

**Eulogy for Lawrence E. Gelfand (1926 – 2010)**  
**Delivered by Michael J. Hogan**  
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I met Larry during my first year in graduate school. I had his two-semester sequence in the history of American diplomacy, and enjoyed it immensely. I'd done well in the course and remember, at one point, writing a research paper on which he had made some very encouraging comments. So naturally, when my initial advisor, Christopher Lasch, announced his departure for Northwestern, I asked Larry to be my mentor. He agreed and that was the beginning of a lifelong relationship that was both professional and personal.

By the time Larry started as my advisor, he had already established himself as a major figure in the field. His book, *The Inquiry*, had been published just a few years earlier and was followed by a raft of other scholarly contributions in the years ahead. Indeed, he continued to pursue his scholarship to the very end of his life – researching a book on the 1920s that he jokingly told me would revise my own work on the first post-war decade. But, his contributions to the profession went well beyond his scholarship. He was also an influential presence in professional organizations, from his contributions to the Iowa State Historical Society to his role as a founding father of the Society for Historians of American Foreign Relations, an enormously successful organization, which he later served as president. Larry recruited all of his graduate students to join the Society and subscribe to its journal, *Diplomatic History*. One of the things that made him happiest is when I published my first articles in that journal, subsequently became its editor, and then later succeeded him as a president of the Society.

All this said, Larry was not one of those people who lost themselves in their scholarship or in scholarly organizations. His professional loyalties were also very local. His devotion to the History Department was boundless, as was his pride in the Department's many accomplishments. He felt exactly the same way about his graduate students, of which he had more than 20 who completed doctoral dissertations under his direction.

Students who had the good fortune to work with Larry know well the personal kindness and protective devotion he showed to them. Nor will they forget his love of research, especially archival research, his tolerance of opposing points of view, and his willingness to be helpful long after they had launched careers of their own. Indeed, he seemed to take more pride in their success than he did in his own many accomplishments.

Larry and I never lost touch with each other. We became not just teacher and student, as strong as that bond can be, but ultimately colleagues and friends. Larry and Miriam seemed to have a special fondness for Virginia and me. By the time we left Iowa we had four young children. Maybe Larry and Miriam felt sorry for our struggling family, maybe they identified with us, as they still had young children themselves. Whatever the source of their sentiment, it touched us, especially when they left town for a holiday and emptied their refrigerator into ours.

We had the chance in those graduate school days to watch their family grow up, as they watched ours. And over the years, we kept in close touch, exchanging letters and holiday cards, talking on the phone, or meeting when we were together at a conference or when Virginia and I were passing through Iowa City. Then when things came full circle and I became Provost at the University of Iowa, Virginia and I saw Larry and Miriam more frequently, much to our delight and to theirs, too.

They loved their family, of course. I can't remember a conversation with Larry that did not get around to Miriam and their children, how they were doing, and what they were doing. They will miss him most of all, but so will we, and so it is that he will always be with us.