

On behalf of the Weil & Grobman families we are delighted to welcome you to celebrate this milestone in the life of our father.

We are honoured these people have come from afar to join our celebration:

Marilyn Rabinovitch from Montreal.

Corrine & Irwin Woodrow from Vancouver

Beryl Woodrow from Vancouver

Jean & Joe Tabachnick from Calgary

Janice & Brian Kowall from Calgary

Sarena, dad's first grandchild who lives in Waterloo is unable to be here but sends this note.

Our father, Julius Weil, who we honour this evening was born on Dec. 16, 1907 in Freidental, Germany to Emil & Freida Weil.

He was the third of four children. After his father passed away when dad was only two, his mother with the help of family raised the children keeping strong family ties & traditions.

In 1929, a friend in Dad's home town came back to Germany after visiting his brother, who was a farmer outside of Edmonton, and told Dad to go to the land of milk & honey before Hitler became too strong. Julius left Germany in the summer of 1929 as a young and mature man of 22.

After the long journey across the Atlantic, landing in Halifax he continued on to Bashaw, a small farming community outside of Edmonton. There he worked farming, & had a livery stable where he looked after horses for the farmers who were in town shopping. He had a handsome stallion which he raised for breeding. There he established his roots in Canada.

Dad wanted to bring his mother from Germany but he didn't want her to come to the farm so he moved to Edmonton in 1938 & started working for 7UP. Our Bubby arrived one week before the war broke out in 1939.

In 1940 he met his basharet, Rose Milner of Vegreville and they married.

Dad went into the Canadian Army in 1942 and served in Halifax, going overseas in 1943 where he drove transport through various countries. During one of Dads infrequent leaves home, as happened during the war years, I was conceived.

On Oct. 1945 dad returned home and went back to work at 7UP.

Eight years later Brenda was born.

In 1974 dad retired from 7UP, after 36 years of dedicated service. After 6 months of a second honeymoon with mom, Dad's retirement ended and he went to work for Hymie Nelson at Alberta Shuffleboard.

In 1980 he finally ended his working career.

Over the years dad was active in B'nai Brith, the Menorah curling club, the B'nai Brith bowling league, the Beth Israel Synagogue, and a variety of choirs. Most recently the Jewish Drop in Centre occupies a large part of his social life especially as he is their resident bingo caller.

During this time there have been many milestones, the birth of his grand children Sarena, Marc & Lisa.

The marriage of Marc to Angie this past May and on November 17<sup>th</sup> mom and dad celebrated their 57<sup>th</sup> anniversary.

Throughout the years, tradition has been the key word in our family.

Summer gatherings at the Weil's backyard bbqs were a given and whoever wanted to come was welcome.

Birthdays and anniversaries have always been family celebrations, whether you wanted them to be or not.

Most importantly, was the sense of Jewish traditions and values that dad & mom kept in their home and imparted to our families. Shabbot dinners, always a tradition with dad at the head of the table singing kiddush and saying the moitze. This is the night we all gather together to celebrate the beginning of Shabbot, and catch up on the weeks news. Every holiday is considered a family event, which over the years has come to mean a lot to us. All these holidays hold special memories and unforgettable moments such as:

During passover seders dad used to randomly call upon someone to read a portion of the haggadah, and boy you'd better have been paying attention!! Over the years he's mellowed and we've become an equal opportunity table.

Dad also had a habit of using his finger to pick up the seeds from the challah that dropped on to the table. Brenda and I thought this was bad manners, so we took it upon ourselves to cure it. One day we took a black crayon and cut it into little pieces. When challah time came we threw the crayon pieces on the table. The crayon went unnoticed and the tradition goes on today.

Our family has been blessed with having our mother & father to perpetuate these values. We hope we can do as well with our children and future generations. Thank you very much dad and especially mom for all the work that you have done and continue to do.

Dad, throughout the years you have been a wonderful role model with your honesty and generous nature. You've been a strong provider, loving husband, father and zaida. Family and friends have always meant a great deal to you and it's obvious by everyone's presence here tonight you mean a great deal to them too.

Dad your strength of spirit and even your stubbornness has sustained you through life's many challenges.

We feel blessed to have you as a father & zaida and we love you very much! May we share many more simchas together.

Dad may you live to 120.

After havdalah everyone is invited to come back downstairs and continue the celebration.