

From page 2 of Memorial Book for Friedrich Heppenheimer:

To part with
The dearest we know
Such bitterness in this hour
Such burning of the wounds of the heart
Cannot be healed by time.

From pages 3-8 of Memorial Book for Friedrich Heppenheimer:

Biography of **Friedrich Heppenheimer**

A learned writer's quill would be too weak to appropriately depict a life as such that the deceased has led, full of ideal human striving as well as exceptional diligence; accordingly these few lines, written by the inexperienced hand of a friend, may never be more than a humble bouquet of violets and forget-me-nots, collected in thankful memory of a man who was regrettably deceased much too early.

But as an insignificant gift, humbly bestowed in deep conviction, will always be welcome, these pages, within the familial circle they are meant for, will also be able to adopt the harmonious tones, which always stirred our hearts in the vicinity of the adored husband, father and friend.

Friedrich Heppenheimer was born on February 26, 1826 at Bruchmühle near Stodstadt. Wistful memory always crept over him on his birthday, a day, which most other mortals celebrate cheerfully. The memory that next to his crib his mother's coffin was placed weighed upon him and these poet's words always carried great meaning for him:

“As you surrendered me to the light
Eternity surrounded you yourself
But deep within my own life
I can sense the power of your love”

During his early youth, at the age of twelve already, he was familiarized with life's burdens, as he entered a business house in Darmstadt, to learn the merchant's trade. Here he acquired such distinguished knowledge within a short time, that he became an agent of one of the most well-known business houses in Mainz within a few years and traveled all over Europe, which was probably the cornerstone of his rare versatility.

The circumstances of the time, and the feeling, that it would be easier to attain independence here in the new world, caused him to bid farewell to his old home country in 1847 and to migrate to America.

Not without severe effort and constant endurance with modest means he founded his now so proficient lithographic business. There is no example better suited to describe the deceased endurance and fortitude than the steady development of this business:

A room with modest furnishings, which was equipped with a most primitive hand-operated press, shows us the early stages of the business. After short time already he saw it necessary to use the whole hallway until he was able to buy the offices of no.22 and later on no.24 North William Street. As these premises stopped being sufficient for the daily production increase as well, he also bought the building No. 225 William Street, which he combined with the aforementioned. Maintained with the newest and best machinery and supported by capable workers, he was able to turn the business into a size and superiority exceeded by few. The reputation he earned is brilliant proof of his excellence in business and a great example for the German American community.

But it is not only material success, through which the founder of this temple of art appears to us as in such grandeur, but mostly his high opinion of his profession, through which and through which only such success was made possible, and which honors not only him and his family but his friends and compatriots just the same. And what undemanding nature and affability the important man possessed – deep proof of his ideal human nature!

It was 1852, when the young and energetic man brought his dignified wife home with him. What big moral support and satisfaction he gained from this marriage may only be understood by someone, who, like me, had the chance to identify and learn to understand the deep harmony of two noble souls for over a decade. You may well think that the parents watched the bodily and spiritual development of their children, six sons of which are alive and five already mature, with satisfaction. The education of these children once again is evidence of the thoroughness and deep thoughtfulness of the dear father: abilities and aptitudes as well as the later views on life were evidently acquired with a clear view; arts and sciences already combine with practical work today, and not the spirit alone, but heart and mind were bred in this cozy home and the fruits of this thorough education are today evident in sad, proud memory of the deceased father and in affectionate sympathy for the mother, who has become lonely much too early.

With the restless and indefatigable work, and the readiness with which the deceased dedicated his leisure time to others in search of advice or help, it was inevitable that the otherwise so strong body would be worn out. It was mainly for reasons of health that he temporarily parted with his business and started a voyage to Europe in 1871, to search for a cure of his heavy rheumatism in several well-know facilities there. Traveling with his wife and the youngest family members, he was given the chance to watch the development of his sons, several of which learned the spirit of the merchant in German schools and training centers. After an absence of several months he returned here, enriched with experiences and memories and with a stronger and fresher body. But he was not healed completely, as the incurable heart-disease, which so suddenly took him from us on the 20th of April of this year, was surely developing already at that point. And how sudden! In the early morning hours he still did his usual horseback ride and had a friendly look for everybody he met, for everybody he knew, many of which still saw him on this morning, a friendly greeting or a joking word. Around eight o'clock he returned home and changed his clothes and although he felt a little worn out and unwell, he decided, to go on with business, got into his car, sat back in his pillows, and the dear life escaped him.

A speaker at the grave may well say with conviction: "Friendship cannot avert the arrival of death, where even science is powerless!"

But let us not remain here, amongst grieving friends, but let us look at the interesting life of the deceased and find more items of cheerful memory.

Let us remember a beautiful and solemnly celebration, the silver wedding celebrated last year, on August 25. There we could see him beaming of joy side by side with his dear wife, amongst a blooming family and surrounded by a large circle of friends and admirers. He was especially happy about one of the many beautiful gifts: A mug decorated the first small wooden hand press with which he had opened business in the year 1852, as well as one of the many steam presses, as they are now being used in his now so profitable business. How many times was the earnest wish expressed to have another celebration like this in another 25 years!

The life of the deceased was not only filled with a great sense of business and love for his family; he devoted a lot of his time to public life and the arising difficulties in the society.

He did, for example, not hesitate to do his duty as both our new home and our homeland were being shaken by an ugly civil war. Together with other, like-minded people he joined the 5th regiment and served in the field as regiment leader of the Comp. "F". Here he also gained the respect of his superiors and the love and adoration of his subordinates, and he was handed a magnificent sword as a sign of honor later on. Together with his comrades from the war and their families he experienced much happiness during peace times later on, and the close relationship he had with these men until the end becomes evident in the many salutes offered to him on his last journey.

In the financial circles of our great metropolis he was well known as the director of the Germania Bank for many years and his sharp eye was well appreciated.

Lately he had started dedicating much attention to political life and had just taken over a highly trusted position when the dark shadows of death appeared on his doorstep.

The sorrow of the several societies is good evidence of the loss his death means to so many, of which he was a member, especially the deep sorrow of the club "Arion", esteemed president of which he had been for many years, since the founding of the club, in fact.

It will be a long time until the members of this club become used to be looking in vain for their beloved president and friend Heppenheimer during happy as well as serious assemblies; but never will the memory of him disappear completely.

That the humanitarian societies of which he was a member deeply grieve for him is only natural, since all his life he was the embodiment of what they want their members to strive for: humane.

Now he rests in peace. Time will probably never heal this wound, but it will help us get used to the idea that the deceased is not to return! But we will not let his spirit disappear; we want to hold on to it, the spirit of devotion to duty, the spirit of morality and humanitarianism!

Jersey City, May 1878

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