

Eulogies and Thoughts expressed at Soren's Memorial Service on January 26, 2008

By Win Lindeman (including input from Mariano Berrios):

For those of you that don't know me, my name is Win Lindeman from Tampa, Florida. Last night when Patricia asked if I would speak today, I wasn't sure if I could or what I would say. So last night when I got back to the hotel I sat down and thought about what I could say. I began putting down some bullet points and I began to realize that our backgrounds were very similar.

Both Soren and I spent most of our careers in government service, he with the Ministry of Transportation and me with the Florida Department of Transportation. We were both involved the TRB (the Transportation Research Board, and international group that promotes research), especially in the area of noise. We both hosted several summer meetings of the noise committee and we both have a wife and two kids. Both of us have a son named Scott. Sorry Eric, but my daughter Julie wasn't too keen about being called Eric! After retirement we both went over to the "dark side", which is the term we use for consultants. We both liked a good mystery book and on several occasions Soren got me books by a local author, including one he had signed for me.

But last night I was still struggling with how to say what Soren meant to me and so many others. About midnight I decided to go down to the business office and check my emails. I checked my home emails and then my office emails. There I found the answer in the form of an email from Mariano Berrios. Mariano works for the Florida Department of Transportation and took over my role in transportation noise when I left FDOT. Mariano has recently lost family members and in his email he wrote the words that express better than anything I could, the feelings of so many of us. I would like to read to you from his email.

"What a loss! I can't express the sadness I felt when I saw your email. It just shocked me. Of course I did not know him for as long as you did, but in 7 years+ I got to spend a good amount of time with him and Harvey and learned to like him a lot both personally and professionally. He was always so down to earth, understanding and helpful. He always treated me with respect and he became a good friend very quickly.

But, when the good Lord wants you back you have to comply. I am sure he is much better that we are enjoying the glory of the Lord in heaven. I am sure God has a special place for him up there where noise is not an annoyance.

Anyway, thanks for letting all of us know and give my regards to the family. I am sure it's been tough on his wife, especially with all the fun they've been having together after he retired (Disney, cruising, etc.)

He will be greatly missed."

That says it all. Thank you.

By Harvey Knauer:

My name is Harvey Knauer. I'm from Pennsylvania. I don't know if I can be as composed as Win (*Editorial comment: Win Lindeman spoke before me*)

I knew Soren on both a professional and social basis from sometime in the early 1980s. I also have a son named Scott (*Editorial comment: Soren's oldest son is named Scott, his younger is named Eric; Win also has a son named Scott*), but my daughter is not named Eric (*Editorial comment: I thought of it after I spoke that my daughter's name is Karen – Soren's mother's name is Karen.*)

I held a similar position with Pennsylvania DOT when Soren was with the Ministry. Recently, Soren and I wrote several handbooks together. I remember first getting together with Soren at TRB meetings in Washington. We both smoked at the time and I used to always bum his Canadian cigarettes – they were much stronger, and free.

Our wives (Patricia and Ruth) used to always say we had a lot in common, and they would comment on how scary that was. I guess that was true and some of our commonalities I can't discuss in public. However, I would like to tell you about two recent events, one happy and one kinda sad:

1. Soren, Patricia, Ruth, and I vacationed together on a number of occasions. On a recent cruise on the Disney Magic, we stopped in a port – I think it was St. Marten. We were shopping separately that day – Ruth and I went one direction, Patricia and Soren another. When we returned to the ship and went to dinner (it was Pirate's Night), both Soren and I had the same obnoxious shirts that we had purchased that day in port. (*I pointed to one of the three boards on the altar that contained a variety of photos; on one of the boards was a picture of Soren and I dressed in the shirts*)
2. I just remembered the next event during the service today when we sang "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" (*Editorial Comment: I didn't know it until the service, but this was one of Soren's favorite songs*). Just last month, on the final port of call (Ocho Rios, Jamaica) on our last vacation together as we were pulling into port, there was a beautiful rainbow. We both took pictures of it!

We all have to grieve in our own ways. It's a normal and necessary thing to do. We also have to continue our lives as we continue to remember Soren. I'll choose to remember him thinking of the times we shared together (*pointing at photos*) as depicted in these photos.

Thank you.