

Bill Sherman
Stamford, CT

Date of Death: 4/14/2002

NOTE: Three different documents appear below:

1. Published obituary for Bill published in the Stamford Advocate
2. Addendum written by Bill's wife, Cherri
3. "*Reflections*" for our 50th Reunion Book, written by Cherri

NEWSPAPER OBITUARY

William M. Sherman, a Stamford resident, died Sunday, April 14th in Stowe, VT. He was 64. He died of heart failure, according to his family.

He was born November 26, 1937 in Stamford, the son of Gertrude Scherer Sherman of Salt Lake City and the late Joseph K. Sherman. Mr. Sherman was a principal in the law firm of Sherman & Sanchez. After graduating from Dartmouth College and Columbia Law School, he and his father started a law practice in Stamford. Mr. Sherman was listed in "*America's Best Lawyers 2000*" and was a member of the Connecticut Bar Association.

He was a member of the Congregation Agudath Shalom. Mr. Sherman also was a member of the Saltaire Yacht & Tennis Club in Fire Island, NY. He was an avid skier and tennis player.

In addition to his mother, he is survived by his wife Cherri Murphy Sherman of Stamford, five daughters - Timna, Lisa, Amy, Jill and Kate - all of Stamford, a brother Bruce Sherman of Sandy, UT and two nephews.

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CHERRI'S ADDENDUM

A fund through the Stamford Public Schools Endowment Fund was established in Bill's name. Our daughters and I have been able to dispense funds for children to . . .

- Go to special events and summer camps;
- Participate in school trips to Europe;
- Receive scholarship funds; and
- Have gifts at holiday times.

The incredible generosity of his friends continues to this day to play a role in Bill's huge legacy.

- Clients still say they are bereft.
- Colleagues say practicing law without him around is just not the same.
- Friends miss his humor, teasing and his arm around their shoulders.
- His poker pals don't enjoy the game much any more
- And I often hear a voice saying, "Just hit the ball" as I go for a tennis shot.

His "girls" suffer his loss and miss their biggest fan. However, they know what he wants for them, and by living the kind of lives they do, they honor his name. He was truly one of a kind and will be forever young and forever cherished.

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CHERRI'S "REFLECTIONS"

It is appropriate that the request came to me for "Reflections." A first-person account is not possible for Bill "Moose" Sherman. He has no e-mail address or cell number. But, in all reality, he was never good with that stuff. I, his wife of nearly 30 years, have to do the reflecting.

I only came to know of his Dartmouth days through stories, reunions, visits to the campus, overhearing telephone calls, and spending weekends with his '59 buddies. He was so proud to be a Dartmouth man. How he loved his years in Hanover and the academic and social opportunities it provided.

He went on to Columbia Law School along with (classmate) Bob Werbel, but his allegiance was always to the “Big D.”

General law was his choice. He first joined his father’s practice, followed by several partnerships before Sherman & Sanchez. (Daniel Sanchez, having had Bill as his mentor, has continued the practice.) But, while his practice often took Bill out of town, his practice was always based in Stamford.

His clients included people of all colors, creeds and life styles, including the rich and famous. He loved the “little guys” and fought hard to protect and maintain their quality of life. His twinkle and wit made him beloved and accomplished much more than any highbrow arrogance could.

He did manage to play all over the world before his marriage at age 34. His philosophy was that our children came into our lives, and not us into theirs. So, our road trips continued, as did adventures at home and abroad. For example, our rabbi was invited to bring a contingent to Cairo after President Anwar Sadat made his historic visit to Israel. Bill was the first to sign on. Our group was featured at Sadat’s summer palace on the front page of the New York Times.

As easily as he stepped out of Middle America, he quickly jumped back into playing in the surf with his five girls, smashing tennis balls in the hope of winning a trophy or skiing behind his bevy at Sugar-bush. After having bought seven season’s ski passes, he remarked, “I paid \$3,500 for the privilege of being the worst skier in the family!” He was crazy for his girls.

Bill would laughingly refer to himself as either the *Teviah* of suburbia or a specialist in the age of specialization. At reunions, when his classmates told him their children were applying to Dartmouth, he would be changing a diaper and saying, “What is wrong with this picture?” He loved it and was not in a rush to have his girls grow up. Admittedly, it was easier to accept Dartmouth going coed as a parent of daughters who he always told could do and be anything they wanted.

Bill packed more into a week than most. He loved the art of the deal. He'd bob and weave, running into the city to meet a daughter and have dinner with her young friends - who, not surprisingly, were also his. He played cards and shot craps for a respite from the office pressures, but mostly, for the bonding with his great '59 friends.

He loved history, suffered what was becoming of the world with great pain and anger, and found comfort in reading his weekly Sports Illustrated and planning his next trip.

In February 2002 he was in Salt Lake City, enjoying the Olympic Games and playing the "switch the ticket game" with the best of them. Two months later, while skiing with a Harvard man at Stowe, he passed away.

Two days later, over 1,000 people attended his funeral. We had "*His was a life of passion*" imprinted on his footstone. He was passionate about Dartmouth, his friends, his family, his work, his play, and simply about life. His girls continue to honor his legacy as they lead lives doing for others and not taking themselves too seriously. They know what their Dad would want.

Five years later, I cry as I write because the hole in my life is so large. I realize how lucky I am that he was my partner and the father of our children. We know that our cup is more than half full.

I close borrowing the words of a Celine Dion song, "For all the wrong he made right ... for all the dreams he made come true ... I am everything I am because he loved me."

All of this said, if he could write or call, I am sure he would simply say, "**Go Green!**"