

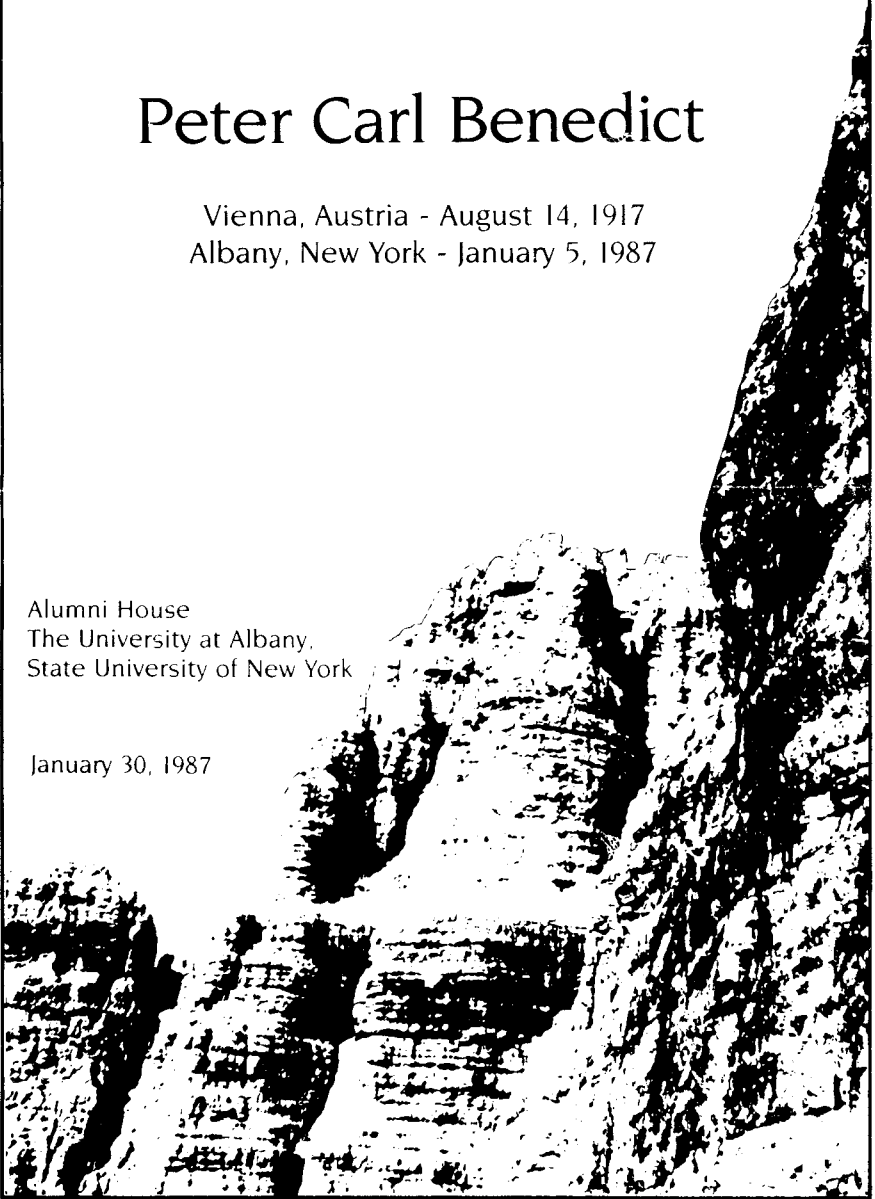
In Memoriam

Peter Carl Benedict

Vienna, Austria - August 14, 1917
Albany, New York - January 5, 1987

Alumni House
The University at Albany,
State University of New York

January 30, 1987



However each of us knew Peter Benedict, as relative, friend, colleague, or student, having known him has enriched our lives. Peter loved his family and friends. We remember his enjoyment of his wife, children, and grandchildren and his pride in their accomplishments. The company of his friends, old or new, was also a source of pleasure for him.

Music was always a very important part of his life, opera, in particular. As we listen to some of his favorite music today, many of us will remember how the beauty of this music often moved him to tears.

Another great love was mountains, and none were so beloved as the Alps, where he often skied and climbed in his youth. They were indeed the inspiration for his career as a geologist; climbing mountains aroused a curiosity about them that was ultimately satisfied by his studying geology. In the summer of 1984 two very special alpine events occurred: Peter introduced his grandson, Nicholas, to some of his favorite places in the Alps, and with one of his oldest friends, he made his last climb.

Peter was an optimist and enjoyed life. "I'm a lucky guy," he said spontaneously one day, shortly before the discovery of his lung cancer. He often acknowledged his good fortune in having had the opportunity to be part of two different cultures. In 1938, the year he left Europe for a new life in America, he probably didn't suspect that would be so, for at that moment it was almost unthinkable to live anywhere but Vienna!

Peter always managed to meet and talk with all kinds of people and he seemed to fit in wherever he went. He liked to be with people and people liked to be with him. We are lucky to have known him.

The family of Peter Benedict thanks those who have contributed to the University at Albany Fund for a memorial honoring him. Envelopes are available near the guestbook for the use of anyone else who wishes to make a contribution.

Der Rosenkavalier, trio from Act III

Richard Strauss, Composer
Sung by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf
Christa Ludwig
Theresa Stich-Randall

Reminiscences

Warren Roberts
Ronald Ley
Bryan Sterling

Four Last Songs

Richard Strauss, Composer
Sung by Lisa Della Casa

Vier Letzte Lieder/Four Last Songs

FRÜHLING

(Hermann Hesse)

In dämmrigen Grüten
Träumte ich lang
von deinen Bäumen und blauen Lüften,
von deinem Duft und Vogelgesang.

Nun liegst du erschlossen
in Gleiss und Zier,
von Licht übergossen
wie ein Wunder vor mir.

Du kennst mich wieder,
Du lockst mich zart,
es zittert durch all meine Glieder
deine selige Gegenwart!

SPRING

In halfflight I waited,
dreamed all too long
of trees in blossom,
those flowering breezes,
that fragrant blue and thrushes' song.

Now streaming and glowing
from sky to field
with light overflowing
all these charms are revealed.

Light gilds the river,
light floods the plain;
Spring calls me: and through
me there quiver
life's own loveliness, life's own sweetness
returned again!

SEPTEMBER
(Hermann Hesse)

Der Garten trauert,
Kühl sinkt in die Blumen der Regen.
Der Sommer schauert
still seinem Ende entgegen.

Golden tropft Blatt um Blatt
nieder vom hohen Akazienbaum.
Sommer lächelt erstaunt und matt
in den sterbenden Gartentraum.

Lange noch bei den Rosen
bleibt er stehn, sehnt sich nach Ruh.
Langsam tut er die
müdgewordnen Augen zu.

BEIM SCHLAFENGEHN
(Hermann Hesse)

Nun der Tag mich müd'gemacht,
soll mein sehnhliches Verlangen
freundlich die gestirnte Nacht
wie ein müdes Kind empfangen.

Hände lasst von allem Tun,
Stirn vergiss du alles Denken,
alle meine Sinne nun
wollen sich in Sch'lummer senken.

Und die Seele unbewacht,
will in freien Flügen schweben,
um im Zauberkreis der Nacht
tief und tausendfach zu leben.

IM ABENDROT
(Joseph von Eichendorff)

Wir sind durch Not und Freude
gegangen Hand in Hand;
vom Wandern ruhen wir
nun überm stillen Land.

Rings sich die Täler neigen,
es dunkelt schon die Luft,
zwei Lerchen nur noch steigen
nach träumend in den Duft.

Tritt her und lass sie schwirren,
bald ist es Schlafenszeit,
dass wir uns nicht verirren
in dieser Einsamkeit.

O weiter, stiller Friede!
So tief im Abendrot,
Wie sind wir wandermüde—
ist dies etwa der Tod?

SEPTEMBER

These mournful flowers,
rain-drenched in the coolness are bending,
while Summer cowers,
mute as he waits for his ending.

Gravely each golden leaf
falls from the tallest Acacia tree;
Summer marvels and smiles to see
his own garden grow faint with grief.

Ling'ring still, near the roses
long he stays, longs for repose;
languid, slow to the last,
his weary eyelids close.

TIME TO SLEEP

Now the day has wearied me,
all my gain and all my longing,
like a weary child's, shall be Night
whose many stars are thronging.

Hands, now leave your work alone;
brow, forget your idle thinking,
all my thoughts, their labor done,
softly into sleep are sinking.

High the soul will rise in flight,
freely gliding, softly swaying,
in the magic realm of night,
deeper laws of life obeying.

AT DUSK

Here both in need and gladness
we wandered hand in hand;
now let us pause at last
above the silent land.

Dusk comes the vales exploring,
the darkling air grows still,
along two skylarks soaring
in song their dreams fulfil.

Draw close and leave them singing,
soon will be time to sleep,
how lost our way's beginning!
This solitude, how deep.

O rest so long desired!
We sense the night's soft breath
Now we are tired, how tired!
Can this perhaps be death?