

Michael Meyer Zolf

Meyer Zolf.... Michael was born in Poland 86 years ago.... He arrived in Winnipeg as a child after the war.....with his siblings and parents, growing up through the depression in the Jewish north end of Winnipeg.... His father Falek Zolf ... a well known Jewish author and scholar.... was the principal and founder of the Jewish parochial, peretz school and taught many who went on to make an impact across this country.... From there our dad went to high school at the famous st johns tech in north Winnipeg in good company... with many now well known Canadians.

In the early 1950's with a degree from the university of Manitoba he came further west to Edmonton where he met our mother Dorothy... dubbed to her friends... where they married and had 3 children... He was handsome... fit and athletic.... Meyer was the city wide handball champion and worked out almost daily at the YMCA which he supported throughout his life.

[SZ] Our father's life in many ways was shaped by different experiences. As a young man he was a voracious reader which continued throughout his life... Our most vivid memory is of our father sitting down every night and devouring a book, whether contemporary fiction to history and politics to the complexities of the business world... As children growing up his library included everything from "Portnoy's Complaint" to military strategy. If you asked him, Dad could effortlessly explain why the Germans lost the battle of Stalingrad, what were Nixon's last days in the white house and why the government abandoned the gold standard in the 1970s.

[JAZ] We remember as kids we couldn't get a ride home without stopping at the Edmonton Public Library first... The day it opened in the early 70's our dad was definitely their first patron... This daily ritual continued for well over 30 years... In fact when new releases came out our dad was the first one on the list to be called... We are grateful to have inherited his passion for books and reading.

[SZ] At the same time our dad grew up in a poor family and learned very quickly, by necessity, to develop business and entrepreneurial skills... Dad had a long career as a chartered accountant with many clients in the Jewish community

Later he became adept at doing business deals from jumping in on the first wave of the oil boom... to investing in lemon orchards in Arizona and

building shopping plazas in Edmonton... He was passionate about playing the stock market... He relied on his trusty fax machine to get his daily stock market quotes... ,which we knew he truly missed while he was in the hospital these last few weeks.

[JAZ] It's been 30 plus years since his children moved away... Throughout that time he rarely asked for or required much attention from his family... But he was always so happy to hear from us and to see us when we came for a visit... HE was a creature of habit and loved his routine... Until very recently he was content to spend an afternoon playing cards at the Primrose club... going to the Mayfair for lunch or 9 holes or pouring over his daily stock quotes.

[SZ] Now Anyone who knew our dad could attest to his great fashion sense and his love of fine clothing. Even into his 80's you would find Dad at the Churchill where he lived, arriving for lunch in the dining room dressed impeccably nobody dressed like my Dad--- he was a clothes horse---

There may even be a few people here today who consider themselves lucky to have worn my Dad's old suits, including me.... His hand-me-downs served me well right through as a young lawyer.

[JAZ] Our dad was very fortunate to have found a wonderful friend and companion these last few years... Jan Sproule. Jan and dad first met at the Churchill several years ago and have been inseparable ever since... you could find them every Friday night at the Churchill dance... Watching them on the dance floor was like watching Fred and ginger - they were great together. They loved their martinis and television every night and more importantly each other.

DAD charmed almost every body he met with his endless supply of jokes and tribute to borscht belt humour... We often thought my dad missed his calling, until we realized the jokes were on a constant loop.

He lived a long life. HE INSTILLED A SENSE OF COMMUNITY AND GENEROSITY AND A LOVE FOR BOOKS IN HIS CHILDREN, A LEGACY WE HOPE TO CONTINUE FOR GENERATIONS TO COME.

