



# Tiferes Israel Synagogue

## Tiferes Israel Synagogue

☆ Bulletin, Moncton – Dieppe - ריברבייה, NB ☆

### Nomination & Election of Officers

In accordance with Article VIII Section 1 of our Constitution, the Board of Directors has appointed the following **Nominating Committee**: **Emmanuel Maicas, Betty Rubin and Anne Joelman.**

**We urge all members to show an interest in serving on the board.**

**We need you!**

**Anyone interested in serving on the Board of Directors is invited to submit his/her name to the Committee.**

Nominations will cease fifteen (15) days before the Annual Meeting.

All members in good standing (*i.e. who have paid their dues 2018-2019 in full or who have made arrangements with the treasurer to do so*) will be able to vote at congregational meetings.

**General Annual Meeting: January 26  
1:30 p.m.**

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**Special thanks to  
Ury, Eitan-Emmanuel, Arik, Rowen  
and David  
for reading the Torah.**

**A thought to the memory of all past  
members**

***who are not with us anymore.***

**They will always be remembered.**



## Tiferes Israel, post'Hanukah 5780

**Timetable for religious services. Monday & Wednesday 7:00 p.m., Shabbat morning 9:00 am. Friday's Mincha service (see <http://tiferesisrael.com/davening.html>):**

Dec. 13: 4:20	Jan. 17: 4:45	Feb. 21: 5:35	Mar 27: 7:00
Dec. 20: 4:20	Jan. 24: 4:55	Feb. 28: 5:45	April 3: 7:00
Dec. 27: 4:25	Jan. 31: 5:05	Mar 6: 5:55	April 10: 7:00
Jan. 3: 4:30	Feb. 7: 5:15	Mar 13: 7:00	April 17: 7:00
Jan. 10: 4:35	Feb. 14: 5:25	Mar 20: 7:00	April 24: 7:00

•**Time for Havdalah:** look at <http://tiferesisrael.com/davening.html> in the column "Shabbat ends".

**Yahrzeit, (begin the evening preceding the date below).** Call 854-9053, if someone in your family is missing from the list.

Joyce Attis	<b>Kislev</b>	18	<b>De 16</b>	Bessie Selick	Juliette Taya	16	<b>11</b>	Rose Cohen	29-II	<b>Ma 25</b>
Minnie Attis		25	<b>23</b>	Rhoda Gaum		17	<b>12</b>		<b>Nissan</b>	
Harry Lampert		29	<b>27</b>	Max Gordon		24	<b>19</b>	Annie Jochelman	3	<b>28</b>
	<b>Tevet</b>		<b>Dec</b>	Max Rinzler		29	<b>24</b>	Golda Lampert	5	<b>30</b>
Anna Selick		2	<b>30</b>				<b>Adar I</b>	Isaac Selick	8	<b>Ap 2</b>
Irving Schelew		7	<b>Ja 4</b>	Morris Selick		1	<b>26</b>	Noah Fuller	9	<b>3</b>
Ruth Sichel	Lena Hans	10	<b>7</b>	Hene Coleman		1	<b>26</b>	Saddie Rich	10	<b>4</b>
Kay Cohen		15	<b>12</b>	Lois Maklin		5	<b>Ma 1</b>	Reggie Lackman	10	<b>4</b>
Robert Jacobson		17	<b>14</b>	Zev Wolf Lampert		7	<b>3</b>	Samuel Selick	11	<b>5</b>
Arkie Coleman		21	<b>18</b>	Vita Leah Attis		9	<b>5</b>	Jake Rubin	11	<b>5</b>
Fruma Rinzler		23	<b>20</b>	Helen Savage		12	<b>8</b>	Bella Jake	12	<b>6</b>
Kendra Fay Rinzler		23	<b>20</b>	Eli Ilson		13-I	<b>9</b>	Fruma Rubin	12	<b>6</b>
Manley Sichel		24	<b>21</b>	Benjamin Selick		14-I	<b>10</b>	Max Eli Rinzler	14	<b>8</b>
Joan Mayer		24	<b>21</b>	Estelle Bloom		14-I	<b>10</b>	David Singer	14	<b>8</b>
	<b>Shevat</b>			Morris Smith		14	<b>10</b>	Evelyn Block	15	<b>9</b>
Maurice Jake		1	<b>27</b>	Aaron Coleman		15	<b>11</b>	Abie Block	17	<b>11</b>
Joshua Heschel Gorber		1	<b>27</b>	Sophie Attis		15	<b>11</b>	Hyman Jochelman	18	<b>12</b>
Dolores Dianne Rubin		3	<b>29</b>	Chaye Coleman		16-I	<b>12</b>	Helen Jochelman	18	<b>12</b>
Chaim Leizer Coleman		9	<b>Fe 4</b>	Louie Klinitz		23	<b>19</b>	Channa Sheina Pfeff	19	<b>13</b>
Gilbert Weil		9	<b>4</b>	Leah Attis		29	<b>25</b>	Hyman Brumer	20	<b>14</b>
Darcy Dillon		11	<b>6</b>				<b>Adar II</b>	Bessie Greenblatt	21	<b>15</b>
Bessy Coleman		13	<b>8</b>	Nathan Cohen		2-II	<b>Fe 27</b>	Bill Davidson	25	<b>20</b>
Samuel Lipton		13	<b>8</b>	Poli Brumer Meltzer		7-II	<b>Ma 3</b>	Gerald Birnbaum	25	<b>20</b>
Gordon Birnbaum		14	<b>9</b>	Max Savage		11-II	<b>7</b>	Louis Berelovitch	26	<b>20</b>
Molly Cohen		15	<b>10</b>	Steve Gergely		23-II	<b>19</b>	Maurice Block	27	<b>21</b>

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### **NOTICE TO ALL CONGREGATION MEMBERS: ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING & ELECTION OF OFFICERS - 2020**

**Please note that the Annual General Meeting of the Congregation will take place on Sunday, January 26, 2020. All members in good standing as of that date are entitled to vote in the election of the Board of Directors for the coming year.**

**Anyone interested in serving on the Board should contact the Nominating Committee (see page 1) before January 14. The names of the candidates will be posted shortly after.**

### Report to Shalom magazine (written 25 December 2019 by F.W.)

Two kinds of things to report today to AJC's Shalom Magazine.

On one hand, the **good things**, the community is alive and well, with good support for the weekly minyanim. The Holidays have been well celebrated, including two great community suppers, one at Simchat Torah and the other at 'Hanukkah. Also two public lightings of the Menorah, one at City Hall, the other at the Hospital.

On the other hand, the **sad things**, people are passing away and we thoroughly will miss them:

- **Noam EI** was victim of a tragic accident in June and left his parents and brother heart-broken.

- **Joseph Rinzler**, a long time member, lived a good life till the prime old age of nearly 95 <http://obituaries.tj.news/book-of-memories/3877565/joseph-rinzler/obituary.php>

Sincere condolence goes to his wife Ruby and entire family. Joseph was a Mensch, a very generous person. He remained so in his death. The community is very thankful for the large and generous donation he left to the synagogue. Toda raba Joseph and Ruby.

- **Abe Rubin**, 86, also a long time member, left us in August; he was a quiet man, very family oriented; his (second) cousin Rhonda looked after him with devotion.

<http://www.fergusonfuneralhome.com/obituaries/135725>

- **Dina Medina**, 84, mother of Maurice, left us in December <https://obituaries.telegraphjournal.com/book-of-memories/4050534/dina-kadosh/obituary.php>

Our condolences to Maurice, Dahlia, Carmella, Melissa and Grand-daughter Shanna Goldberg of Toronto.

- **Esther Gorber**, 92, passed away on the eve of 'Hanukkah. A long time member, she was predeceased by her husband Charles. She leaves behind her son Bruce (Rosanne), her grandchildren Shayna Gorber (Jon) and Michael Gorber as well as her sister, Bess of Montreal. She had lost a son, Jay, over 20 years ago. Esther was born in Montréal, the daughter of Eva and Jacob Melnick.

- **Florence Lampert**, 100, a previous member and Mother to Vice President Irwin Lampert, passed away in December. A beautiful eulogy written by her Grand-son Leigh Lampert can be found in the 'Hanukkah community bulletin at <http://www.tiferesisrael.com/news.html>

Simchat Torah was celebrated in style at Tiferes Synagogue. In the evening the community assembled for a beautiful deli supper organised by a group of persons (**Anne Jochelman, Terri Cohen, Carole & Jen Savage, Carole Rinzler and John Wilson**) under the stewardship of **Lee Johnston-Wilson** prepared the most beautiful meal one could think of. A micro-grant helped financially. Thank you **Perry Romberg** for that generous grant. It helped us in welcoming the non-affiliated.

A few weeks later the annual 'Hanukkah dinner took place, this time under the stewardship of a group of people. The meal was delicious, a record number of people attended. About 20 pictures of the event can be found at <http://apps.tiferesisrael.com/Gallery/album.cfm?a=23969> as well as on the FB of Moncton Jewish Community. Thank you **Betty Rubin, the Izichkis family, Alina Langleben, Ruth Fuller, Miriam & Emmanuel Maicas, Sharon Rubin, Rozie & Sandy Attis, Carole & Jen Savage, Judy Cohen, Devorah Parks, Chana Leek, Rebbetzin, Victoria Volkanova, Oksana Yazgur, Mitchell Rubin, Chanie Yagod, Sophia Makarov, Avigail Izichkis, Yirmi Maicas.** Thank you to **Eitan Izichkis, Itai Langleben, Chloe Roness, Benjamin & Isabella Makarov** for the Cheder play directed by the **Rebbetzin**.

The two traditional public lightings of the 'Hanukkah Menorah were again organized this year; one at City Hall with over 60 participants, the other at the Moncton City Hospital - several nice pictures can be seen if you go on the FB page of **Moncton Jewish Community**.

**Eulogy for Florence Lampert – December 13, 2019**

**By: Leigh Lampert**

Someone once wrote:

*The thing is, you won't even know it's the last time  
Until there are no more times.  
And even then, it will take you a while to realize.  
So while you are living in these times,  
remember there are only so many of them  
and when they are gone, you will yearn for just one more day of them.  
For one last time.*

Last weekend, Darcie, Max, Sam, Zev and I had the good fortune of spending Bubby's last Shabbat with her in her home, along with my great Aunt Erma (Bubby's sister), my Aunt Beverley and my Uncle Stephen.

Darcie cooked dinner on Thursday and we brought it to Montreal where we celebrated and partook in what we did not think would be her last Shabbat dinner.

There wasn't enough room for all of us to sleep at her condo, so Max, Sam & I stayed at Beverley & Stephen's and Darcie and Zev stayed at Bubby's.

On Saturday, we spent the entire day with Bubby. She had not been out in quite some time, so we insisted that she come with us for lunch if she was feeling up to it. She agreed. I asked her if she wanted to go to Schwartz's. A few months ago, we were visiting, and when Darcie called Schwartz's and explained that we wanted to bring our hundred-year-old grandmother for a smoked meat sandwich, they were only too happy to hold a table for us – something that Schwartz's never does. But for Bubby, they did this. I will never forget the experience of showing up at a world famous restaurant with a massive line-up out the door and down the street, and walking right in and sitting down. Bubby was our meal ticket that day! And she couldn't believe the VIP treatment she got.

But this past Saturday, when I suggested Schwartz's, she declined. She said she didn't feel like eating "that kind of food". We did, though, and we had our kids very excited for Montreal smoked meat. I suggested Lester's: "We can eat smoked meat and you can eat tuna or egg or something else." "Sure", she said. A short while later, we were seated at the table and after looking at the menu for about one minute, she asked, "Who wants to share a smoked meat sandwich with me?" I knew there was *no* chance that she would settle for tuna and egg - smoked meat it was! And so, in addition to spending her last Shabbat with her, we had the good fortune of being with her when she ate her last smoked meat sandwich. By the way, Rabbi, she couldn't get over a sandwich costing \$11 compared to the 5 cents she was used to as a kid! After lunch, I asked her if she wanted to go home to rest or if she wanted to drive around a little. "Let's drive for a while", she said, so off we went. We drove through Westmount, near Beaver Lake and part-way up the mountain. We had a perfect afternoon.

Very early the next morning, Bubby went to the hospital. She complained of trouble breathing. My Uncle Stephen and I spent 5 or 6 hours with her.

After several tests and questions by the doctor, he finally asked her, "Have you been to any restaurants or eaten anything salty, lately?" "Aha", I said, "she had smoked meat yesterday." He looked at me with what I thought might be a grin and said, "it would not be the first time someone with her type of heart condition was affected by smoked meat!"

And so, having taken her to Lester's, I may always be left to wonder if I am partially responsible for this gathering today. It didn't help, by the way, when Wednesday night, while discussing the loss of Bubby with 6 year old Zev, I asked him what lesson we can learn from this. My hope was that he would say, "that we should never miss an opportunity to visit with our loved ones", but no. Instead, in his innocent way, he replied, "not to give smoked meat to old people?"

Bubby was born in Montreal in 1919 and we were so fortunate to have been able to celebrate her hundredth – and last – birthday with her in March.

It is only in recent years that I learned that Bubby's earlier years were very difficult for her, her mother Bubby Ray after whom our middle son, Samuel RAY, is named, and her siblings, Aunt Erma and Uncle Morry. Money was very tight. Life at home was very difficult, with my great grandmother Bubby

Ray having been married three different times to men with their own flaws. They all had to work, from very young ages, to be able to survive. My grandmother developed anxiety. As she told us in one conversation, "*I was anxious before it was even fashionable...!*"

But life was not all bad. In recent years, I have gone through thousands of family pictures and looked at many of these with Bubby. Inevitably, this would lead to more reminiscing and story-telling. I found pictures of her skiing when she was in her teens and early 20s. I found pictures of her frolicking in the Laurentian Mountains in the summertime. There were lots of pictures of many happy times and she loved to talk about the past.

She recently told me that she used to go skiing often on weekends in the Laurentians. She would take the train there and rent a room above a bakery. She would wake-up to the delicious smells before going to the ski hill. I learned that Bubby used to sing quite a bit. After one ski weekend, someone told her they had seen an ad in the newspaper asking about the person who was singing a specific song on a certain train (and describing that person). The ad was someone looking for her! She never replied to the ad, she told me. "Why?", I asked, "that could have been your big break... your ticket!" "No", she said, "it was probably just some crazy person!"

As I have been going through these pictures, including from my own childhood, so many wonderful memories have come rushing back to me. My Bubby, and my Zaidie Harry who left us 7 years ago yesterday, were the most perfect grandparents we could have asked for. [*Moncton... "Golden Years"... life together... raised their family... built a business... close to Abe & Luba... some of their best friends were there...]*

Jordan, Mindy and I have such fond memories of sleepovers at their house in Moncton, their cottage in Pointe-du-Chene and their condo here in Montreal. We have wonderful memories of her famous cooking and baking. We took all of her recipes home with us and I had them scanned. In honor of her 100<sup>th</sup> birthday, I posted them online and asked that people honor her by trying one of her recipes. A friend in Israel tried one and blogged about it, so at the age of 100, one could say that Bubby became an international internet sensation, in her own special kind of way.

Darcie has tried, desperately, to learn from her. She would ask her for her recipes, and they would inevitably sound something like: "a drop of vinegar, a smidge of salt, some chopped up pepper"... or "bake it until it *looks* right". When talking about strudel and roly-poly, she'd say, "I don't know – you just have to feel it in your hands!" There were no measurements or quantities and the only real certainty was that the final product was always sure to be perfect!

We have wonderful memories of traveling with Bubby, including to Andrew & Kari's wedding in California 10 years ago. My father, Jordan, Bubby and I had lunch on the Santa Barbara Pier. We drove along the Pacific Ocean. We even pulled over by the side of the road so that one member of the group could hop a fence and grab a few oranges off of a tree for us to eat in the car.

In 2012, Bubby and Erma joined us on a Caribbean cruise. Spending that family time together and watching Bubby and Erma enjoy themselves are memories that will stick with us forever. They stayed up late... they may have hit the casino once or twice... they went to shows... they laughed non-stop.

Family was so incredibly important to Bubby. My grandparents celebrated their 70<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary a few months before my Zaidie died in 2012. In his later years, he was in very bad health and they had to live separately. She wasn't so young herself, but she insisted on spending time with him every single day. She bravely took care of him and was completely devoted to him. She did not resent him and she never, ever complained. They loved each other and were so completely dedicated and devoted to one another. They have inspired us all.

Darcie and I were talking earlier this week and she remembered the summer day in 2003 when we went to their cottage to tell them we were engaged. They were both so thrilled. They danced at our wedding. They really treated Darcie, Bill, Kari and Derek like their own grandchildren.

She thought the world of her siblings – Erma and her late husband Harry and Morry and his wife Eleanor. Erma and my grandmother spoke to each other several times per day and played cards regularly, often more than once a week. They would play kalookie for money and the stakes were very high. I'd call her and she'd say, "Erma's taking me for a real ride tonight." "Yes", I'd ask, "how much are you down?" One night it would be 20 cents. Another night it might be 60 cents. On a real bad night,

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she'd be down a buck. But they loved each other and were the best of friends and I know that Erma will miss her dearly.

Morry called her often and asked us about her and worried about her. He loved spending time with her and would send her presents. He and Eleanor were so good to my grandparents. And while on our drive this past Saturday with Bubby, she told the story of how she was so proud to have been able to buy Uncle Morry his first set of skis when he was a young boy.

Despite their tough childhood, Bubby, Erma and Morry stuck by one another to this very day, not only as siblings but as best friends. But alas, as it is said in the Lion King, now their trio's down to two.

She loved her children. My Dad, Irwin, my Aunt Beverley, and their spouses – my mom, Audrey and my Uncle Stephen. Bubby's kids regularly drove her absolutely nuts but we know that she returned the favor in spades. We used to say that she never learned to drive a car but man, she sure knew how to drive people crazy! But they were all so good to her, and her to them.

In recent years, Bubby needed more help. My parents did what they could from Moncton and when visiting but much of it fell on Beverley and Stephen – errands, doctors' appointments, late night hospital visits that lasted into the wee hours of the morning. Bubby knew how good everyone was to her and she appreciated this so much. She spoke so highly of Beverley and my Dad and Uncle Stephen and my Mom and all that they did for her. She was so proud of all four of them and their accomplishments with their own families, their careers and their work in the community.

She was crazy about me, Shannon, Jordan, Andrew and Mindy. And she was even crazier about Max, Sam, Zev, Harrison, Annie, Marlie, Joey, Gabby and Olivia. She was blessed with such a wonderful family and we with her.

Others will have their own memories to share today. For us, on recent visits to Montreal, 1 or 2 of our boys would stay with Bubby. Long after the rest of us left her condo, they would sit and talk to her. They would ask her questions. She would tell them stories. When I asked the boys about some of their fondest memories, they remembered playing cards with her – games like War, Fish, Crazy 8s and Casino; going to the beach with her in New Brunswick; watching game shows and real estate shows on TV with her during their sleepovers; and her making them eggs and other things for breakfast. Max, Sam and Zev – her *yinglehs* as she called them – recognized how fortunate they were to have had such good times with their great grandmother.

The late Shimon Peres wrote a book shortly before he died and in it, he wrote:

“I have been accused by many people (in many languages) of being too optimistic – of having too rosy a view of the world and the people who inhabit it. I tell them that both optimists and pessimists die in the end, but the optimist leads a hopeful and happy existence while the pessimist spends his days cynical and downtrodden.”

I won't say that Bubby was *a/ways* an optimist. She certainly had her moments. But by and large, she was very optimistic – she thought and spoke very highly of those she loved, even with our faults. She accepted us all as we are. Overall, Bubby lived a hopeful and happy existence, despite her imperfect life.

And she had a wicked sense of humor. A couple of summers ago, she came to the cottage to spend time with all of us. When I wanted to book her ticket, I asked her when she wanted to come back. “Oh! At my age”, she said, “we don't think in terms of return tickets... we just buy one way tickets – one never knows!”

On another occasion, she was buying milk and someone told her that the carton she picked was a good choice because it would not expire for several weeks. “At my age”, she said “*several* weeks is an awful long time!”

Earlier this year, Darcie offered to buy her a pair of pants from Lululemon, telling her how comfortable they were. When Bubby saw Darcie's pants from Lululemon, she said, “Why would I want to wear Lululemon? Look at me - do I look like I work out?” And I can't repeat what she would say when she saw Jordan or Darcie in ripped jeans. She had very strong opinions on today's fashions.

A couple of years ago, when speaking with Bubby, I told her that I had just had breakfast with one of her very many favorite nephews, Bill Lampert and that he had just booked a trip to Israel.

"Geez," she said, *"the only one who beats Billy for travel is Jordan. He calls me up to tell me he got home safely and a day or two later, he calls to say he's going away again... He confuses me... I never know if he's coming or going!"*

I was once with her at the hospital when she was having some tests. I told her I might have to go back to Asia again for work. She didn't quite understand what kind of work I did (and neither did I, by the way!) "What are you, like a *troubleshooter* or something", she asked. "Something like that, yes", I said. "I don't even know how I thought of that word. I come to a hospital and I start to feel like I'm right at home... This is where I do all of my deep thinking!"

A few summers ago, while at the cottage, we saw her sitting on the deck one day reading *Fifty Shades of Grey*. I was completely traumatized. After all, it is described online as "erotic romantic drama". But she spent the afternoon reading it and never batted an eyelash.

On another summer visit, she watched several episodes of *The Sopranos* on an iPad with Jordan's big headphones. She seemed to love it, violence and vulgarity notwithstanding.

A couple of years ago, while visiting with Bubby, she told us how much she loved the song "My Way" by Paul Anka and sung often as well by Frank Sinatra. We played the song and we sang along with her. She then asked someone to give her the lyrics and she studied them. She told us she carried them in her pocket around the house and would look at them often. Every time we'd see her after that, we would play the song and sing along with her.

*I loved, I laughed and cried  
Had my fill my share of losing  
And now, as tears subside  
I find it all so amusing*

*Just to think I did all that  
And may I say, not in a shy way  
Oh no, oh no not me  
I did it my way*

When I was alone with her last weekend, she said that as she was aging, she found the time was passing even faster. "It's the weekend, and it ends, and it's almost like it's the weekend again the next day", she said.

She mentioned that she worried that she was becoming more of a burden on everyone and she worried that she would be forced to move into a nursing home. She sensed her "end was near", as the song goes, and she knew that at 100½, she was closer to the "final curtain" referred to in this song.

But in the end, as anyone who knew and loved her as we did would expect, Bubby did it her way. She loved. She laughed and cried. But there was no nursing home. There was no prolonged hospital stay. There was no suffering.

Bubby spent the weekend with us. She ate Darcie's "killer" challah after our kids said the blessings at her Shabbat table. We sat around and talked and reminisced. We had lunch on Saturday and spent the day together. She spent a brief time in the hospital and then on Wednesday morning, she left us. And she did it her way. For this, I am grateful and for this, we should all be grateful. I know that she was.

Thank you, Bubby, for such wonderful memories. Thank you for teaching us about love and devotion to family. Thank you for always believing in all of us. Thank you for leading by example. Thank you for inspiring us and thank you for loving, laughing and crying. And may we all say – and not in a shy way – thank you for doing it *your way*.