this way she will not be forgotten.

I am not sure how you will react to this letter, but I felt a need to tell you how she impacted my life and still effects me. I can not begin to tell you how sorry I am for your loss. I, who only had the privelage of knowing your daughter as a teacher,

feel such a great loss, how much more so for those closest to her. I am sure that it will take a long time for you to be comforted, but I hope this ~~less~~ letter brings you some comfort knowing the way she changed her students lives. Thank you for giving me the opportunity to have such a wonderful teacher.

"אני רוצה לומר לך תודה רבה על כל מה שאת עושה"

Love,

Michal 

A Tribute to Shoshana Hayman Greenbaum

To try to encapsulate into a few sentences, how we feel about our beloved Morah Hayman O"H, is a most daunting challenge. When we heard of the terrible tragedy and horror of her last moments, we couldn't comprehend how anybody could want to harm this most gentle, loving, and beautiful *neshama*.

Our three daughters were most privileged to have had Shoshana Hayman (Greenbaum) as their teacher for *Limudei Kodesh*, not once, but several times in HALB Yeshivah. If she were only an extraordinary *Morah*, then *Dayeinu*. If she were only an extraordinary human being, *Dayeinu*. If she were only an extraordinarily caring friend to her students and contemporaries, *Dayeinu*. The truth is, she was ALL of this, and more, and I have to say that it is NOT *Dayeinu*. A person such as she was, is a most rare individual, to be prized and cherished. The time she was allotted in this world was not nearly enough, not for those whose lives were touched so meaningfully by her, in so many ways.

She was an incredibly dedicated teacher. Her ability to impart love of Torah, and the excitement in its learning, was legendary. How often, I remember one of my girls giving over a lesson they had learned from her that day, or giving a *D'var Torah* for Shabbos or *Yom Tov*, with such enthusiasm. She fostered in her students an amazing connection to whatever they were learning. For this I will always be grateful, and at the same time, saddened by the knowledge that the chance to do this same wonderful thing for children of her own, has been stolen from her and her husband forever. My heart goes out to him and to her parents.

When one of my daughters was absent unusually frequently one year, due to repeated illness, Morah Hayman spent a great deal of her free time getting her up to speed, often gave her extra-credit work in lieu of taking some of the exams that she had missed and could not easily make up, and was always extremely understanding and solicitous. She never made that child feel embarrassed at needing that extra help, nor did she pressure her. She was that way with every, single student. I have no doubt that she was that way with every, single person in her life.

Although Shoshana Hayman Greenbaum has been so brutally torn from her family and friends, we will never forget her gentleness, and beautiful spirit. May she continue to be a source of tremendous inspiration to future generations of teachers, students, and all of *K'lal Yisroel*.

Rochy and Yaakov
Nechama, Tzippi, and Ahuva

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Hayman and Mr. Greenbaum,¹¹

I am so sorry about the tragic loss of your daughter and wife, Morah Hayman. Although I personally did not have the great opportunity of having Morah Hayman as my own teacher, I still had a very special connection to her. Out of the goodness of her heart and caring personality, she was always there for me. I will always remember the Rosh Chodesh of '94 when the school took all of the second grade girls ice skating. Unfortunately, I fell forward, and split my chin. There I was lying helpless when the next thing I knew Morah Hayman was running over to my aid. She was the only teacher there to help me up. She took me to the first aid room of the arena, and then drove me in her own car back to the nurse's office at school, so that a relative would be able to bring me to a specialist. After that incident I was forever indebted to her and would always express my gratitude and appreciation towards her when I would walk by her in the hall. It didn't matter if you were a student of hers or not, everyone was able to tell what kind of person she was. Her endless devotion towards her students, friends, and all children in general always stood out. Her ever lasting smile would always shine inside and out, and would make everyone around her smile as well. She was always generous and kind to everyone, and was always happy to do a Mitzvah. I think everyone that knew her would agree that she was one of the nicest, friendliest, and most generous people they ever knew. She made everyone feel so comfortable to talk to her, and everyone felt so close to her. She was an outstanding role model for her students and friends. Her chesed and Mitzvot were an example for all of Klall Yisroel to follow. She would always put everyone else's needs before her own and was totally selfless. I remember hearing her beautiful voice singing and teaching her students next door or across the hall. I only have pleasant memories of such a special person. May her Nishama rest peacefully in Gan Eden, and in Shamaim. Morah Hayman will never be forgotten.

Sincerely,

Melissa [REDACTED]

Barry Leibowitz

From: "S. GREENBAUM" <sgreenbaum@yahoo.com>
To: "Barry Leibowitz" <BLEibowitz@pop.net>
Sent: Sunday, March 12, 2006 6:20 PM
Attach: 2ndGrade.jpg; 7thgrade.jpg; ShoshanaNewsday.jpg; ShoShmuPhilChana.jpg;
ShoshNgrampa1.jpg; ShoshNgrampa2.jpg; ShoshNShoshBus.jpg; ShoshNShoshWall.jpg;
ShoshNzahava.jpg; Stone.jpg; StoneNAbba1.jpg; StoneNAbba2.jpg; StoneNGila.jpg;
TheEggs.jpg; Wedding.jpg; Weddingformal.jpg
Subject: More Audio and visuals materials

This is a letter that one young woman wrote to my wife to express her gratitude for finding a role model in her.

My learning started with a great teacher and it is finishing eighth grade with that same great teacher. The minute I walked in to second grade I knew it would be a great year. Your enthusiasm made me want to learn as much as you wanted to teach. Every day you came in to class as though it was your first day meeting us – your kavanah (intention, direction?) never changed. Your excitement never failed us, and your ability to make learning fun never grew weak. You always had a way of making people feel good. You never forgot our names when we left your classroom that year. You always said hello to us in the halls, and you remembered us. It is always nice to be remembered.

Now, six years later you are still the same person I saw the first day I walked into second grade. Your smile still lights up the room when you walk in, and your ability to make learning fun didn't get a bit rusty. I want to thank you for always being open to help us. If we ever had a question or a problem you always made it seem so simple and easy to fix. Your comforting hands were always open to give a hug, and your Morah Hayman look was always there to tell us that everything was going to be okay.

Some teachers teach you for a year and then after that year you forget them, and what they taught you. Some teachers have such a great impact on you that you remember them forever. Morah Hayman, you are one of those teachers that I will always remember. You left an impression in my heart, in my mind, and in my memory. Such an impression can never be erased.

The feeling that I have inside of me right now cannot be described. The water that is flowing up from my heart and coming out of my eyes is endless. This water that people call tears may dry up, but it will always be within me. Thank you for being my teacher, my friend, and my parent.



