



Stuart Howard Rubinstein

JAN 30, 1941 - DEC 29, 2025



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Stuart Howard Rubinstein

JAN 30, 1941 - DEC 29, 2025

Stuart Howard Rubinstein, age 84, of Boca Raton, Florida passed away peacefully at Hospice by the Sea surrounded by love on Monday December 29, 2025.

He is survived by his loving wife of 63 years and best friend Joy Rubinstein neé Storch and his adoring family: his son David Rubinstein, his daughter Ilissa Rubinstein Sternlicht and her husband David Sternlicht, and his granddaughters Rachael and Natalie Sternlicht.




A funeral service will be held at 1pm on Wednesday, December 31, 2025 at Beth Israel Memorial Chapel Delray Beach. Contact Ilissa for zoom service information.

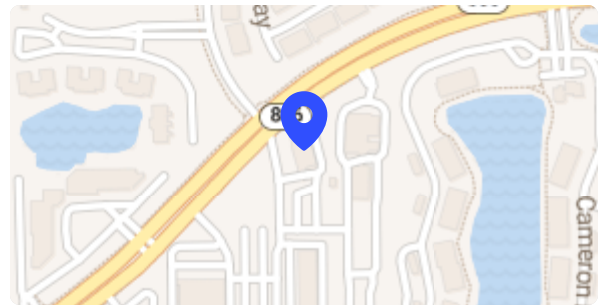
Entombment will follow at 2:15pm at Eternal Light Memorial Gardens Cemetery.

Those wishing to honor Stuart with a memorial contribution are kindly encouraged to consider a donation to a charity of your choice.






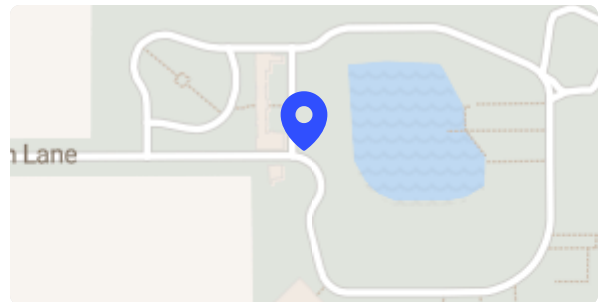
Chapel Service

-  **Wednesday**, December 31, 2025
-  1:00 PM ET
-  **Beth Israel Memorial Chapel Delray Beach**
5808 W. Atlantic Avenue, Delray Beach FL 33484





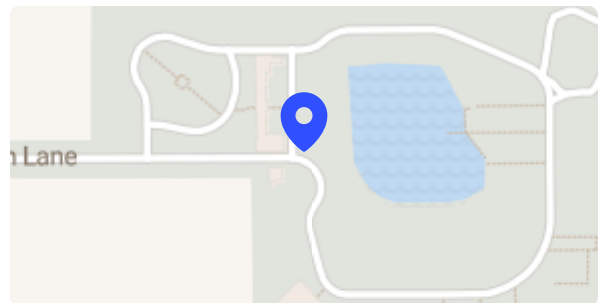
Entombment Service

-  **Wednesday**, December 31, 2025
-  2:15 PM ET
-  **Eternal Light Memorial Gardens**
11520 State Road 7, Boynton Beach FL 33473



Cemetery Details

-  **Eternal Light Memorial Gardens**
11520 State Road 7, Boynton Beach FL 33473
-  **(561) 600-9218**





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David Brett lit a candle in honor of Stuart.



Today, I want to talk about my father—not just about how he passed, but about how he stayed with me until the very end. Over the last four nights of his life, I slept in a hospice room beside him. Those nights were quiet in a way that felt heavy, like time had slowed down. The world outside kept moving, but inside that room, everything was focused on one thing: me being there with my dad. He couldn't talk anymore, and there were so many things left unsaid. But somehow, we still found a way to communicate. I would hold his hand, and he would squeeze my fingers. At first, the squeezes were strong. I actually had to ask him to let go after a minute because it hurt. Then they became softer, slower, more fragile. But every single one meant the world to me. Each finger squeeze was his way of saying, "I'm still here." It was "I hear you." It was "I love you." And even when words were gone, that connection remained. As the days passed, those squeezes slowly faded. And even though that was incredibly painful, I'm also deeply grateful. Grateful that I was there. Grateful that I got to hold his hand. Grateful that I didn't have to wonder if he knew I was with him—because I knew. I felt it. During those quiet hours, I kept coming back to words from Psalm 23—words that brought comfort when nothing else could: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me." That hospice room felt very much like a valley—but it was also a place of presence, love, and peace. I believe my father was not alone. I believe he was being gently led, just as that psalm promises. My father was not just the man lying in that bed. He was the man who shaped who I am. He showed me what it means to care deeply, even when it's hard. He taught me strength—not the loud kind, but the quiet kind. The kind that shows up, stays present, and keeps loving even when things are uncertain or painful. My father led me by example my whole life and continued to do so in the hospice. In those last nights, he taught me something without ever saying a word, as he many times did. He showed me that love doesn't disappear when things change. It doesn't need long conversations or explanations. Sometimes, love is just a hand squeezing another hand in the dark. Losing my father hurts more than I can put into words. But I also carry something incredibly precious with me. I carry those moments. I carry the memory of being there for him, the same way he was there for me throughout my life. Those finger squeezes will stay with me forever. They are small moments, but they hold so much meaning. They remind me that love does not end—it changes form. And even though I had to say goodbye to my father, I will never lose what we shared. God is a merciful God, and I would also like to do something for my father. I was also told if we pray for someone who is deceased, it's like sending them a gift. So, I would like to ask everyone to pray him, for those who want to pray for him, —so that each of us, in our own way, can pray for him, remember him, and hold him in our hearts. Thank you. David

February 12 at 9:35 AM

HT

Herbert Turner posted:

The day his aunt's dog Tippy got loose and tried to eat me. Stuie through me on the couch and covered me with pillows. Tippy didn't get his snack

December 31 at 10:50 AM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Stuart by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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