



# Raymond Finkelstein

January 28, 2018

Obituary written by Raymonds Child:

My dad, Raymond Finkelstein, a child of Russian Jewish immigrants, born (December 9, 1927) and raised in South Philadelphia, died this evening very peacefully with his family around him. He wasn't awake but I kept reminding him of whitefish salad sandwiches and corned beef on rye and Three Stooges marathons at the GCC in the Northeast, and of Atlantic City, NJ, and how he was going to see my mother, his wife of 55 years who died 11 years ago, shortly. I laid in his hospital bed with him and we watched him draw his last breath in his sleep.

He served in the U.S. Army after WWII, stationed in Japan. He worked as a draftsman for the City of Philadelphia Water Department for 33 years, and moonlighted as a men's clothing salesman at night at Normandy Square Mart and later at Pennsauken Mart. He liked his french fries well done, but not burnt -- and only TWO ice cubes in his soda. He wasn't perfect, but he supported three daughters by working two jobs for most of his adult life -- and cared for my ailing mother when she was no longer able to take care of herself. He used to cut high school to go to the movies back in the days of the big movie palaces. He carried me on his shoulders at the beach when I was little and afraid to go into the water on my own because of the jellyfish. He responded without complaint for years when, as a child, I would scream in the middle of the night, "FIX MY COVERS!" or "I WANT A DRINK OF WATER!" He did the best he could with a limited education and as a child of the Great Depression. He loved dogs!

We are having a private cremation within the next couple of days. In lieu of flowers, a donation to the Pennsylvania SPCA (<https://pspca.org/support-us/donate/>) made in Memory of Raymond Finkelstein would have made him very happy.

# Comments

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“ Ray was a dear friend of mine. He took care of me when I first came to PWD Design in late 1983. I remember many funny stories and having lunch with him and my wife at the Melrose Diner. Farewell Ray! I didn't know you were gone until over a year later. I remember your last message you left on my phone about your feet hurting. No pain now. Go with God. Love from Rich & Sue Murray

**Richard Murray** - October 18, 2019 at 01:03 PM