



Dr. Samuel Nadel

September 28, 1921 - September 2, 2021

NADEL, Dr. Samuel, age 99, passed away September 2, 2021, beloved husband of the late Gloria Nadel, devoted father of Linda Nadel and Deidre (Sean) Conlon, loving grandfather of Jared, Joshua, and Davina Noiman, and Lucy and Vinny Conlon, dear brother of Florence Spero, Sally DeCapite, and the late Bernard and Gilbert Nadel. Graveside Services Sunday, September 5 at 11:00am at United Jewish Cemetery – Montgomery, 7885 Ivygate Ln., Montgomery, OH 45242. In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions to Congregation Etz Chaim or charity of choice would be appreciated.

Cemetery Details

United Jewish Cemetery - Montgomery

7885 Ivygate Lane
Montgomery, OH 45242

Previous Events

Graveside Service

SEP 5. 11:00 AM (ET)

United Jewish Cemetery - Montgomery
7885 Ivygate Lane
Montgomery, OH 45242

Tribute Wall

PA

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Panda - September 21, 2021 at 04:24 AM

DC

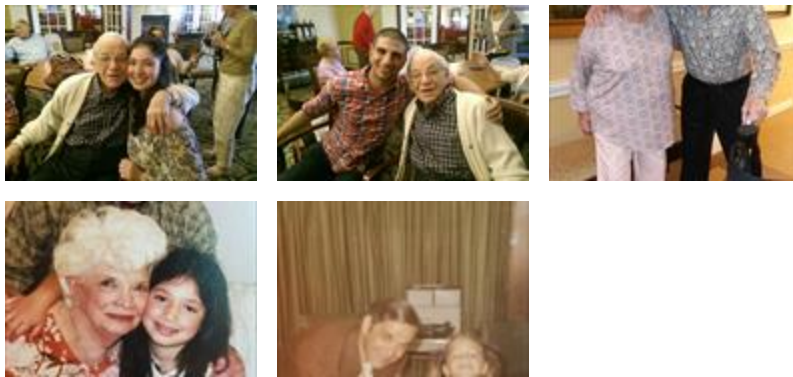
“ 1 file added to the album Memories Album



Deidre Conlon - September 07, 2021 at 05:22 PM

DC

“ 8 files added to the tribute wall



Deidre Conlon - September 07, 2021 at 04:47 PM

SC

“ I never thought twice about inviting Sam to come live with us last year. We were fortunate to have the space and it would enable seeing Sam unrestricted. The small room that Josh and I quickly refurbished for him wasn't a thing of beauty but Sam never had any complaints. Up to that point I had never had any more than a passing relationship with Sam.

Over time I saw what a loving father Sam was, and I was incredibly fortunate to see how much Deedy enjoyed giving back to a father who gave so much to her.

Sam had a wonderful sense of humor and a breadth of history that only a near centenarian could have.

The kitchen table discussions with Sam became a fabulous walk through history while Deedy would bring him his daily course of prune juice, Miralax, Gefilte fish and the occasional small glass of beer or wine. At 99 y/o his memory was sharp of the days he ran track in Cleveland and the hot dogs and ice cream he sold at the Cleveland Indians games as a teenager. He regaled me with tales of long past sports stars Jim Brown, Babe Ruth and Joe DiMaggio. He also loved watching the modern day Bengals, even if it meant another Sunday of frustration.

Sam loved the dogs, and they loved him. As Sam would wheel in from the bedroom pushing his walker the dogs would leap up and follow him, then faithfully gather around him at the table hoping for a stray treat. Fry, our big furry Labradoodle would lay his head Sam's lap while Sam lovingly stroked his head. When the dogs barked, Sam barked.

There was more than once during our time together that I'd have to mute myself during a work zoom meeting as Sam's singing of Robert Goulet or the Bee Gees would come up from the kitchen.

Sam had a soft side that belied the occasional gruff nature. He always would ask me how my Dad was doing, had I talked to him yet and if not I should reach out to him. I can't remember a day, even up to the end where Sam didn't say thank you for helping him out. He loved seeing Davina, Josh, Jared, Lucy and Vinny and enjoyed the attention he got when friends would come over. The love that Sam had for his daughter and she for him was really

something. He won me over too, I grew to love the man as well

Sean Conlon - September 05, 2021 at 08:51 PM

LN

“ *My dearest dad you were my rock you and Mom both we had our ups and downs when we were family but my greatest joy out of out of you and Mom was for me taking care of you and Mom and the days that before all that came about we lived on elbrook Do you remember when we used to go out in the front yard and throw softballs to one another and your friends would stop if they were driving by and say hey you need to sign her up for the reds well guess what never happened but I remember so many things about you because you were my dad your mom took time out to adopt me I'm really not knowing what kind of health I was in or what kind of healthcare I was going to have to have but it it didn't matter because that was you you wanted the best for your family it didn't matter how much it cost or anything because you were unstoppable and you still unstoppable and unfortunately I was not able to come today because I saw you on Father's Day that was my goal and that beautiful picture of us I cherish all your pictures I have a video of our first Rosh Hashanah together in the condo when I first came to take care of you I've got your voice and I've got mom's voice on that and I just listened to it and I remember all the stories you used to tell me how you'd sit in the chair when I when we lived on devonaire or Sunnybrook or wherever it was I didn't quite remember but my head would fit in the palm of your hand and my little legs would come up your arm and you'd sit there and feed me and call me your little Lenny as you were watching football so many things I remember about you but the greatest one was on Father's Day That's my memory of you Daddy say hi to Mom and Uncle Lou and everybody else that's up there in heaven with you I love you more than I can ever say thank you Dad for being with my dad*

Linda joy Nadel - September 05, 2021 at 07:40 PM

DN

“ *As a child I asked you to tell me stories before bed. Now, it's time we share yours.*

Thank you for the endless laughter, time, attention, and care.

I'll always be your Aynikl.



Davina Noiman - September 04, 2021 at 10:40 PM

“My dad represents the last vestiges of The Greatest Generation. He survived The Great Depression and WWII with fortitude. He worked hard. From childhood through adulthood, he never shied away from work. As children, he and his beloved brother Bernie built the largest paper route in Cleveland, delivering 400 Sunday papers and throughout the week. They scraped and schemed however they needed to survive. He rose from humble means, painting houses with his father in the summer months, and selling hot dogs at Cleveland Stadium with his brother. It was there he saw all the greats – Babe Ruth, Mickey Mantle, and Joe DiMaggio.

Dad was a true patriot. He loved his country and the opportunities he was granted. He served in WWII before returning home to finish dental school at Ohio State on the GI bill. After marrying my mother and moving to Cleveland, he had an opportunity to buy a practice in Cincinnati.

Dad ultimately established his dental practice in Northside. He served a community consisting mostly of welfare patients and served that community for over 40 years. He was the consummate small-town dentist. He formed relationships with his patients and others in the community. He formed friendships with the neighborhood pharmacist and local mechanic (“Ray”). And when he retired his own practice, he worked for another dentist, who also served the poor communities in the area. Dad was humble.

Dad loved to gamble. He’d study the racing forms and frequent the track on a regular basis. One time, before a trip to the Kentucky Derby with friends, he gave me \$20 and told me to place a bet on “Sea Hero” to win. And he won.

Dad always encouraged me and supported me through school. He found me tutors when I needed help with math class, and when I would listen, he would teach me about finance and economics. I still remember sitting on the couch while he explained interest rates.

Dad was a devoted grandfather. It was his greatest joy. He would stop by my house after a long day at work, just to see the kids. It was never too much effort to get down on the floor and play with them. He sat for hours watching Thomas the Tank Engine, telling bedtime stories, and making snacks for the kids. I think he wished

those days could last forever.

Dad and I had a special kinship, a chemistry that cannot be described. We just got along in a very special way that needed no explanation. I have so many memories that will forever keep him close to me. Being able to care for him in our home this last year was one of the greatest gifts I could have given him in exchange for all that he gave to me. He was an extraordinary father who lived an extraordinary life.



Deidre Conlon - September 04, 2021 at 09:44 PM

SL

“ Uncle Sam had a dry sense of humor. He was very funny and loved to laugh. One time, at Aunt Gloria's 90th birthday, Pam, Uncle Sam and I were squished in the back seat of Linda's car heading over to Deedy's house. Uncle Sam had his face against the window and made subtle jokes about our togetherness in the back seat. His facial expressions and comments had us all in stitches.

Much to my dismay, Uncle Sam spent hours listening to Fox News. When he and Aunt Gloria went down to the dining room for dinner, I changed the TV to MSNBC so that when he returned and turned it on, he would find an entirely different news station than he was used to. If only I had been a fly on the way to see and hear his response!

Uncle Sam was an extremely hard worker and devoted family man. He was always available to Linda and Deedy and all of his grandchildren. He rarely complained about his lot in life. He was the introvert to Aunt Gloria's extrovert. He accepted the aging process with grace, courage and dignity. He never lost his sense of humor. In the last week, I asked Deedy to give him a kiss on his cheek from me when he was awake. After she did, he said "I remember her".

Uncle Sam.... you have lived a long and fruitful life. Now it is time to rest. You deserve it. Rest in peace. We love you.

Susan and Seth

Susan Levy - September 04, 2021 at 08:33 AM

EI

“ Sorry to hear of the passing of your dad, Sam. May your memories be a blessing
Eileen Littman Brinn

eileen - September 03, 2021 at 01:56 PM

BF

“As I reflected about Uncle Sam (my Dad's brother-in-law), the word that came to mind is consistency. Uncle Sam was consistently good-natured (at least in my experience); he was consistently funny in his droll way; he was consistently devoted to his beloved wife, Gloria; he was consistently devoted to and supportive of his children and grandchildren, as well as others in his extended family; he was consistently welcoming and warm to me and my family; he was consistent in his devotion to his Ohio sports teams; he was consistent in his political views and chosen cable news network; he was consistent in his devotion to his friends; he was consistent in his devotion to Judaism and his Jewish community; and he was consistent in his devotion to his dental profession and his patients during his very long career. During all the years I knew Uncle Sam, I realize in retrospect what a rock that consistency provided to his family and friends. With Uncle Sam you always knew what you would get and never had to worry that he would change or wouldn't show up. He showed up.

To Deedy, Sean and Linda: I am so proud of the support and devotion you showed to Sam and Gloria, ushering them with grace and love through the final years of their lives. You indeed fulfilled the commandment to honor your father and mother.

Finally, I've attached a photo of the last trip I remember with Gloria and Sam when they visited in Las Vegas, pictured with Roma, me and our friend, Cathy Dawson. I'll share one story which is reflective of Sam's wit. We were at dinner at the "M" casino where all the waitresses were quite noticeably surgically enhanced. Sam was asking about my legal practice and I was talking about life as a sole practitioner. He queried, "You don't have a secretary or assistant or any help?" I said "no." He said I should hire an assistant. He said maybe one of the ladies working there could help me. As one particularly buxom waitress was serving us he asked, "Excuse me, can you type? My nephew needs an assistant."

Thank you, Uncle Sam, for always showing up and consistently

being who you were for all of us.

Love and condolences to Deedy, Linda, Sean, Josh, Davina and the rest of Sam's family and friends.

Bruce and Roma



Bruce Favish - September 03, 2021 at 11:16 AM

PW

“*Uncle Sam was always quiet and I didn't get to know him until much later in life. Aunt Gloria and I were very close and spent time shopping, talking for hours and laughing. When Doug and I came to visit from Atlanta, he would spend hours sitting with Uncle Sam watching the stock market on tv. Then, one day I sat with him and we would shoot the breeze and I realized how funny he was. With every visit our conversations became more frequent and his dry sense of humor was amazing. We would laugh together and I looked forward spending time with him. I will truly miss him, but I am so thankful for getting to know him. I love you Uncle Sam. I will truly miss you. Give Aunt Gloria hugs and kisses for me. Pam and Doug Waugh.*”

Pam and Doyg Waugh - September 03, 2021 at 08:53 AM