



Herbert Bass

December 22, 1923 - March 3, 2017

At 93, Herbert Bass passed away on Friday, March 3, 2017. Known to many as “Herbie”, aka “Buddy”, by family. Herbie chose to go into hospice rather than have heart surgery. His choice was made with an absolutely clear head and with his own special sense of humor. Herbie, whose infinite open-heartedness deeply touched everyone he knew, was undone by his own physical heart – an irony he certainly appreciated. All who knew him were graced by his heart’s great gifts, his generosity, and his humor. Moreover, as Herbie aged he was the ultimate exemplar of gaining wisdom and equanimity with age.

Herbie is survived by his younger brother, Irvin (his spouse JoAnn); his three children: Bryna, Michal, and David (their spouses Ted, Gregory, and Nancy); his three grandchildren: Simone (her spouse Joe), Zoe, and Carlin; and his two great-grandchildren: Mia and Miles.

The long arc of Herbie’s life began on his beloved Windham Avenue in Cincinnati, the oldest son of Louis and Anna Bass, Russian-Jewish immigrants. While still a teen-ager he fought in WW II as a medic and often related how he’d rush to his fallen comrades with a morphine syrette to ease their pain. It is fitting then, that Herbie’s hospice care included morphine to ease his increasing chest pain. After marrying the late Helen Rita Harris of Newport Kentucky, Herbie became a successful attorney working not only for the Federal government and in private practice, but as the “go-to attorney” for whatever legal issues or imbroglios his family or friends needed help with. His wide breadth of knowledge and unending compassion could always be counted on.

In addition to his search for spiritual truth, Herbie’s more earthly pursuits and limitless curiosity led him to embrace the iPhone, Facebook, and texting – allowing him to get much “nachas” from his children’s, grandchildren’s and great-grandchildren’s accomplishments.

Herbie’s life ended in Cincinnati where he was able to spend his last few days with his three children, close family, and many, many friends. The latter is underscored by a remark once made by his-then very young grandchild, Carlin, who asked – when visiting Herbie- “How come everyone in Cincinnati knows Grandpa?”

We all loved you, Herbie, and we thank you for making our lives richer.

In lieu of flowers memorial contributions can be made to Cincinnati Chapter of Hadassah,

