

Harold Hart, father of four children and Professor Emeritus in Chemistry at Michigan State University, passed away in his sleep at the age of 97 in his Kalamazoo, MI home on November 17, 2019.

Harold was born in 1922 to David and Ruth Hart in New York City. He graduated from high school in 1937, attended Brooklyn College (1937-1939) and then moved to the University of Illinois where he received a BS in chemistry in 1941. There he met the love of his life, Geraldine Cohen. They married in 1942 after moving to State College, PA where they started their family. Harold did government research at Pennsylvania State University from 1941-1945 while simultaneously completing MS (1943) and PhD (1947) degrees. The young family moved to East Lansing in 1946 (Okemos in 1953) where Harold began his career in the MSU Department of Chemistry as an Instructor, becoming Professor in 1957.

Harold taught organic chemistry and published research with over 160 undergraduate, graduate and postdoctoral students until his retirement in 1987. He was a major influence on the transformation of MSU Chemistry from a teaching department to an excellent research department. In 1953 he wrote the first organic chemistry textbook (with RD Schuetz) designed for non-chemistry majors. This book is currently in its thirteenth edition. His research contributions involved both synthetic and physical organic chemistry and he was recognized by many awards, visiting professorships and lectureships. He also served the chemistry community in many ways including as editor of Chemical Reviews (1967-1976).

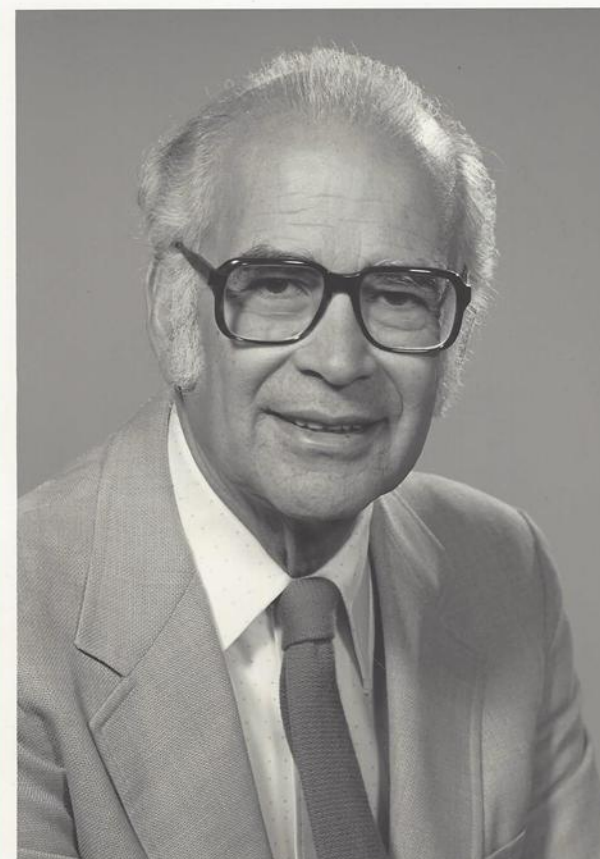
Several years before retiring, with Gerry's encouragement, Harold took pottery classes and then joined the Greater Lansing Potters' Guild in 1980. He sold his wares at their biannual sales for over 30 years. This activity inspired him to publish several works at the intersection of pottery and chemistry. Harold also played tennis for 75 years until the age of 87.

Harold and Gerry enjoyed many activities with friends including bridge, travel, politics, and concerts. They built a summer home on Beaver Island where Harold continued to make pottery, play tennis, and entertain family and friends.

Harold was preceded in death by his parents, wife (Geraldine) and two siblings (Natalie and Nathaniel). He is survived by his sister (Frances), daughters Ariel (Richard), Diana, and Leslie (Tim), son David (Rose), by grandchildren Raphael (Joslyn), Talia, Brynn, Steven, Naomi (Dean), Rachel (Liz), Lyla (Matt) and Nick, and eight great-grandchildren. He will be deeply missed by his family, friends and dear neighbors (Ann and Rick Wooten).

Harold has donated his body to the Western Michigan University Medical School where he joins his wife as a silent teacher for medical students. In remembrance, donations can be made to the ACLU, the Southern Poverty Law Center, or the Greater Lansing Potters' Guild.

We celebrate the life of Harold Hart

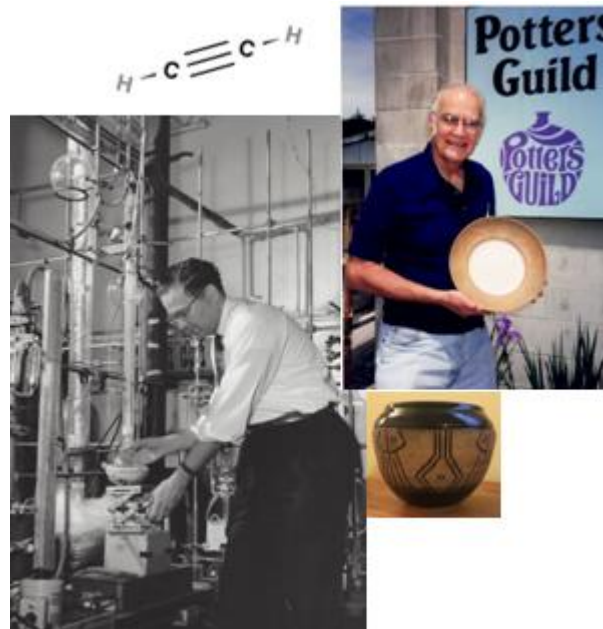
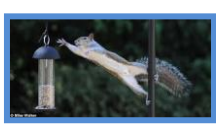
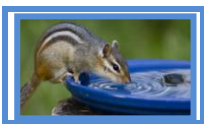


May 14, 1922 – November 17, 2019

We are here today to remember, celebrate, and share our memories of the life of Harold Hart. His life affected each of ours in unique ways that we treasure. We imagine he would look upon this gathering of family, friends, former colleagues and students with pleasure.

He will live on in our own lives, as we remember his love of chemistry, art, music, pottery, tennis, friends, and family. We each have known his generous, contemplative, and tender nature. Usually quiet and observant, he exemplified the saying "still waters run deep", showing a great sensitivity to the needs of others.

Keenly aware of the world's woes, he strove to add his drop of *tikkun olam* (healing the world). Yet Harold had also a striking sense of humor and was a champion of the one-liner. And, markedly, he experienced profound joy in the quiet observation of nature. We remember him in these ways to keep him close.



The Trees – by Philip Larkin

The trees are coming into leaf
Like something almost being said;
The recent buds relax and spread,
Their greenness is a kind of grief.

Is it that they are born again
And we grow old? No, they die too,
Their yearly trick of looking new
Is written down in rings of grain.

Yet still the unresting castles thresh
In fullgrown thickness every May.
Last year is dead, they seem to say,
Begin afresh, afresh, afresh.