

A Father's Reflection: My Life with My Sons

I have lived a long and full life, filled with love, memories, and moments that have defined me. But if there's one thing I take the most pride in, it is my sons, **Mitchell and Lee**—two boys who grew into remarkable men, each carving out their own legacy while carrying the values and spirit I tried to instill in them.

The Early Years: Watching Them Grow

Mitchell came first, born on **August 24, 1962**. He was always sharp, observant, and had a sense of responsibility beyond his years. He grew into a man of discipline and intellect, traits that made him a great attorney and, at times, the family lawyer when needed. He took after me in many ways—always seeking fairness, always standing firm.

Lee arrived three years later, on **September 5, 1965**, and with him came a different energy—creative, passionate, and full of life. From the start, he was drawn to storytelling, always eager to capture the world in words, in images, and in sound. It was no surprise when he built a career in **TV and Media**, crafting narratives that reached millions. And now, here he is, pouring his talent into something deeply personal: **Eternal Diary**, a project that, in a way, I am now a part of.

Their Families: The Grandchildren That Filled My Life

Through the years, life expanded in the most beautiful way—my sons became fathers themselves. Mitchell had **Sam, Jack, and Libby**, each named with love and tradition in mind. **Sam**, named after my father, carries a name filled with history. **Libby**, in honor of Arlene's mother and, of course, **Libby**, my first wife and the mother of my sons. Each of them a reflection of the family's strength and continuity.

Lee had **two children**, both of whom I adored. **Jacob—Jake, as everyone calls him—was born on June 6, 1997**. I always joked that **Liz's pregnancy was "The Longest Day"**, a nod to both the date and the movie, a little humor wrapped in love. Then came **Amanda, born on November 13, 2000**, a beautiful addition to the growing Elman legacy.

Watching my grandchildren grow has been one of my greatest joys. Seeing the values I taught my sons pass down through the generations, witnessing their successes, their passions, and their laughter—it made all the years worth it.

Super Bowl Sundays: A Family Tradition

Sports were always a bond between us, but **football, the Super Bowl—those were our sacred days**. I took **Lee and Mitchell to many games over the years**, sharing in the thrill of watching the greatest athletes on the grandest stage. There's something about being in that stadium, surrounded by thousands, yet feeling like it's just you and your boys, caught up in the magic of the moment.

As time went on, our tradition evolved. After the grandchildren were born, we attended a few more games in the 2000s, keeping the legacy alive. And then came a moment I'll never forget—watching my **New York Giants win the Super Bowl**, witnessing **Eli Manning's impossible throw to David Tyree**. That play, that victory, it was more than just a game—it was a testament to perseverance, to believing in the impossible. Just like raising a family, just like life itself.

A Life Well Lived, A Legacy That Continues

Looking back, I see a life that was full—of love, of challenges, of triumphs. I see two sons who became men I am proud of. I see grandchildren who carry our name into the future. And now, through **Eternal Diary**, a project Lee has created, I see a way for my story, for all of our stories, to live on.

If I could say one last thing, it would be this: **Family is the greatest story you'll ever be part of**. And mine? Mine has been one for the ages.

Music has always been the **soundtrack of my life**—from the raw power of **rock 'n' roll** to the grandeur of **Broadway** and the elegance of **the symphony**. Some people listen to music; I lived it. And the best part? I got to share it with my family.

Rock and Roll Never Forgets

I've always loved **rock music**, but if there was ever one band that defined my passion, it was **The Rolling Stones**. Mick, Keith, Charlie, and Ronnie—those guys weren't just musicians, they were legends. I made sure that my sons, **Mitchell and Lee**, grew up knowing what real music sounded like.

When they were young, I brought them to **concerts that would shape their love of music**, just like it did for me. One time, I took Lee to see **The Rolling Stones**—he must have been one of the youngest kids in the crowd. The lights, the energy, the sound... it was electrifying. And what did my son do? **He fell asleep!** Right there in the middle of a Stones concert! The greatest rock 'n' roll band on earth, and my kid was out cold. I laughed about it then, and I still laugh about it now. But hey, at least he was there!

As the years went on, **our concert tradition continued**. My sons grew up, and we started going to shows together—not just the Stones, but other **rock legends** who shaped the soundtrack of my life. We saw **The Who** tear the roof off the place, **John Mellencamp** bring that heartland rock magic, and even the theatrical powerhouse himself, **Meat Loaf**. These weren't just concerts; they were **experiences**, nights where time stood still and the music carried us away.

A Love for Broadway

But my passion for music wasn't just about guitars and amplifiers. **Broadway was another love of mine**, and it was one I shared with **Adrienne, my second wife**. Together, we made it our mission to see **every show we could**, from **the classics to the groundbreaking new productions**.

We saw **Fiddler on the Roof**, a story that resonated deeply. **Cats**, a spectacle like no other. **Pippin**, with its magic and storytelling. **Tommy**, bringing The Who's music to the stage in a way I had never imagined. And then, in later years, the phenomenon that was **Hamilton**—a show that redefined theatre itself.

Broadway wasn't just entertainment; it was a **portal into different worlds, different emotions, and different times**. Adrienne and I would sit in the theatre, the lights dimming, the orchestra tuning up, and we'd know—we were about to witness something special.

The Elegance of the Opera and the Symphony

Music wasn't just about **volume and energy**; it was also about **grace and refinement**. Each year, Adrienne and I would attend performances at **Lincoln Center**, dressing to the nines for **the opera and the New York Philharmonic**. It was a tradition, a chance to appreciate the artistry of great composers and performers. And let's be honest—it was a **great excuse to break out the tuxedo!**

From **Puccini's soaring arias** to **Beethoven's timeless symphonies**, I loved it all. The **power of a full orchestra** playing in perfect harmony, the drama of the opera, the sheer spectacle of it—it was magic in a completely different way than rock or Broadway, but **equally moving**.

A Life Filled with Music

Looking back, my love for music **was never just about listening**—it was about **experiencing it, living it, and sharing it**. From taking my young sons to their first concerts to seeing their own love for music grow, from sitting in Broadway theatres with Adrienne to dressing up for the symphony, **music was always there, a constant companion through life's journey**.

And if I could do it all over again? **I wouldn't change a single note.**

was born and raised in **Brooklyn**, in a **modest apartment** that was small by today's standards but filled with love, discipline, and the occasional chaos of **sharing a room with my brother Eddie**. My parents, **Sam and Sophie**, worked hard to provide for us—**Sam owned a dry cleaning store**, and my mother **Sophie worked for an attorney**. They taught me the values of **hard work, responsibility, and taking pride in everything you do**.

The Fat Kid on a Horse

There's a famous picture of me as a kid—**sitting on a horse**, chubby-faced and wide-eyed. It's the kind of photo that people laugh at fondly, but for me, it was a reminder of something deeper. **I never wanted to be fat**. I was the **fat kid**, and I hated it. I made a decision early in life that I would **take care of myself, stay healthy, and never let weight define me**. That drive pushed me to **live a life of discipline**—physically, mentally, and even in how I kept my surroundings.

The Odd Couple: Sharing a Room with Eddie

Now, let's talk about **Eddie and me**. Sharing a room with my brother? It was like living in a **real-life version of "The Odd Couple."** I was the **clean, meticulous one**, always making sure things were in their rightful place. **Eddie? A slob.** Clothes on the floor, papers everywhere, things constantly out of order. It drove me **crazy**. But in that tiny room, I developed a habit that would stick with me for life—**organization was everything**.

A Life of Order: Labels, Shoes, and the Art of Cleanliness

As I grew older, I took **organization to another level**. Some might call it **eccentric**, but I call it **practical perfection**. **All my suits were labeled. Every pair of shoes was marked.** I believed that **everything has a place, and it should never be moved**. If something was misplaced, it was like a ripple in the universe—it **had to be fixed**. This wasn't just about tidiness; it was a reflection of how I approached life: **structured, planned, and always in control**.

From Lincoln High to NYU

Despite the cramped apartment and the quirks of family life, I had a strong foundation that led me to **Lincoln High School** and later, **New York University**. Education was my ticket to something greater, and I grabbed every opportunity to learn, grow, and shape my own future.

Looking back, **Brooklyn made me who I am**. It taught me **discipline, resilience, and the value of hard work**. It gave me **memories, challenges, and the drive to be better**. And while Eddie may have been the messy one, I like to think that even in all that disorder, we found a way to make it work.

And yes, I still make sure **everything is exactly where it belongs**. Some habits never die.