

HIRAM PALEY



SEPT 9, 1933 - JAN 9, 2012
IN MEMORIAM





Do not shed tears when I have gone
but smile instead because I have lived.

Do not shut your eyes and pray to God
that I'll come back
but open your eyes and see all that I
have left behind.

I know your heart will be empty because
you cannot see me
but still I want you to be full of the love
we shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and
live only for yesterday
or you can be happy for tomorrow be-
cause of what happened
between us yesterday.

You can remember me and grieve that I
have gone
or you can cherish my memory and let it
live on.

You can cry and lose yourself become
distraught
and turn your back on the world
or you can do what I want - smile, wipe
away the tears,
learn to love again and go on.

I can't go on. I must go on. I'll go on.

David Harkins



March 10, 2012

SPEAKERS

Ed Yohnka, Illinois ACLU

Joshua Paley, son

Senator Richard Durbin, (D Illinois)

Joseph Rotman, colleague, poker buddy

Esther Patt, fellow Democrat

Barry Brehm, photographer



SUCCESS

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often,
and loved much;
Who has gained the respect of intelligent men [and women]
and the love of little children;
Who has filled his niche and accomplished his task;
Who has left the world better than he found it;
Who has looked for the best in others and given the best he had;
Whose life was an inspiration;
Whose memory is a benediction.

Bessie Anderson Stanley



FAREWELL TO A GOOD FRIEND

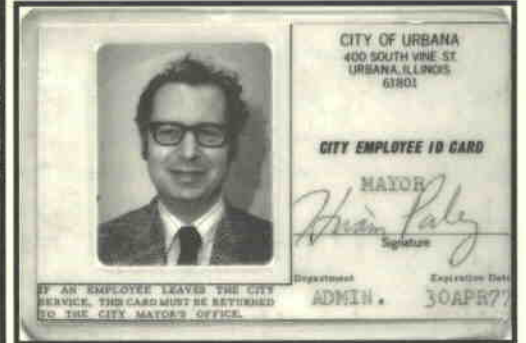
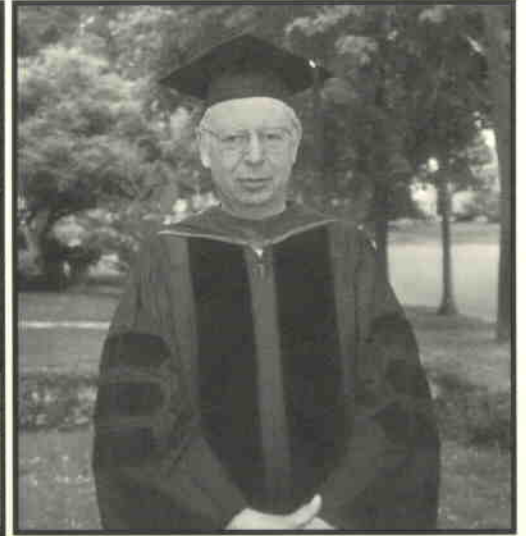
Hiram Paley was one of the first public officials I covered when I began at The News-Gazette more than 35 years ago. I always found him helpful and forthright as the mayor of Urbana, but we never became friends until after he was out of office. That's when we could discuss things well beyond local politics, everything from abortion and religion to families and free speech.

We occasionally would meet for lunch but I treasured the summer evenings we would spend at the Danville Dans games. For some reason our wives never wanted to go with us, so it was just Hiram and me for at least four hours, talking, eating and drinking and watching baseball (although on occasion he would bring his camera and shoot the games). Dans' nights could be exhausting for both of us because we never shut up.

Hiram was a mathematics professor, a world traveler, a political junkie, a great defender of the First Amendment and a fine photographer, but I will remember him best as a Cardinals fan (he grew up in Rochester, N.Y., when the Red Wings were a Cardinals affiliate) and a fellow baseball lover.

Hiram passed away Monday after an illness he battled (a great understatement) for years. I had hoped that we'd be able to attend one last Dans game next summer, but that was not to be. On the other hand, Hiram died with his Cardinals as world champions. I know he will mention that the next time we meet.

*Tom Kacich, editor and columnist for
The News-Gazette, Wed. 1/11/12*



FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream! --
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

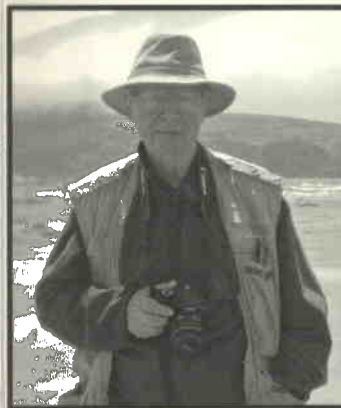
Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, -- act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



THU, 01/12/2012

Urbana has lost one of its best-known and best-liked citizens.

Former Urbana Mayor Hiram Paley, who died Monday at age 78, was a man of many passions and interests.

Perhaps best known for serving 12 years as an elected official in Urbana city government, he spent decades on the fringes of politics in the service of many different causes.

He was a man of unswerving principles, and for that he deserves respect.

But Paley had many other interests besides politics and government. Most prominently, there was his professional life as a math professor. He joined the University of Illinois faculty in 1959 after receiving his doctorate in mathematics and stayed until his retirement in 2003.

Paley also was an enthusiastic photographer, joining and later reviving a local camera club. An avid sports fan, he followed UI sports closely and was a regular at the Assembly Hall for Fighting Illini basketball games.

Behind his gentle exterior, he was a fighter. Paley battled cancer for years with the same vigor he brought to his political activities before succumbing to the disease.

He was an amiable conversationalist, a worthy political opponent, loyal supporter of favored causes and a good friend to many.

In short, he was the kind of person who helps make Champaign-Urbana such an interesting and lively place, and he will be missed.

The News-Gazette

