

Stuart Freedman was a hero of mine. During my life, and my career, I have come to understand those qualities of a human being that are most worth admiring, and Stuart had every one, in spades.

It is hard to be unbiased in my praise for Stuart, because he rescued me when I most needed rescuing, and for that I will be forever grateful to him, and to Joyce. There was a dismal time in my life, when I was a Professor at Yale University, and the complete lack of support for any of my work by my colleagues was equaled only by my emerging lack of confidence in myself. I saw little or no future in my chosen career, and I saw little point in continuing to beat my head against a wall. It is at times such as these that one most needs good friends. Not individuals who provide empty praise that only makes one feel worse, or those who are happy to join the bandwagon when things are going well, but can't be reached otherwise.

Stuart was a scientist who I looked up to, and learned from. He was also a friend. He was one of those people who reminded me why I liked doing science, and during that period when I felt like giving up, he helped remind me of what was important. Not only did he give me the strength and encouragement to carry on, he demonstrated his own ethical principles with his actions. He later turned down a prestigious position at Yale because he didn't want to be a part of an institution that didn't support its young faculty. It takes a remarkable man to look beyond the fanfare and hold true to his own convictions.

But that was typical of Stuart. He was never one who needed to stand in front and wave his own flag, nor show off his own rather remarkable knowledge. He quietly worked hard, and attacked deep and difficult problems. He enjoyed the collegiality he encouraged in like-minded colleagues and was a remarkable role model for young people who knew him. And he was a man of unbending integrity, not just in science, but also in the rest of his life. If an experiment was funded, but he knew that it couldn't achieve its stated goals, he chose not to be a part of it. If an academic Dean wanted Stuart to change a student's grades just so the student could continue to play football, he refused.

But most endearingly, he didn't lord his own personal code over others, or judge them unnecessarily. Stuart enjoyed people, and he took the bad with the good, and kept his smile, and his sense of humor. Throughout everything, he knew what mattered, and his remarkable love and dedication to Joyce and Paul clearly gave him the strength and happiness he needed to help navigate the otherwise often ludicrous academic world that he inhabited.

Wise, kind, happy, and true. A wonderful combination in a wonderful man I was privileged to call my friend. There were many days when I thought, after our time together, that I wished I could be more like him. I will miss him, but I know I won't be alone in continuing to smile in the future as I remember the qualities the man we all so loved and admired.