

IN MEMORIAM

Lynn Carp Jacob

(1943-2006)



We are sad to announce the passing of yet another pioneer family mediator who quietly set many innovations in motion for our field. Lynn Carp Jacob was a leader in mediation and was instrumental in establishing mediation in her home state of Illinois. She helped to start and ground the Mediation Council of Illinois as a board member and then as its President for two terms. She was also on the board and later became President of AFM. She was able to resolve organizational and client problems through a quiet process of rational thought, discussion, and helping people to let go. As a therapist/mediator, Lynn was able to make a successful career mediating financial issues as well as parenting issues. For a long time she was the only non-attorney mediator to make a living doing mediation in Chicago. She had a stable of attorneys who referred cases to her because she was so very talented. Lynn also always kept a therapy practice going as a social worker and worked with the well-respected Chicago Center for Family Health. Along with Carl Schneider, Lynn co-mediated at the Divorce Mediation Service at Lutheran General Medical Center in Park Ridge, Illinois - a group that produced two Presidents of the Academy of Family Mediators – (the other was Burt Zoub)! Together with Carl and with Zena Zumeta, Lynn presented many workshops in the early 1990s – on marketing a

practice and on step-families, a subject dear to Lynn's heart on which she presented many times and published articles in the professional literature. Lynn also started one of the few successful internship programs in mediation in the country and kept it going for many years.

Zena Zumeta remembers Lynn as “a mediator who very quietly became known for her excellence, reliability, and thoughtfulness. She was never flashy. She mediated out of her home – first, out of her basement, and later out of an office in the back of her house. Lynn's style of mediation was like no one else's; she had a way of making suggestions to people on how to get out of their entanglements without anyone believing she had taken sides. One of her frequent phrases was “If I had a vote, I'd...” Who else do you know could get away with that intervention? She took “normal” interventions and turned them inside out to find something that worked to help her clients. I remember her mentioning to me that there was one client she worked with who could not hear what his wife was saying. Most of us would ask “Could you tell me what you heard your wife saying?” Instead, Lynn asked “Why don't you take my chair and I'll take yours? Then, tell me what you would do to get me to understand what [your wife] was saying.” Wow – who else would even think of that, much else be able to make it work?

“Lynn was extremely down-to-earth. Her groundedness allowed her to be a mentor to many different people, without trying to impose her style on anyone. She started an internship program to bridge the gap between training and practice and also started a case consultation peer group. She was of great help to many beginning mediators. I will miss Lynn's wisdom and knowledge. She was someone I regularly turned to for advice on difficult cases. I will also miss her equanimity in all situations, and her firm rational mind in solving problems. But most of all I will miss having her available to play with at conferences, meetings, and whenever I go to Chicago.

“Lynn's greatest focus was always her family, and she never let her very successful career as a therapist and mediator interfere with her family time. When her husband Herb died 10 years ago, she had a very hard time adjusting to life without him because they

had such a strong partnership. Though her children were grown and out of the house, she was very involved in their lives and made frequent trips to see her grandchildren. It is so sad that they won't have her as they grow up. Lynn, thanks for all you gave to me. I only hope I use it well and pass it on."

Carl Schneider shared, "Like many of us, I was shocked when I heard of Lynn's death. Twenty years ago, in the early days of family mediation, we found we had much in common as we struggled to establish mediation in Illinois. Both clinicians, we shared the same supervisors at the Family Institute in Chicago.

"Lynn was a family person - always telling a story about her latest visit to her children, Max or Jenny. She was also a private person with a clear sense of reserve. Publicly, she kept close counsel regarding her lymphoma with which she struggled on and off for more than six years, though she was personally helpful to many in the mediation community who have dealt with life-threatening illnesses.

"Lynn was deeply wounded when Herb, her husband of 28 years, died. Herb came from a long line of rabbis (thirteen generations, if my memory is correct). The most memorable Seder I ever shared was with their family. Herb was a scholar at Northwestern University who, among many things, had written a fine book on divorce law, *The Silent Revolution*. Lynn and Herb enjoyed a satisfying, nurturing marriage and, after his death, she continued to make her family the center of her life, especially her children, Jenny and Max, and her two grandchildren of whom she was terribly proud and to whom she was deeply devoted. There were always visits and vacations – Oregon, Galapagos, Snowmass, Costa Rica, Florida, and Alaska.

"Lynn was a positive person, committed to quality and excellence. Lynn was clear-eyed and direct. Never sentimental nor showy, she would just pitch in and help get the job done. She had little tolerance for incompetence. When I wasn't sure what to do or how to handle a problem, she would give firm advice that I couldn't argue with.

“I have seen Lynn yearly for the last twenty years. We always got together for dinner at some fun place, when I trained in Chicago. I just returned from Banff and the Canadian Rockies where I had always wanted to vacation. Lynn had been there several times and I would enjoy her telling me about it. I was looking forward to talking with her about what a fabulously beautiful spot it indeed was. We won’t get to have that conversation.”

Barbara Landau writes, “Lynn and I go back MANY years to when we were on the AFM Board together and celebrated our 50th birthday - with Zena and Marilyn in grand style in Washington. Lynn, as everyone knows, was wonderful, as was her husband, Herb! Lynn was a real friend—full of insights and with no nonsense, straight-to-the-point advice—always welcoming, cheerful and bluntly realistic in a way that helped her and others face difficult decisions. When life threw her impossible curves, she found the gem in the pile of manure, and you found yourself laughing with her, and crying at touching moments. She was so courageous and so appreciative of the way Herb planned for his death in a way that really honored her and his family. Lynn was never a victim, never wallowed in self pity—she was a class act!

“Lynn was crazy about her kids and grandkids (including Herb's family) and very connected with her parents. She seemed to me to be a wonderful, generous, thoughtful, and, given the circumstances, undemanding Mom, who valued her independence, but was filled with joy when she had chances to bring the family together for vacations. She was my wedding consultant—I took notes from your wedding, Jenny, and she was very excited about your wedding, Max. She was so helpful and insightful about the important stuff, like considering others’ feelings and fostering positive relationships. I will remember Lynn with great fondness - she was a real mensch! I am sending you my love.”

Brigitte Bell commented: “...A single phrase kept running through my mind, over and over. It is a phrase that I always have and always will associate with Lynn, who taught it to me just as she taught me so much else. It is a simple phrase, three little words that say so very, very much about Lynn and her life’s philosophy: **“Life goes on.”**”

These particular words, which Lynn must have said to me at least a thousand times (which tells you how much teaching I needed!), exemplify her relationship with me and probably with a lot of you, with fellow board members, interns, colleagues, and also clients. They mean “don’t get upset”, “we’ll figure it out,” “we’ll make it work,” “we’ll make do” “it will be all right” “don’t panic.” Whatever the problem, Lynn lost no energy in wringing her hands about it, worrying or finding fault or placing blame or bemoaning injustices. She went straight to the heart of the difficulty or problem and put her mental energy into figuring out how to proceed despite whatever the presenting difficulty was (and over the years, let me tell you there were many—lost syllabi, computer crashes, deadline issues, missed trains, missed appointments, tuition issues, and lost flip charts). The problem was always about the clients or the issue or the students—never about her. Even though she was always a critical part of every solution, she never made herself the center of anything. She was self-effacing, smart, gentle, kind, and incredibly helpful to anyone who called on her for help in any domain of her life. She applied this approach in all her professional lives: as a therapist, mediator, board member, committee member, teacher, consultant, writer.

Lynn taught by her example. “We cannot have too many good mediators” she would say, and then she would do whatever was necessary and possible to help bring that about.

Even in her many conference presentations, she applied her same philosophy: Lynn almost always did co-presentations—inviting someone to join her, giving others opportunities that they might not otherwise have taken, and also always giving the audience more than one point of view. It wasn’t so much about right answers, as it was about problem solving. And preparing and doing a presentation with her was exactly like doing the syllabus for the internship together—we’d start with an idea and brainstorm it, and we’d “get it to work” as she would say. She never made an issue of who goes first, whose name is first, who had more “floor time,” or who got the credit for an idea, and because of that, it was such an easy, comfortable, fun thing to do with her. I shall miss that, as shall many others of you, I know.

So life will go on, as she taught us so wisely and so well. But it won't be the same without her. We'll make do, we'll find a way. But the world will be missing one incredibly wonderful, kind, gentle, smart, person, and so the rest of us will just all have to try harder to show that we have really learned what she so much wanted us to learn. *Life will go on.*

Diane Neumann remembers, “Lynn was my mentor—my savior during those first overwhelming months when I became a board member. At every conference and board meeting, we shared a room. Before a meeting in Utah, she convinced me to go hiking, “You’ll love it.” Needless to say, I wasn’t expecting 100 degree temperatures and high-in-the-sky red mountains. Luckily, she kept the trip short—she was always very considerate. That was Lynn. Our times together were nonstop conversation about life, love and the meaning of being a mediator. She saw the best in everyone and, though people casually attribute that trait to so many others, Lynn did have the trait in abundance, and under trying circumstances. Being friends with Lynn was a wonderful example that people with different ways of living and being in the world can enjoy each other and thrive on those differences. I will miss her.”

Steve Erickson recalls, “I remember Lynn as someone who was entirely honest and straightforward. I think that is why I liked working with her on the old AFM board. It is a rare person who can tell you the truth about important things without making it hurt. So many people are afraid to address the truth. I expect that is why she was such a good therapist and such a good mediator, because Lynn had that gift. In Breckenridge, the year Marilyn and I received the “Distinguished Mediator” award, I thanked Lynn for her consideration and support after she presented it. She said it was about time, but added, it was not an easy task to get through. I regret that AFM did not find a way to continue to recognize those who had contributed, as Lynn surely deserved such recognition, especially for her mediation expertise regarding step-parenting. The world of family mediators is privileged to have had Lynn as a role model and friend.”

Larry Fong recalls, “One of my fondest memories was in 1992 when Lynn came to the First International Conference for Mediators in Dublin, Ireland. This would later be the genesis for the World Mediation Forum. Lynn presented on behalf of AFM, as well as John Haynes and I. Other AFM members attended. President Mary Robinson opened the conference. Learning about mediation was only one of the aspects of any conference. We shared a great deal of our lives together. In the car, driving about Ireland, with Michael Williams and John Haynes, we all shared our thoughts, perspectives and belief about life, and our conversations, which remain private to date, enriched my life. We had a spirited debate on the role of the mediator and domestic violence. These discussions were formative in assisting ACR in the policy for domestic violence. Lynn was never afraid to voice her opinion and also never one to hold anyone hostage to their own thoughts or perspectives. When we had differing ideas, perspectives and beliefs she always approached me in a kind and respectful fashion in wanting to learn more about these differences. I always respected Lynn for that and I am sure many others did the same. For those who did not know Lynn you missed out on a very special person and it is hoped these tributes encourage you to hold yourself in that light so you might be encouraged to shed some light on our most exciting field of mediation.

While in Ireland, Lynn and I shopped together for sweaters. She picked one for her then husband, and I picked the identical one for myself. We laughed that we actually had similar tastes, and whenever I look at the sweater today, I only think of our good times together at that special time in Ireland.

Michael Williams remembers, “One day, years ago, when Lynn, John Haynes and Larry Fong were visiting Ireland, I drove them into the beautiful Wicklow countryside. After a walk (when Lynn and I had a close-up of a beautiful cock pheasant, preening, quite unconscious of our presence) we stopped for lunch in a small, unassuming country pub. I'd guess nobody else there lived more than three miles away, so we were all foreigners, even I, who had lived most of my life in an adjoining county. We were talking shop (what else?) and Larry was describing, in his soft Canadian voice, a couple he had worked with where the husband completely dominated the wife. (I hope he'll forgive me

if I get details wrong.) Lynn's voice wasn't loud, but it was clear, the Illinois accent carries, and there was one of those slight lulls in general conversation in the pub just as she opened her mouth and voiced her very strong opinion about the man's actions. There was a long silence in the pub, until someone, in a very quiet voice, asked for more stout. Lynn often had strong opinions and always had the courage voice them.”

Muriel Kuhs said, “Lynn not being here is difficult to imagine—she was our role model, our colleague, our friend. Lynn got me involved in mediation, through training and by example. She was always good to talk with, professionally and otherwise. Even in complex situations in our cases, her insights were invaluable. She made sense! Lynn's passing is a great loss to everyone. My sincerest condolences to Lynn's family.

Margy Powers reports, “Lynn was a strong force in the mediation community in Illinois in the early days. She was also seen as a driving force with the Mediation Council of Illinois. She was a trailblazer and became the first social worker to become president of the organization. Her commitment to family mediation and her many contributions are greatly appreciated and she will be missed.”

Michael Lang expressed “Like others who had not recently been in touch with Lynn, I was deeply saddened by news of her death.”

Forrest (“Woody”) Mosten recalls, While the recent ACR Family Section Conference in Cape Cod was a warm highly successful event, it was clouded by the news of Lynn Jacob's too sudden and untimely passing.

As upsetting as the news was, it was somehow fitting that Lynn's death be announced at a Family Section Conference. I met Lynn at AFM---she was the symbol of the professional richness and personal goodness that AFM meant to all of us. A successful President of our important yet fledgling organization, Lynn had already been dubbed “An AFM Elder” when we first started our professional collaboration and friendship.

I was drawn to Lynn because she was one of the “Elders” who went out of her way to welcome me and my heretical background and concepts into the world of AFM. A social worker by training and practice, Lynn was fascinated by “lawyer” thinking and process. Unlike many mediators who suffocate and starve due to their condescending and often ignorant and hostile (non-mediative) attitude toward lawyers, Lynn’s excited interest in how lawyers and mediators with lawyer roots could improve our field and be allies to mediators was a breath of fresh air. She asked probing and insightful questions based on her actual reading of my books and articles. It seemed that she had given deeper thought to lawyer writing about mediation than many of my lawyer and law professor colleagues--and Lynn had many plans to implement and translate her insights into the field of conflict resolution.

Lynn was the consummate colleague. Lynn took the lead in inviting me to Chicago to co-facilitate her ongoing interdisciplinary practice group. I can attest that Lynn was a gentle and quality trainer and mentor. The participants of that group not only were satisfied with their professional growth under Lynn’s tutelage but many had evolved into outstanding mediators in their own right with successful private practices. As a life long learner and model of humility, Lynn was continually bringing in other professional colleagues to give her mentees added perspectives. Although it was “her group,” I can still feel the collaboration and power sharing that Lynn modeled when I visited. Lynn modeled by listening and giving---true peacemaking skills.

Lynn was never overly impressed by her own talent or importance—actually she was most vibrant and excited when talking about her children, Jenny and Max, and her grandchildren. Lynn lived for her family— yet modeled a non-insular and community approach toward helping other families. Her home was open and gracious and as a visitor at her table, one also felt at home and part of her family.

Lynn’s contributions to the field are certainly legendary and more than deserving of this special issue. Yet it is her personal generosity and gentleness that are imprinted in my

memory and that I miss most. In future years, when we and future generations talk of the field's inspiring pioneers, Lynn Jacob will forever be front and center.

July 11, 2006

Dear Mom-

It is still unbelievable to me that I am standing here today at your funeral. I am at a loss of what to say, but I will work on trying to convey to all our friends and family here today what made you the best mom that any daughter could have.

My earliest memories of you are sitting on the floor doing puzzles, reading and building legos, cooking in the kitchen together (I got to sit on the counter), long car trips across the country, playing for hours on the beach. You were an attentive, fun, loving parent. As I got older and my independence and sometimes opinionated personality emerged, you helped me and Dad find a middle ground, you were the peace maker, the mediator. You taught us both good problem solving strategies

As a school aged child you taught me good study habits, the love of reading (later we would always compare notes on what book our book clubs were reading), to value myself as an individual and a leader, and to work hard towards whatever I wanted to achieve. You helped me survive junior high and when I struggled through friendships, you were always there with a shoulder to cry on or a chat on my bed in my room. You stood behind me, boosted my confidence, but let me grow into an independent person.

As an adult, our relationship blossomed into an even stronger friendship. You helped me make the decision to attend graduate school (your alma matter, Smith College) and receive my master's in social work. You helped me figure out that this would be the right career path to combine with my desire to be a parent. You were my teammate (or the team captain) in planning my wedding. Even though Drew and I were so busy with school, jobs, and buying a house in Massachusetts, you marched forward and planned a perfect wedding.

You and Dad set the example for a strong and loving marriage. You always reminded me to make time for Drew, to love him with all my heart, to support him, and to have fun together... In fact, more than a couple times you flew out to California so Drew and I could take the time to go away.

Together we faced Dad's death, now 10 years ago this summer. I know this was one of the hardest things for me and while you faced losing your partner, you unselfishly helped me survive this loss. We nursed him together in his last few days, and planned his funeral as the rest of the family arrived to say goodbye to your life partner and our amazing father. The years following his death were extremely difficult. You and Dad had an amazing marriage, an awesome friendship. I know you missed him daily, but you moved forward, working to find joy in your life again. I am so proud of you for this attitude and accomplishment.

When I became a parent, you helped guide me through the challenges and helped me rejoice in the successes. You were always willing to chat, whether it was 9am (and you were still in bed) or 10:30pm and you were off to bed. We chatted often, probably at least once a day over the past few years. I loved those conversations. I think this is what I will miss most. I could call you to tell you about the books Ryan could read, or the sentences he could write, how he joined the swim team and at practice would swim 20 laps. I could tell you about the dances Julia performed, the stories she created, and the art project she brought home. You welcomed all my tales of parenting with enthusiasm. And when my kids challenged me, you taught me patience.

Your visits out to California to see me, Drew and then our two kids over the past 10 years were frequent – lucky me! The kids and I loved picking you up from the airport, always with a smile, always patient if we made you wait, always eager to join us in our busy lives for a few days. We prepared so many Passover Seders for friends and families together. We shared recipes and cooked together. We shopped (neither of our favorite activities) together and thrilled ourselves with the bargains we found.

When the lymphoma was first diagnosed almost 5 years ago we were all devastated. You accepted the illness with courage and fought it with bravery. You managed your first chemotherapy on your own in Evanston, with Max and me leading our own lives across the country. I visited just once, and together we enjoyed some “Mom and Jenny time.” I was amazed at the spirit you maintained through this ordeal and so rejoiced in the outcome. We celebrated your health with trips to Hawaii, Mexico and other fun places. We celebrated by just being with each other.

You faced your most recent illness with that same bravery and courage. The frustration, discomfort and hunger you endured were overwhelming, but still you faced it with strength. Your hospitalization was painful and emotional for you – not being able to easily converse with me, Max, Bruce and Lisa was the worst. However, still you endured, fought hard and kept up your spirits. At some point I think you realized, as we did, how serious your condition was. This point was a sad time. However, you still fought until the end. For this we are thankful.

Mom, I cannot envision my life without you. I will treasure my memories, which are filled with details – so many smiles, laughs, hugs, encouragement. I will miss our daily phone calls, our frequent visits and everything about you. I can be thankful that I had you in my life for 36 years, but I still cannot erase the feelings that I was cheated of the next 36 years – remember you told me you had ordered your Grandmother’s genes, and she lived to be 101. I guess life is not fair. I will remember your attitude towards life and try to keep my spirit like you always did. You helped me become a good wife, a good sister, a good mother and a good friend. Mom, keep your spirit close to mine. Say Hi to Dad and I hope you enjoy your time again with him. I take comfort in the knowledge that you are with him again. Goodbye, and I love you.

Jenny Jacob Patterson

July 11, 2006

Mom-

It is hard for me to believe that it is time to say goodbye. It seems like it was just yesterday that you used to give me a ride to speech therapy on the back of your bike. I remember that at the end of every quarter you used to reward me with a can of Coke since our family never drank soft drinks. Wow, that sure was a special treat at the age of five.

I can still close my eyes and remember the times that you used to sit at the kitchen table with me while I did my home work in second grade. You used to sit and read the NY Times and set a timer for five minutes which was the next time that I was allowed to ask you a question. I know that some of your friends thought that you would be sitting with me in College but you knew that I just needed a little extra encouragement and that I would learn how to study on my own.

I have fond memories of your teaching me how to make blintzes as a child. You taught me how to melt butter in the crepe dish and then pour in the batter, and how to tell when the crepes were cooked to perfection without burning them. Who knew that your special blintz recipe would help win over Lisa the first time that I ever made her dinner in Austin.

Mom, I have great memories of all of the trips that we used to take together over my winter vacations after college. We went skiing in Snowmass, white water rafting in Costa Rica, visited the Blue Footed Boobies in Ecuador and the Galapagos, went to the beach in Belize and then you opened our trip to Lisa two years ago so you could get to know her better as we beach hopped around St. John together.

It is hard to believe that it was a year ago that we were all together for my wedding. Lisa and I truly appreciate everything that you did to make our special weekend, SUPER special. You did an incredible job of balancing your wishes with ours even when they weren't necessarily the same. I will never forget the look of joy on your face as we

walked down the aisle together. I feel so lucky that you and Lisa got a chance to get to know one another and to love each other. I want you to know that Lisa will continue to help me grow into the man, husband, and future father that you laid the ground work for over the years. Lisa asked me to share with you how much she loved you and respected you and how desperately she will miss you. She could never ask for a better Mother-in-law and will never forget the wonderful role model that you were for her.

Mom, the past 32 years together have been AMAZING. You have been both a caring mother and an incredible friend. Who would have ever guessed that we would develop such a special bond? I love how you taught me to appreciate both museums and theater. You taught me how to be both compassionate and caring. You helped me become the man that I am today.

I know that the past ten years without Dad have been very difficult for you. You have always made me very proud with how you learned to live on your own again and doubled down with determination when you were diagnosed with Lymphoma five years ago.

It really saddens me that I will never get a chance to speak with you again. I loved our near daily conversations with you when I used to drive home from work. I always knew that there was a warm, "Hi Max!" whenever I called home. Who knew that you would teach yourself how to text message me so that we could keep in touch when Lisa and me as we traveled around the world. Mom, I am going to miss you so much. You were the best mother a son could ever ask for. It truly saddens me that you will never get to know my kids. I promise you that I will teach them all the great things about you and Dad and share with them both of your love for Lisa and me, and for Judaism. While I hate for this to be goodbye, I promise that you will live on forever in my mind, my heart, and my soul. I love you Mom.

-----**Max Jacob**

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made in the memory of Lynn C. Jacob to either Jewish Women International

(<https://mmm1914.dulles19-verio.com/jwiorg/index.htm>) or the Leukemia and Lymphoma Society, (<http://www.leukemia-lymphoma.org/>).