

A celebration of life

Dr Paul Schatzberger

6 March 1950 – 29 December 2020

11:30 am, Friday 15th January 2021, Grenoside Crematorium, Sheffield

a personal goodbye

Humanist
Ceremonies

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There is something very satisfying when a person's name fits. Schatzberger. **Berg** means mountain and there was certainly something very strong and dependable in Paul, even though he was modest and self-effacing. He was a beacon of ethics and a landmark by which to reference your path.

Schatz, the other part of Paul's name, means 'treasure' or 'treasury'. Paul was certainly valuable and precious but he also had a wealth of wisdom and advice. And Schatz is of course also an affectionate term meaning 'darling'. For Paul was indeed well-loved; Angela has been inundated with kind messages which show in just how much affection he was held by many, many people. She thanks you for your tender words and sentiments at this time.

Paul was born in 1950 in Manchester to Rosie and Marc who had as children escaped the brutal acts against the Jews in Vienna. Paul's middle name Maxim is a tribute to his grandfather who died with his grandmother in Auschwitz. Such a painful family history brings into close focus the importance of valuing your life, of contributing to the greater good and the preciousness of family. Rosie, Paul's mother has made the journey from York to be here today but with deep regret his father, Marc was not well enough to attend.

Lesley remembers being hugely in awe of her accomplished and cool big brother who took great care of her, but also enjoyed scaring her witless when left to babysit. Paul went to Manchester Grammar followed by a gap year on a kibbutz in Israel and then on to UCL in 1969 to study medicine. The long hair and hippy bells were always inside him; he was disappointed not to be able to persuade a younger Katy and Tom to go with him to Glastonbury as a festival doctor (he never went) and the girls gave him and Angela a good talking to to make sure they did not fetch up inappropriately dressed at Tom's wedding in 2010. There was a nonconformist melody that always ran in Paul's mind, but he learned to trim it in when needed for professional reasons or to avoid embarrassing his children. In the carefree days of their early romance, he and Angie took off to Spain on a motorbike and motorbikes remained another love of Paul's life representing as they did the open road - not many other hospital doctors rocked up for their shift on a motorbike and he enjoyed the novelty.

Paul the family man

Let us consider now Paul the family man. The Schatzi's are a close-knit family. Angela and Paul have been married for 40 years - it didn't necessarily start smoothly as on their first date, they missed Paul's favourite part by arriving late for the Rosenkavalier at Covent Garden but their bond was deep and strong, able to withstand the challenges of family life and careers - it is a rare thing indeed to be married to your best friend.

Their first child, Tom was born in 1979 when they lived in Stoke Newington and Paul went part time at the GP practice so that he could be a hands-on parent. Tom was followed by Katy and Becca, all three now parents themselves.

Katy wrote a poem for Angela and Paul on the occasion of their Ruby wedding anniversary in November just gone - it feels so poignant to share it again now, just two months later, but it sums up the affection and teasing fun that remains at the core of the Schatzberger family.

Katy

*To our lovely Mum and Dad who celebrate their Ruby
Unfortunately, it doesn't rhyme with much, except for Boobie!
(which is a type of bird for those who were unsure)
You have paved the way for all of us to go.
True love, kindness and togetherness you show.*

*We love to laugh, have fun and share good food,
The Schatzi way does everyone good.
As time goes on, and years go by,
Our wonderful family does multiply.
At the heart of it, are you, Mum and Dad,
Always there for us when we are happy or sad.*

*We love you more than words can say.
To you mum and dad ... HIP HIP HOORRAY!!!*

As a father of young children, Paul was great fun. Katy described how her parents' shared approach to parenting was about '*balancing adventure and confidence in new experiences, with care, safety, consideration and responsibility*'. Good parenting gets passed on in the next generation and this is a key part of Paul's legacy that we celebrate today.

The transition from parenting children to parenting teens and adults can present a few challenges, but Paul supported his children through their studies and career choices. He was endlessly interested in them and their friends (many of which have joined remotely today), always making time to understand. Angie says how he was often incredulous how much the children invited them into their lives and wanted them to be part of what they did.

Becca

Dear Dad, when I started my GP training, I was asked "Who was I most inspired by?". There was no doubt about my answer. "My Dad". You have taught me that anything is possible if you put your mind to it. You never doubted me, but you helped and guided me to my goal, in such a gentle, supporting way, with absolutely no pressure. Typical you. You encouraged me to keep my eyes open to the rest of the world, even keeping my secondary dream of opening and running a kiosk, right up until this day! You inspired me without even knowing it, not just in my career, but in music, and family life as well.

Dad, you have been the very best father and Opi anyone could ever have wished for. I am so lucky that I have had the opportunity to spend 35 years with you, learn so much from you, and that you were and will always be such a special and integral part of our growing family. We will

continue to love and support each other in the ways you and mum have shown us how. I'll miss you more than I ever thought was possible, and I love you with my whole heart.

Tom

Dad, you've always been there for me, and I can't imagine life without you. You've helped me in more ways than you could imagine, been my role model, and most importantly been my dad. I feel lucky to have told you this whilst you were in hospital, and lucky to be able to hold your hand and say goodbye.

*I know I was an annoying little **** at times, I guess maybe we were similar, or maybe I was just doing what sons did.*

I remember using your special pens from your drawer and not putting them back right, cleaning our bikes perfectly after a bike ride, organising stamp collections, you rubbing my head when I had a headache, cutting the grass in perfect straight lines. I don't think I understood your meticulous methodology at the time, and my disregard of it. Now I do, and I feel lucky to have learnt this from you. Getting cross with my children for their misbehavior, I will gain warmth in knowing these traits are from you.

I was looking forward to spending time with you when my life had calmed down a bit, enjoying big steaks with you, good wine, too much beer and single malt whisky. These are the things I wanted to do with you. I wanted more time, and for me that's the hardest thing.

Being Opi to six grandchildren (with a 7th about to arrive) was a great joy in his life. The 'Opi Squeeze' was legendary and he marvelled at them all - although firm in his role boundaries when it came to anything to do with toileting or feeding. The grandchildren will be having their own ceremony for Paul to commemorate his role in their lives and the fact that his love for them remains with them forever.

Paul had great pride in his family. They were a priority in his life and their happiness was the only gift he wished for at Christmas and birthdays.

Paul the music maker

Now to turn to Paul the music-maker. Paul's father, Marc was an accomplished accordion player and Paul followed in his steps. He first started violin lessons at around 7 years old, quickly showing real talent and went on to lead the school orchestra whilst at Manchester Grammar. Many people may not know however that his first band, Blitzfish, once supported Iron Maiden.

This musical upbringing meant regular visits to the Halle orchestra concerts in Manchester. Lesley remembered one concert in particular as Paul was insisting on wearing a really tatty, baggy jumper. His mother Rosie said if he did not change it, she would wear her knickers on her head. He didn't change and she did, resplendent with a bow tied across the gusset.

It was a dilemma for Paul whether to become a professional musician or a doctor and he would muse over the years about the choice he made. He never dropped his music though whilst pursuing his medical career. He always made music alongside; with orchestras and chamber ensembles as well as more informally with friends and family when his accordion-playing would charm and entertain.

Paul loved the collaboration and connection that came from making music together. He is remembered for his generosity and support to other players, including his nephew Jacob with whom he played violin.

It was music that initially brought Angela and Paul together, him as lead violin at the University of London orchestra and her as lead cello. He used to joke that they met under the conductor's buttocks as they glanced at each other to coordinate their playing. Music remained a shared passion and since March he and Angie would snuggle up on a Saturday with wine and snacks to listen to the Berlin Philharmonic.

Paul played in various cities on the continent with the European Doctors' Orchestra (sneaking Angie in, although she was not a doctor), with the Hallam Sinfonia and latterly in virtual ensembles from home. Music making made him happy although he always worried that he would be found out for not being good enough.

Paul the doctor

Let us now consider Dr Paul. His medical career started when he qualified as a doctor from UCL in 1974. He became a general practitioner in 1978 and Angie remembers him charming his mostly Jewish patients in Swiss Cottage in the days when GPs knew their patients and made home visits. In 1983 the family moved to Sheffield where Paul was eager to be part of the radical GP practices that were emerging at the time and always keen to address health inequalities. He trained in public health in 1987 and switched to a management role as a Primary Care Trust Director which he felt required a serious pair of spectacles to cut the look of being 'modern and dependable'. His involvement with his niece Jessie led him to return to general practice for a while but in 2007, he decided to work instead on his artistic pursuits of music and photography.

Paul the photographer

Lastly, to turn our attention to Paul the photographer. Paul's interest in photography started in his teens when he would regularly turn the bathroom into his darkroom. He was self-taught but started publishing his work from 1984 and has exhibited ever since. Karen Sherwood of the Cupola Gallery commented that Paul's work was '*always strong, yet tender and often with a powerful gaze, very like the man himself*'.

Paul's photography was evolving; in February last year Paul noted that

While earlier work mainly sought to document 'facts', my newer photographs are more likely to pose questions than seek to provide

answers, and are often, dare I say, nuanced. They represent a response to emotions and feelings from what I see before me, and usually contain more beneath the surface than immediately meets the eye.

Paul's camera sits on his coffin today, it was his vehicle to share with others how he saw the world, whether inner-city Sheffield or Cuban health services, his compassion and artistry showed through. He remained characteristically modest and flattered when visitors came to his exhibitions where people said they found his images powerful, poignant, intriguing and comforting.

We say farewell to Paul Schatzberger. A treasure mountain of a man. Thank you, Paul, for your life. A life lived in full. Thank you for your service to others. Thank you for being a generous and loving son, husband, father, brother, uncle and Opi. Thank you for your musicality, your generosity and pleasure in making music with others. Thank you for your legacy of photographic images that captured moments forever. Thank you for correcting all those apostrophes in the wrong places. You were a loyal, conscientious, kind human being whose memory will be treasured and who remains a beacon of good sense and calm wisdom that will reverberate in many lives.