

Eulogy for Harold Rodnunsky (Z"L) as written by Lawrence Rodnunsky – son

This week's Torah portion is Tzav – when translated it means "Command". It expresses a Command from G-d about the donation of offerings in the Sanctuary, relating to the general concept of giving Charity. Tzav also has another meaning "Connect". It expresses the idea that G-d's laws establish a connection between the individual and G-d.

In times of sorrow and mourning, we must also take the time to celebrate life – Harold's – life.

Harold was born as the oldest of he and his twin brother Albert (of blessed memory) on June 27<sup>th</sup>, 1926 here in Edmonton. They were the first Jewish twins here. It was always easy to tell that he was the oldest of the two, given that when they were 16 years old and went to the YMCA – My Uncle went in - my dad followed a few minutes later.....the attendant mentioned "your son just went in."

He spent part of his youth with the rest of the family growing up in the small community of Kingman before returning back to Edmonton.

My Father held many jobs in his lifetime, but teaching was his greatest joy, given he did it for almost 30 years.

He married Isabel over 50 years ago and had two sons, Peter and myself.

It is difficult to stand here and sum up a man's 83 years of life in a few minutes, so I will give you a brief glimpse into the life of my dear father. You will probably notice a pattern in a short time.

So here it goes!

**Adventurous:** In his youth, Dad along with his brother, cousins and friends fearlessly tobogganed the hills by Alex Taylor Road on nothing more than some cardboard. Dad also chauffeured a family he hardly knew and who hardly knew him, across Canada and the United States when he was in his early 20s.

**Bridge:** Dad loved to play bridge and repeatedly failed to teach Mum, Peter, and I the nuances of the card game. However that didn't stop dad, Uncle Hymie and Uncle Albert (all of blessed memory) from playing from a very early age. Dad

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**Haggle:** Dad would always ensure to haggle for most things. His view was that if you didn't haggle for something, then you would pay too much. Plus he secretly enjoyed the art of haggling. He learned this at a young age when he helped run his father's store.

**Integrity:** To dad, integrity was the key to trusting anyone. He used to tell me of a time when a man's word was all that was needed, or a handshake sealed the deal. Even though the simpler times have gone by over the years, dad had the most integrity of anyone I have known.

**Judicious:** Dad always had sensible and well thought out ideas. They didn't always work the way he wanted, but no decision was taken lightly.

**Kvel:** Dad always Kvelled (burst with pride) whenever any of his immediate family, or extended family, and friends brought him Naches (joy)

**Loving:** Once you passed through his outer shell, there was a very loving and caring person. You just needed a bit of time to get to know him, and for him to get to know you. As my Aunt Honour said yesterday....he really was a marshmallow inside.

**Music:** Dad loved to play and listen to music (except some of the noise of today as he put it). Both dad and Uncle Albert used to play piano duets when growing up. Dad went on to play violin and it was truly amazing to watch both he and my brother Peter play in the Medicine Hat Symphony orchestra.

**Nickel:** Dad always used to say don't take any wooden nickels. And then he would counter by telling Peter and I how much candy they could buy for a nickel when he was growing up....it was more than enough for a week.

**Opinionated:** Dad had an opinion about anything and would be sure to share that opinion with anyone, whether they had the time to listen or not. He was the type of person who, if by himself, could formulate 3 different opinions about a topic, debate them, and come up with a fourth opinion.

**Politics:** Dad was always a staunch supporter of the Liberal Party of Canada and always looked for an opportunity to debate with those of other political parties. His history minor in Education assisted with his love for politics.

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**Xerox:** As a teacher, it didn't matter what the material was, Dad was always one to ensure there were copies available for everyone

**Yiddishkayt:** Jewishness and Jewish tradition were so important to dad, even though he didn't always agree with all of the customs and what the sages taught us.....he was a firm believer in ensuring everyone knew what it meant to be Jewish: That being Jewish was a way of living life, not just a religion.

**Zionist:** Dad was a Zionist and always supported Israel in any way he could.

Harold was a Mentsh and had a Gut Neshome. He touched a number of peoples' lives and we like to think he made a difference in our world. He will be missed but never forgotten.