

It is with profound sadness that we share with this website's readers the sudden passing of a great friend and unforgettable person, Bernard Lehrer, or "Bernie." He was a lawyer, a writer and an Elvis impersonator – all rolled into one exceptionally-compassionate and brilliant human being.

* Editor's Notes: Atty. Lehrer contributed the following articles to the www.mabuhayradio.com

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[War of Words Over Gun-Control Issue Rages](#)

[Overpopulation Is Root Cause of Life's Maladies](#)

[Elvis Rants and Writes President Bush About the Terrorists Who Could Not Have Done More Damage](#)

B ernie passed on peacefully Thursday night, March 19, during a coronary procedure at the Community Memorial Hospital in Ventura.

The details on a "Celebration of Life" memorial service for Atty. Lehrer will be announced soon.

The incomparable Bernie is survived by his Filipino-American wife, Ella Ma Lehrer; daughters Stephanie Lehrer, Pamela Trank and Valerie Mendelsohn; sister Fran, son-in-law Leif and six grandchildren.

Perhaps Winston Churchill's epitaph will apply also to Bernie Lehrer: "*I am ready to meet my Maker. Whether my Maker is prepared for the great ordeal of meeting me is another matter* ."

* **Editor's Note:** The Filipino-American poet Maya Teague has composed this poem for Bernie Lehrer:

FARE THEE WELL

T onight . . .

It looks like it is time.

My dear Bernie, go placidly to that other place

*Where I can not hold your hand or look upon
your face.*

Go now, for to prolong this

Would only slaughter my spirit

Long embittered by the ale of sorrow.

To remain here would only make agonizing

Your precious few breaths. I desire neither.

Forget me momentarily, as you leap

*Into that immense unknown, way beyond this
earth*

*To bask in the grandeur of timelessness and
space.*

A

nd some day . . .

When all my earthly cares are done

And the seasons have ceased to inspire me,

When the gods unlock the portal of my soul,

I will softly close my eyes, a smile upon my lips,

*While you illumine my path and make clear all
my dreams*

That I may reach your place among the stars

And touch your shining perfection.

There I shall float toward you, dear brother

Perhaps also, it is where we might begin

*To chart a new life or life-form, that is more
bearable*

Than the one we had the misfortune to endure.

*R est in absolute ☐ serenity, my dearest
Bernie . . . ☐*

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