

Albert Superstein

Rabbis, family, and friends, if you will allow me to reminisce for a moment, I woke this morning and the thought really hit home. The realization that what happened was a day that although you know is inevitable; you are never really prepared for it.

The passing of our beloved uncle Albert marks a significant milestone in our family history. It is the final passing of an entire family from Leyzer and Hannah my grandparents, came six brothers and an infant daughter who died at birth. The timing of Uncle Albert's passing follows a mysterious end somewhat coincidental order. With the exception of Uncle Jack, who I never met, but tragically died in 1935 from a baseball injury, the brothers passing followed in chronological age.

Like his brothers before him Albert was a gifted individual with a unique personality and like all my uncles, left an indelible mark on my life. I know I speak for our entire family as I stand here today and say how fortunate we are to be a part of of this great legacy. God bless this great city and this great country for opening its arms to this poor immigrant family from Europe and providing all the opportunities for which we are so very grateful.

I called my son Joey who is in Sweden today and unfortunately could not be with us. I asked him what fond memories he had of his great uncle Albert. He said "Dad, that is easy. Uncle Albert taught me how to swing the bat." He remembers getting batting lessons on his visits to see Uncle Albert as a small boy. It is no surprise as Albert's baseball talents were widely known and well documented including the Alberta baseball Hall of Fame. He could run like a deer and chase down any ball from his home in center field. However, scouting reports also indicate he wasn't much of a hitter and consequently neither was Joey.

Uncle Albert had a love for animals, especially his dogs and horses. He was generous to a fault, always showering friends with flowers. I am told by certain floral shop owners in town that nobody bought more flowers for his friends than Uncle Albert. And if I ever needed a ticket to an Edmonton Eskimo game, I knew Uncle Albert would always come through.

I recall no being much older than 8 years old when my Mom took us skating to the Royal Glenora Club. We had always heard of Uncle Albert's accomplishments in hockey, but never had a chance to see him skate. He was a highly sought after pick of the New York Rangers. One afternoon, down at the Royal Glenora, Uncle Albert surprised us all and showed up with his skates, an old pair that looked like they were from the 40's. He strapped them on and gave us kids the most incredible display of skating I had ever seen. Backwards, forwards, he blew us away.

Albert loved the fight game. As a journeyman promoter, he and Mitch Klimove brought a young Mohammed Ali to Edmonton in his prime. He promoted several

Canadian, Commonwealth, and World class fights. I later adopted his love of boxing and became a member of the Edmonton Boxing Commission.

I would like to at this time on behalf of my entire family say a special thanks to my cousin Leo Superstein for organizing Albert's care over a very lengthy illness. Leo, your dedication should be an inspiration to us all. A special thanks as well to Albert's care givers Carrie, Dominga, Maricel, and Delores and Dr.Chiam for his his tremendous help.