

Where does one start.

I know my Dad would want me to thank all of you for coming today. You honor him and our family. He would want us to convey his appreciation to Rabbi Drelich for officiating today's service and to Rabbi Lagnado for chanting the special prayers. Most of all Dad would want to thank the Edmonton Chevra Kadisha—the Jewish Burial Society of which he was proud to be a member and so proud of the way in which you look after things.

Dad was known to so many people. Mostly because he took the time to get to know you. This was true in all of his endeavors—whether it was at work, welcoming people at the synagogue, in his involvement with community organizations, with a repairman who came to our home or simply as a fan at one of the sports events. I remember earlier this year when given his condition it was a bit of task getting him to an oiler game—and there he was in the stands, high fiving people he didn't even know—but sure enough by the end of game, he'd know where they were from, what they did and what was going on in their life.

Dad was extremely generous. He contributed to so many organizations and causes. Dad didn't just give with his resources, he gave of himself, his time and his energy. Whatever Dad committed to, he did so completely.

Dad's impact was probably most felt by the one-to-one relationships he made with people.

There was nothing Dad would not do for anyone. Call Dad for something and the answer was always yes—I'll be there. And he would—didn't matter what the time of day or what he was doing. We used to joke that the only time he would say no was to us—but that wasn't true---Dad was our biggest supporter—so proud of our accomplishments and always ready to stand up for us.

Dad was proud of his Jewish heritage—believing so much in the customs and traditions and serving on so many Jewish organizations. He loved music—growing up in era of Jazz, loving the marching band beat of Sousa or listening to cantorial tunes. But his favourite song of all was Hevenu Shalom Aleichem (Bring peace upon you).

He loved going to Israel. He could always tell you how many times he had been there—we think the count was 15. When we were young Dad was so devoted to his work that he rarely took holidays but in the latter half of his life he and mom took a number of trips—but as his trip planner if you asked him where he wanted to go---there was only one place. He relished his visits to Israel, visiting with extended members of our family, seeing the country—and being with the people.

Dad was a gifted speaker. Never needing notes. He spoke from the heart –about things that were important to him and fitting the occasion. He was often asked to speak at special occasions—Bar Mitzvahs, Weddings for friends and acquaintances. His most regular saying when he spoke was to wish upon that person and their family that their “cup would runneth over” that their lives would be full and that their cup would runneth over with happiness and love. Well Dad, YOUR cup runneth over---you were surrounded by people who loved you and you had much happiness and joy—and we know that your goodness has runneth over to help so many and to help shape who we are.

Dad always had a positive attitude. He came from a generation of community builders, where it was all about what you Could Do –not what you couldn't. He always saw the glass as half full not half empty. Even over the past few years, when his health was less than ideal, if you asked him how he was, the answer was simply “every day's a plus”! It was this attitude that got him through many trying times.

He loved his scotch whisky—didn't miss his daily dram and he had particular affection for one brand---J&B or as Dad referred to it --- Jewish Booze.

Dad was all heart, which was ironic for a man who was living with a heart that functioning at about 15%. He truly made the most of what he had.

He was a passionate about causes he believed in. If there was a challenge involved, he was always up to the task. He raised money for so many worthwhile causes and served on a number of boards of organizations he believed in. Dad was never a "fence sitter". You always knew where he stood on things and he didn't hesitate to let you know. Just very recently, even in his frail condition, he went to a Beth Israel Board meeting where he is a lifetime member to speak on an important issue and to provide perspective on what is appropriate for our community.

Dad was always extremely courteous when meeting and interacting with people. He treated everyone with the same level of courtesy—no matter who they were, what walk of life, and irrespective of religion, race or color. Dad's motto was:

If you cannot do a person any good, Never do them any harm

Dad supported and attended the Cardiac Fitness Institute for over 35 years---he was their longest serving member. He often attributed the institute for keeping him alive all these years but as he shared this past year—the most instrumental person in looking after him was his wife, our mom—Elaine who tirelessly devoted to Dad through everything. They were a great team.

Dad believed in citizenship. He was a true Western Canadian -- Born in Winnipeg to which he returned for a period in his early adulthood, Dad helped rescue people from their homes during the great Winnipeg floods in 1950. He was raised in Saskatchewan (and if you came from Saskatchewan Dad could certainly trace your roots as he knew the province top to bottom). Another ex-Saskatchewaner, well known in this province, Lois Hole called Dad her cousin—they weren't really cousins---Lois being of Dukabour heritage---Dad of Jewish heritage, but they shared a common bond being from rural Saskatchewan and were close friends):

Dad truly considered Edmonton home--He took pride in Edmonton and supported its many institutions and was a strong booster of all our sports teams--a season ticket holder for the Edmonton Eskimos since 1952 (Dad has in his memorabilia Don Getty's helmet from the 1956 Grey Cup) and the Edmonton Oilers since their inception. He was proud of his province Alberta and even more so a proud Canadian. Tears would often well up in his eyes during the playing of O'Canada as they certainly would with the playing of Hatikvah.

Like his father and my grandfather, Dad was proud to be a member of the Masonic Order.

He was very proud of the local, national and international causes and institutions he help support but most particularly those Jewish institutions in this city that he helped shape and build.

His greatest pride was in us, his family. Dad never bragged about himself but he sure did about our accomplishments. He was so proud of Josh and Elli, loved watching you grow and develop, proud to see you Bar Mitzvah.

So Dad...I don't know how to end...only to say I hope I will be more like you with each passing day. You were the best role model. And the things you believed in:

- To be courteous to everyone
- To work hard and be passionate for the causes you believe in
- To be positive
- To always be available and willing to help others
- To be proud of your heritage.
- To not be afraid to express your opinion.
- To embrace life and all it has to offer.

These are things we will try to emulate. Your cup runneth over to all of us.