

Marco Silverman 2011 By Tara Wolinsky

My zaida was a tall man, with broad shoulders and huge hands. From the outside he appeared to be gruff. He was a manly man. He was good with his hands. He loved to fix things and was pretty good at it. He loved sports especially his oilers and wrestling.

As manly and tough as he was, he was just as loving and gentle. My zaida always had a soft spot for animals. One summer when we came to Edmonton to visit he had a pen full of bunnies that he spent all summer feeding and nurturing. All throughout his stay at the care facility he always had little birds that he love to care for.

My zaida was never shy to show affection. He always had a big wet kiss for us and always would say I love you when he said goodbye. He had a good sense of humor and a big strong laugh. He always had time and attention for us and seemed grateful for whatever time we had together.

My zaida was a survivor. He escaped the second world war and brought his family to canada. He built a new life for himself and his family.

After having his stroke he was determined to walk. He was always so proud of every little step he was able to take. He survived his stroke and all the physical and mental challenges that came with it.

His strength and determination is something I hope to pass on to my own children and to remind myself when facing my own life challenges. Without my zaida's perseverance it is unlikely that he would have ever left Romania. He protected his family through the war and through the difficult times on the farm in saskatchewan to make a better life for them. His courage has left a legacy that my family and my cousins' families are all proof of.

I will miss my zaida very much but he will always be remembered.