

"All the News
That's Fit to Print"

The New York

VOL. CXLIII . . . No. 49,705

Copyright © 1994 The New York Times

TUESDAY, MAY 24, 1994

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis Is Buried



Reuters

John F. Kennedy Jr. touched his father's gravestone yesterday after he and Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg, right, kissed their mother's coffin at the conclusion of services at Arlington National Cemetery.

Times

By R. W. APPLE Jr.

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, May 23 — Eulogized by President Clinton as a "remarkable woman whose life will forever glow in the lives of her fellow Americans," Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was buried today on an Arlington hillside next to her martyred first husband, the 35th President of the United States.

The eternal flame that Mrs. Onassis lighted three decades ago as a 34-year-old widow flickered in a summery breeze as the President spoke of her courage at the time of John F. Kennedy's assassination, when her poise and dignity helped to salve the nation's wounds, and of her kindness to him and to Hillary Rodham Clinton as they searched for ways to shield their daughter, Chelsea, from the corrosive glare of publicity.

"God gave her very great gifts and imposed upon her great burdens," Mr. Clinton said. "She bore them all with dignity and grace and uncommon common sense."

In keeping with Mrs. Onassis's passion for privacy, it was a modest, 11-minute ceremony, with fewer than 100 people standing near the grave in the midday sun. There were brief readings by the two children, John F. Kennedy Jr. and Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg, whose then-tiny hands so tightly clutched those of their mother at their father's funeral — a heart-rending picture that is burned into the memory of every American old enough to remember.

Finally, 64 bells rang out from the tower of the Washington Cathedral

Rites in New York and at Arlington, by Eternal Flame

across the Potomac River, one for each year of a life suddenly cut short by lymphoma, a form of cancer.

At the funeral Mass at the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola in Manhattan this morning, Senator Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts recalled that Mrs. Onassis had once said that "if you bungle raising your children, nothing else much matters in life." She did not do so, he said, for all the obstacles that fate had cast into her path, and her two children, he said, "are her two miracles."

Despite her dazzling successes in the White House, despite her second

marriage to the the shipowner Aristotle Onassis, despite the paparazzi who dogged her steps, Senator Kennedy said that "she never wanted public notice — in part, I think, because it brought back painful memories of an unbearable sorrow, endured in the glare of a million lights."

Since she died last Thursday evening in her Fifth Avenue apartment after a short illness, Mrs. Onassis has been praised by politicians, historians and news commentators for her style, her taste, her bravery in the face of crushing tragedy, her devotion as a mother and her stubborn insistence on living by her own lights. Her passing broke a link to a time when politicians were often heroes, a time of sweet optimism that was soured by Vietnam and Watergate.

In a vulgar era when celebrity is

Continued on Page A11, Column 1

DEATH OF A FIRST LADY: 'We Say Goodbye to Jackie'

THE OVERVIEW

Jacqueline Onassis Buried in Simple

Continued From Page A1

something to be cashed in on, she seemed to many to symbolize a more refined and more ordered way of life.

The historian Michael Beschloss argued that Mrs. Onassis was one of the two most important First Ladies of the century, the other, in his view, having been Eleanor Roosevelt. Pierre Salinger, the White House press secretary in the Kennedy White House, insisted that she was a figure of substance as well as glamor. President Lyndon B. Johnson, he said, wanted to nominate her as Ambassador to France, but she dissuaded him.

"She made a rare and noble contribution to the American spirit," said Senator Kennedy. At no point did he or any other speaker at the funeral Mass make the slightest allusion to Mrs. Onassis's second marriage, which was widely criticized in the news media at the time as inappropriate.

Touchstone of Continuity

The church, a 96-year-old neoclassic limestone structure on Park Avenue at 84th Street, was the same one where Jacqueline Bouvier was baptized as an infant and confirmed as a teen-ager — a continuity rare in modern America, where people's lives often carry them far from their origins. Perhaps in memory of those days, the officiating priest, the Rev. Walter Modrys, pronounced her name in the French manner, zhak-LEEN, as she preferred when young, and not in the American way, JACK-well-in, as became common later.

Tradition was also served in the preponderance of family members among the readers, pallbearers and other participants in the Mass. One pallbearer was William Kennedy Smith, a nephew of Mrs. Onassis, who was acquitted on rape charges in December 1991, after a late-night drinking incident in Palm Beach, Fla., that March.

John Kennedy Jr. said that the family had struggled to set the right tone for the funeral and had finally decided that three things "defined my mother's essence: her love of words, the bonds of home and family and her spirit of adventure."

Maurice Tempelsman, Mrs. Kennedy's companion of recent years, read a favorite poem, "Ithaka," by the Alexandrian Greek, C.P. Cavafy. Mrs. Schlossberg read another, "Memory of Cape Cod," by the American poet Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Outsiders were also involved. Mike Nichols, the director, who occasionally escorted Mrs. Onassis in New York



Associated Press

Jacqueline Kennedy and her children, John and Caroline, visiting the grave of President John F. Kennedy in Arlington National Cemetery in 1964, sixth months after his assassination on Nov. 22, 1963.

in the 1970's, read a scriptural passage, and the soprano Jessye Norman sang a pair of hymns, Franck's Panis Angelicus and Schubert's Ave Maria.

Daryl Hannah, the actress friend of John Kennedy Jr., was there, as were four senators with close ties to the family: John Glenn of Ohio, Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York, John Kerry of Massachusetts and Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island. With the aid of a plastic cane, President Johnson's widow, Lady Bird, now silver-haired and rarely seen in public, moved slowly up the steps of the church, at Park Avenue and 84th Street.

Mrs. Clinton attended the Mass, but her husband did not. He met the chartered plane carrying Mrs. Onassis's body to Washington at National Airport and rode with the hearse and members of the family to Arlington, Va.

The family arrived at Arlington National Cemetery in three long, black limousines. The grave itself was covered in green cloth and with greenery that was carefully arranged and sprayed with water for freshness just before the family arrived.

The retired Roman Catholic Archbishop of New Orleans, the Rev. Philip M. Hannan, an old family friend, conducted the service. As auxiliary bishop of Washington in 1963, he conducted John F. Kennedy's funeral. Today, he chose six sad words to capture the mood. Mrs. Onassis, he said, was "so dearly beloved, so sorely missed."

Mrs. Onassis' coffin was carried to the grave by professional pallbearers who were preceded, at a steady and somber gait, by Archbishop Hannan and the Kennedy cousins and another friend of the family who served as honorary pallbearers. They included Robert F. Kennedy Jr., Timothy Shriver, Christopher Lawford, William Kennedy Smith, Edward M. Kennedy Jr. and Jack Walsh, a retired Secret Service agent who guarded both Caroline and John throughout their childhoods.

The archbishop's magenta surplice and skullcap and the bright peach-colored lapels on Mrs. Clinton's black suit were the only splashes of color in the black-clad procession.

Among the people gathered at the grave for the burial service were

Ceremony

Mrs. Onassis's sister, Lee Radziwill Ross; her stepbrother, Hugh Auchincloss, and three Kennedy sisters — Jean Kennedy Smith, Patricia Kennedy Lawford and Eunice Kennedy Shriver — as well as Senator Kennedy, who is the only survivor of the four Kennedy brothers.

Also at the grave were Nancy Tuckerman, who worked for Jacqueline Kennedy in the White House and remained a friend and sometime spokeswoman; Providencia Paredes, who was her personal maid in the White House; Ms. Paredes's son, Gustavo, who grew up with John Jr. and remains a good friend, and Ms. Hannah, the actress. No relatives of the late Mr. Onassis were there.

Rose Kennedy, the family matriarch, who will be 104 years old in July, was unable to attend.

Some members of the group dabbed at their eyes as the 11-minute service progressed. Archbishop Hannan gently reminded them that a funeral is as much "for the consolation of the living as it is for the comfort of the deceased."

Mr. Clinton recalled his conversations with Mrs. Onassis and the time that he spent sailing with her when he and his family vacationed on Martha's Vineyard last summer.

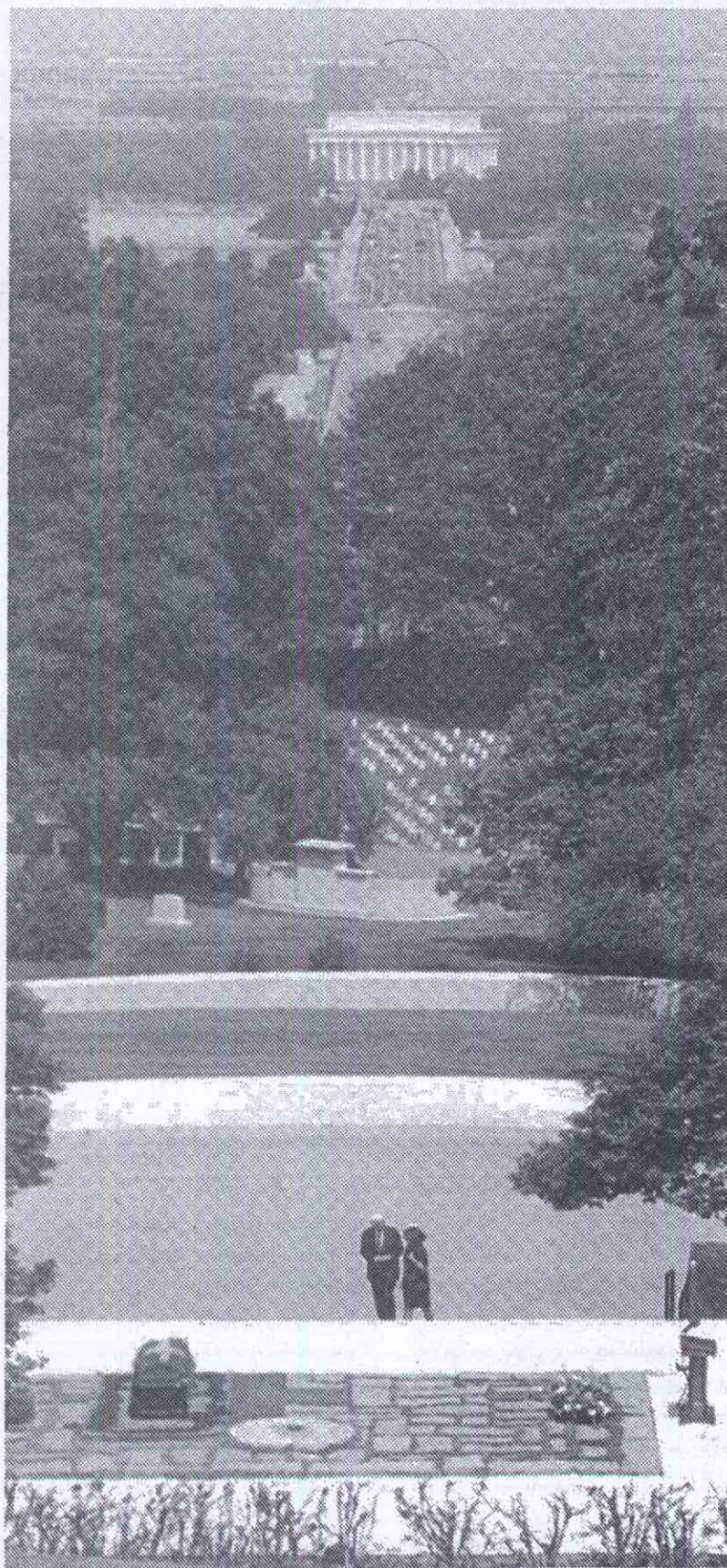
"In the end she cared most about being a good mother to her children," he said, "and the lives of Caroline and John leave no doubt that she was that, and more."

The President concluded: "We say goodbye to Jackie. May the flame she lit so long ago burn ever here and always brighter in our hearts."

John Jr. read from Thessalonians 4:13-18, and Caroline read Psalm 121. Thirteen white-clad Navy Sea Chanters, the same group that sang at President Richard M. Nixon's funeral last month, sang "Eternal Father, Strong to Save," which is also known as the Navy Hymn.

Only the second First Lady to be buried at Arlington National Cemetery — Mrs. William Howard Taft, also interred next to her husband, is the other — Mrs. Onassis now rests in a cluster of Kennedys on the slope below the creamy Doric columns of the Custis-Lee mansion. In addition to President Kennedy, they are his brother, Robert F. Kennedy, assassinated during the 1968 Presidential campaign; her unnamed daughter, stillborn in 1956, and her infant son, Patrick, who died in 1963.

Afterward, Caroline and John Jr. kneeled at the grave, selected flowers from a bouquet and kissed their mother's coffin. Caroline went to join her husband then, but John walked on, leaning down to touch the graves of his father and Patrick, before he joined the family for a brief walk to Robert's grave.



Paul Hosefros/The New York Times

After a modest graveside service for Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis at the eternal flame that she lighted at Arlington three decades ago, two guests who attended the service yesterday returned to pay their final respects.

EULOGIES

'Because of Her, We Could Grieve and Then

Following are tributes by Senator Edward M. Kennedy, Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg and President Clinton delivered yesterday at the services for Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. Mr. Kennedy's eulogy, recorded by The Associated Press, was given at the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola in Manhattan, as was Mrs. Schlossberg's reading of a poem, which was recorded by Reuters. President Clinton's remarks were made during burial services at Arlington National Cemetery and recorded by The New York Times.

Senator Edward M. Kennedy

Last summer, when we were on the upper deck on the boat at the Vineyard, waiting for President and Mrs. Clinton to arrive, Jackie turned to me and said, "Teddy, you go down and greet the President."

But I said, "Maurice is already there."

And Jackie answered: "Teddy, you do it. Maurice isn't running for re-election."

She was always there, for all our family, in her special way.

She was a blessing to us and to the nation, and a lesson to the world on how to do things right, how to be a mother, how to appreciate history, how to be courageous.

No one else looked like her, spoke like her, wrote like her, or was so original in the way she did things. No one we knew ever had a better sense of self.

Eight months before she married Jack, they went together to President Eisenhower's inaugural ball. Jackie said later that that's where they decided they like inaugurations.

No one ever gave more meaning to the title of First Lady. The nation's capital city looks as it does because of her. She saved Lafayette Square and Pennsylvania Avenue.

Jackie brought the greatest artists to the White House, and brought the arts to the center of national attention. Today, in large part because of her inspiration and vision, the arts are an abiding part of national policy.

President Kennedy took such delight in her brilliance and her spirit. At a White House dinner, he once leaned over and told the wife of the French Ambassador: "Jackie speaks fluent French. But I only understand one out of every five words she says — and that word is de Gaulle."

And then, during those four endless days in 1963, she held us together as a family and a country. In large part because of her, we could grieve and then go on. She lifted us up, and in the doubt and darkness, she gave her fellow citizens back their pride as Americans. She was then 34 years old.

Afterward, as the eternal flame she lit flickered in the autumn of Arlington Cemetery, Jackie went on to do what she most wanted — to raise Caroline and John, and



Ed Quinn for The New York Times

Mourners yesterday outside the Fifth Avenue apartment of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis before her coffin was taken to the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola.

warm her family's life and that of all the Kennedys.

Robert Kennedy sustained her, and she helped make it possible for Bobby to continue. She kept Jack's memory alive, as he carried Jack's mission on.

Her two children turned out to be extraordinary, honest, unspoiled and with a character equal to hers. And she did it in the most trying of circumstances. They are her two miracles.

Her love for Caroline and John was deep

Go On: Tributes at the Services

and unqualified. She reveled in their accomplishments, she hurt with their sorrows, and she felt sheer joy and delight in spending time with them. At the mere mention of one of their names, Jackie's eyes would shine brighter and her smile would grow bigger.

She once said that if you "bungle raising your children nothing else much matters in life." She didn't bungle. Once again, she showed how to do the most important thing of all, and do it right.

When she went to work, Jackie became a respected professional in the world of publishing. And because of her, remarkable books came to life. She searched out new authors and ideas. She was interested in everything.

Her love of history became a devotion to historic preservation. You knew, when Jackie joined the cause to save a building in Manhattan, the bulldozers might as well turn around and go home.

She had a wonderful sense of humor — a way of focusing on someone with total attention — and a little girl delight in who they were and what they were saying. It was a gift of herself that she gave to others. And in spite of all her heartache and loss, she never faltered.

I often think of what she said about Jack in December after he died: "They made him a legend, when he would have preferred to be a man." Jackie would have preferred to be just herself, but the world insisted that she be a legend, too.

She never wanted public notice — in part I think, because it brought back painful memories of an unbearable sorrow, endured in the glare of a million lights.

In all the years since then, her genuineness and depth of character continued to shine through the privacy and reach people everywhere. Jackie was too young to be a widow in 1963, and too young to die now.

Her grandchildren were bringing new joy to her life, a joy that illuminated her face whenever you saw them together. Whether it was taking Rose and Tatiana for an ice cream cone, or taking a walk in Central Park with little Jack as she did last Sunday, she relished being Grand Jackie and showering her grandchildren with love.

At the end, she worried more about us than herself. She let her family and friends know she was thinking of them. How cherished were those wonderful notes in her distinctive hand on her powder blue stationery!

In truth, she did everything she could, and more, for each of us.

She made a rare and noble contribution to the American spirit. But for us, most of all she was a magnificent wife, mother, grandmother, sister, aunt and friend.

She graced our history. And for those of us who knew and loved her, she graced our lives.

Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg

The poem I'm going to read comes from a book my mother kept on a special bookshelf in her room. The front of the book reads, "Marie McKinney Memorial Award in Literature, First Prize. Presented to Jacqueline Bouvier, June 1946." And the poem is called "Memory of Cape Cod," by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

The wind in the ash-tree sounds like surf on the shore at Truro. I will shut my eyes . . . hush, be still with your silly bleating, sheep on Shillingstone Hill . . .

They said: Come along! They said: Leave your pebbles on the sand and come along, it's long after sunset!

The mosquitoes will be thick in the pine-woods along by Long Nook, the wind's died down!

They said: Leave your pebbles on the sand, and your shells, too, and come along, we'll find you another beach like the beach at Truro.

Let me listen to the wind in the ash . . . it sounds like surf on the shore.

President Clinton

We are joined here today at the site of the eternal flame, lit by Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis 31 years ago, to bid farewell to this remarkable woman whose life will forever glow in the lives of her fellow Americans.

Whether she was soothing a nation grieving for a former President or raising the children with the care and the privacy they deserve, or simply being a good friend, she seemed always to do the right thing in the right way.

She taught us by example about the beauty of art, the meaning of culture, the lessons of history, the power of personal courage, the nobility of public service and, most of all, the sanctity of family.

God gave her very great gifts and imposed upon her great burdens. She bore them all with diggity and grace and uncommon common sense. In the end she cared most about being a good mother to her children, and the lives of Caroline and John leave no doubt that she was that, and more.

Hillary and I are especially grateful that she took so much time to talk about the importance of raising children away from the public eye, and we will always remember the wonderful, happy times we shared together last summer.

With admiration, love and gratitude, for the inspiration and the dreams she gave to all of us, we say goodbye to Jackie today.

May the flame she lit so long ago burn ever brighter here and always brighter in our hearts.

God bless you, friend, and farewell.

Funeral Heard Across Nation

In the end, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis's invitation-only funeral Mass was heard across the country. But it was not seen.

Three television networks — CBS, CNN and NBC — carried the sound of the service yesterday at St. Ignatius Loyola Roman Catholic Church in Manhattan. But cameras were not permitted inside the church.

The audio feed was not agreed upon until 1 A.M. yesterday, nine hours before the Mass was to begin. CBS News had been designated to provide pool coverage if it could be arranged. Charles Kaye, the executive producer for radio at CBS News, said that once the Senator's aide said yes, technical and logistical problems had to be worked out.

"The church had a fairly decent public address system," Mr. Kaye said, "so what we did was use their public address system and found a way to cable the audio out of the church to a television satellite truck parked nearby."

At the church, at Park Avenue and 84th Street, "they were nice enough to let a CBS Radio technician sit down at the console of the public address system," Mr. Kaye said, turning the microphones up and down as the service shifted from the organ to the choir and Miss Norman to the pulpit.



Watching as the coffin of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was taken from the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola in Manhattan yesterday morning were, from left, John F. Kennedy Jr., Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg, Edwin Schlossberg, Maurice Tempelsman and Hillary Rodham Clinton.

Monica Almeida/The New York Times

DEATH OF A FIRST LADY: Comforting a Nation's Sorrow

THE FUNERAL

Farewell to a Woman Of Strength and Grace

By JANNY SCOTT

The family and friends of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis gathered yesterday morning in a Manhattan church, and many hundreds of others thronged outside, to bid farewell to the woman they remembered with love and admiration for restoring their pride and hope at one of the country's bleakest moments.

As housekeepers watched from the windows of Park Avenue apartments and helicopters hovered against a bright blue sky, inside the church those closest to the former First Lady remembered her for her love of words, "her spirit of adventure" and her devotion to her family.

"During those four endless days in 1963, she held us together as a family and a country," Senator Edward M. Kennedy, her former brother-in-law, said in his eulogy. "In large part because of her, we could grieve and then go on. She lifted us up, and in the doubt and darkness, she gave her

fellow citizens back their pride as Americans."

"Afterward, as the eternal flame she lit flickered in the autumn of Arlington Cemetery," Senator Kennedy said, "Jackie went on to do what she most wanted — to raise Caroline and John, and warm her family's life and that of all the Kennedys."

By Invitation Only

The funeral — by invitation only, hand-delivered or telephoned over the weekend — attracted women and men from the many corners of Mrs. Onassis' life. They included dozens of relatives of President Kennedy and many of his White House advisers, Hillary Rodham Clinton, members of Congress, writers, artists and performers, socialites, members of news organizations and her children's closest friends.

Among those who came were Senators Daniel Patrick Moynihan, John Kerry and Claiborne Pell; the former Kennedy aides Dave Powers, Richard Goodwin and Pierre Salinger; the television personalities Mike Wallace, Phil Donahue and Diane Sawyer; the architects Philip Johnson and I.M. Pei; Philippe de Montebello, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; John Kenneth Galbraith, the economist and author who was Ambassador to India during the Kennedy Administration; Roosevelt Grier, the former football player and aide to Robert F. Kennedy who was with him in Los Angeles when he was shot and killed in 1968 while running for President; and Kenneth Battelle, better known as simply Kenneth, the hairdresser who created the First Lady's bouffant in the 1960's.

There were many lesser known guests at the funeral Mass, held at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Ignatius Loyola on Park Avenue and East 84th Street, where Mrs. Onassis was baptized and confirmed. By one guest's account, one of the saddest moments of the 80-minute service was when Mrs. Onassis' longtime butler helped carry the communion wafers up the center aisle to the priest to

be consecrated, then turned back toward the congregation weeping.

Her Children Trail Behind

Later, Mrs. Onassis' children, Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg and John F. Kennedy Jr., walked down the aisle beneath the 70-foot-high vaulted ceiling, holding each other tightly and trailing their mother's mahogany coffin. Some of those who looked on from the pews said the sight filled them with terrible sadness — that the children's lives, already touched by so much pain, should now have to encompass this.

The entire event was a remarkable logistical feat — from the 700 personal invitations to the maze of police barricades holding traffic and the public at bay, to the police officers on nearby rooftops and the fleet of royal-blue minibuses that arrived to ferry

The children of an American tragedy find themselves mourning again.

guests to La Guardia Airport for the flight to Washington and the burial.

Guests began arriving at 8:30 A.M. for the 10 A.M. service, passing through one security check after another. Hundreds of reporters, photographers and camera-crew members were stationed halfway across the street, behind the grassy median. One television network had paid \$10,000 to place a camera on the roof of a small building housing a portrait studio across from the church.

At exactly 10 A.M., eight gray-gloved, professional pallbearers emerged from Mrs. Onassis' apartment house at 1040 Fifth Avenue, three blocks away, and lifted her coffin into a waiting hearse. As neigh-

bors peered from their windows, Mrs. Onassis' children and her companion in recent years, Maurice Tempelsman, climbed into a stretch limousine and, with a police escort, followed the hearse to the church.

There, the coffin was met by eight honorary pallbearers: Jack Walsh, a Secret Service agent who had been assigned to Mrs. Onassis' children after their father's assassination, and seven nephews of Mrs. Onassis — Edward Kennedy Jr., Robert F. Kennedy Jr., Christopher Lawford, Anthony Radziwill, Lewis Rutherford Jr., Timothy Shriver and Dr. William Kennedy Smith.

The service began with a passage from the Book of Isaiah, Chapter 25, read by John F. Kennedy Jr. He said that in choosing the readings for the service, "we struggled to find ones that captured my mother's essence." Three attributes came to mind over and over, he said, "They were the love of words, the bonds of home and family and her spirit of adventure."

'A Lesson to the World'

In his eulogy, Senator Kennedy called Mrs. Onassis "a lesson to the world on how to do things right, how

A CANCER ON THE RISE

Non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, which caused Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis' death, is among the fastest rising cancers. Science Times, page B7.

to be a mother, how to appreciate history, how to be courageous."

"No one else looked like her, spoke like her, wrote like her or was so original in the way she did things," he said. "No one we knew ever had a better sense of self."

"She made a rare and noble contribution to the American spirit," he continued, and later added, "She graced our history. And for those of us who knew and loved her, she graced our lives."

Senator Kennedy told a story intended to illustrate the way Mrs. Onassis was "always there" for her family. It was about the day last summer when the Kennedys and Mrs. Onassis took President Clinton and Mrs. Clinton sailing off Martha's Vineyard. Before the Clintons arrived, Mrs. Onassis urged Senator Kennedy to greet the Clintons on the

lower deck. "But I said, 'Maurice is already there,'" Senator Kennedy recalled in his eulogy. "And Jackie answered: 'Teddy, you do it. Maurice isn't running for re-election.'" Senator Kennedy is seeking election this year to his sixth full term.

Mrs. Schlossberg read a poem by Edna St. Vincent Millay called "Memory of Cape Cod." The Kennedys have long spent their summers there.

The service also included a Scriptural reading by the director Mike Nichols and singing by the soprano Jessye Norman. The Mass was said by the Rev. Walter F. Modrys, the pastor of the church. No camera coverage was allowed, but the audio portion of it was broadcast on several radio and television stations.

Mr. Tempelsman read, "Ithaka," by the Greek poet C. P. Cavafy, in which a traveler sets out on a journey. He appended his own epilogue:

"And now the journey is over. Too short, alas, too short. It was filled with adventure and wisdom, laughter and love, gallantry and grace. So farewell, farewell."

Quietly at Her Side, Public at the End

By ROBERT D. McFADDEN

He had known her for more than 30 years and had been her constant companion for more than a decade, sharing everything: the daily victories, big and small, the adventures and frustrations of her complex life, and then her final months of suffering. He walked with her in the park in her last days, steadying the frail body with his hand, and he was at the bedside Thursday night when she died.

Maurice Tempelsman always seemed to be there for Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. To the general public, which had rarely seen them together and had not even known his name until recent days, his central role in yesterday's ceremonies may have seemed astonishing.

But to those who knew them, it seemed unremarkable, perhaps even quite fitting, when he stood with her children at the funeral in New York and at the graveside at Arlington National Cemetery yesterday and bade a loving, poetic farewell to the woman he had never married.

"And now the journey is over, too short, alas, too short," he said in a personal commentary after reading a favorite poem, "Ithaka" by C. P. Cavafy, at the service at St. Ignatius Loyola Roman Catholic Church. "It was filled with adventure and wisdom, laughter and love, gallantry and grace. So farewell, farewell."

Third Man in Her Life

Mr. Tempelsman, a 64-year-old financier who amassed a fortune as a diamond dealer and industrialist, was the third man in her life, friends said, but he has never been divorced from his wife of 45 years, Lily, the mother of his three grown children.

Born in Belgium in 1929 to a Yiddish-speaking, Orthodox Jewish family that fled to the United States in 1940 as war spread across Europe, he went to work for his father, a diamond broker, when he was 16. Early in his career, he established a lasting connection with the DeBeers diamond empire in South Africa.

Mr. Tempelsman met Mrs. Kennedy in the 1950's, when he arranged a meeting for then-Senator John F. Kennedy with South African diamond interests. After she was widowed a second time with the death of Aristotle Onassis in 1975, Mr. Tempelsman became her financial adviser. He is reported to have quadrupled her \$26 million inheritance.

Beginning in the early 1980's, Mr. Tempelsman and Mrs. Onassis were seen together with increasing frequency at private dinner parties, consular affairs and other discreet occasions. The relationship was kept low-key; he once sought — and got — a retraction from a gossip columnist who said they would marry. He told friends that he was not free to marry because his wife, as an Orthodox Jew, would never grant him a divorce.

It was about 1982, acquaintances said, that he moved into Mrs. Onas-



Ed Quinn for The New York Times

Maurice Tempelsman standing outside Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis' Fifth Avenue apartment.

sis' 15-room apartment on Fifth Avenue and began assuming the host's role. It seemed to some an unlikely pairing. Unlike the dashing President Kennedy, Mr. Tempelsman was short, portly, baldish, and he was not a billionaire like Onassis.

But Rose Schreiber, a cousin of Mr. Tempelsman, described him as a charming, worldly but gentle man with other qualities that appealed to Mrs. Onassis: a sharp wit, a sensitive and unassuming manner, and a respect for scholarship and learning.

They spent their summers together at her oceanfront estate on Martha's Vineyard, passed weekends at her horse farm in New Jersey and sailed aboard his 70-foot yacht, the Releamar. Last summer, they entertained President and Mrs. Clinton aboard the yacht off Martha's Vineyard.

At home in New York, they entertained friends at quiet dinner parties and occasionally went to small restaurants on the East Side. They often conversed in French, discussing her work as an editor with Doubleday or fighting to preserve a landmark. Friends said they had often strolled in

Central Park, looking for all the world like any older, devoted couple.

Since last winter, when her lymphatic cancer was diagnosed, he had been with her almost constantly. He was at her side when she died Thursday night, and he was there to greet every guest at an informal wake for family and friends Sunday.

He chose to read "Ithaka" at the funeral. A translation by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard for "C. P. Cavafy/Collected Poems," (Princeton University Press, 1992), reads:

*As you set out for Ithaka
hope the voyage is a long one,
full of adventure, full of discovery.
Laistrygonians and Cyclops,
angry Poseidon — don't be afraid
of them:*

*you'll never find things like that on
your way
as long as you keep your thoughts
raised high,
as long as a rare excitement
stirs your spirit and your body.
Laistrygonians and Cyclops,
wild Poseidon — you won't encounter
them
unless you bring them along inside
your soul,
unless your soul sets them up in
front of you.*

*Hope the voyage is a long one.
May there be many a summer
morning when,
with what pleasure, what joy,
you come into harbors seen for the
first time;
may you stop at Phoenician trading
stations
to buy fine things,
mother of pearl and coral, amber
and ebony,
sensual perfume of every kind —
as many sensual perfumes as you
can,
and may you visit many Egyptian
cities
to gather stores of knowledge from
their scholars.*

*Keep Ithakacq always in your
mind.
Arriving there is what you are des-
tined for.
But do not hurry the journey at all.
Better if it lasts for years,
so you are old by the time you
reach the island,
wealthy with all you have gained on
the way,
not expecting Ithaka to make you
rich.*

*Ithaka gave you the marvelous
journey.
Without her, you would not have set
out.
She has nothing left to give you
now.*

*And if you find her poor, Ithaka
won't have fooled you.
Wise as you will have become, so
full of experience,
you will have understood by then
what these Ithakas mean.*