

Dearest Friends and Family

In times like these of sadness and grief it is most challenging to be so far away from the support of loved ones. As Marc so eloquently described, the past 5 years have been extremely distressing for Grandpa and our families and sometimes it can be hard to remember what he used to be like when he was well. Nikki and I would like to just highlight a few beautiful memories of our experiences with Grandpa because within our grief and sorrow is really a celebration of life, love and family.

- 1) Grandpa's pathological, extremely pervasive and distinct aversion to mushrooms. Heaven forbid a mushroom should come into contact with his plain cheese pizza, was grounds for rendering that pizza void.
- 2) We will always remember Grandpa's rendition of kiddish every second Friday night in the beck home, always at the same seat....always the same tune, never veering even from his enunciation of the words. ...Vayehi erev vayehi boker
- 3) Grandpa's jokes...never in my life have I met a man who had a joke up his sleeve for every situation life through at us. Of course as time wore on, Grandpa's repertoire of jokes grew a little thin but were always sure to catch a smile out of guests seated at the table. There's always 2 stories Grandpa really liked to tell us at every opportunity he could: The first one is about the patient he saw who was very smelly and Grandpa commanded to go home and take a bath before he would see him and then other is the couple who came in with a new baby, and the man, seemed a bit old to be a) married to this young woman and b) having a new baby. So Grandpa asked if the man was the grandfather, and very indignantly he retorted that he was not the grandfather but the father....awkward pause indeed.
- 4) I can't leave Sam out of this conversation because he has such a strong memory of Grandpa that he brings up quite frequently in conversation. We had all gone out for dinner one evening when Sam was in town visiting and Grandpa proceeded to tell us a story of his childhood whereby a man selling fruit out of a cart, called a Sammy, would come through their neighbourhood each morning and if you weren't outside when the Sammy came by then you missed buying your fruit for the day. According to Sam, Grandpa had said: you know what I used to say when the Sammy was outside....?" And we all waited for some interesting response and Grandpa goes "The Sammy's outside". I'm not quite sure it really threw down quite in that way, but Sam swears it did and really enjoys bringing up The Sammy's outside line in his horrible British accent, trying to impersonate Grandpa.

But most importantly what we remember about Grandpa is his incredible love and warmth. My grandpa was the kind of man who had zero trouble telling you he loved you at every opportunity and I think growing up, all of our friends who floated in and out of our house felt his incredible warmth as well. Grandpa's famous line, which amazingly enough he retained even in his sickest of days was to give you a squeeze and say "love it". And so by default, such a loving and demonstrative man,

along with my granny raised 2 beautiful daughters in a home where unconditional love and warm-hearted laughter was the norm. Today, when you look at the Kitay and Kobrin families and the kinds of holidays we have together and ridiculous jokes that ensue in even the darkest of times, Grandpa truly does live on inside us all.