

**FELDMAN, Bertha**  
**August 1, 1925 - March 17, 2004**

With great sorrow we announce the passing of Bertha Feldman, nee Sheckter passed away with her husband and children at her side.

She will be sadly missed and lovingly remembered by her husband Jack and children Rocky Feldman and Mitchell (Mark) Huberman, grandsons Kyle and Jordan, brothers Sam and Frank (Sonic) Sheckter of Edmonton and sister Eva Be of Vancouver as well as by numerous nieces, nephews, relatives and friends.

Bertha was born and raised in Edmonton, the eighth child in a family of ten. Her husband of 49 years was her soul mate. Throughout their marriage they supported each other and taught their children about the important values in life such as; caring, sharing, honesty, friendship, and charity. They did this together not only by telling but also by showing. Bertha was never interested in a lot of material things or wanting more than what she had. Acquiring objects didn't make her happy but her family did. She was always doing things that she thought would please them and her greatest joy was seeing smiles on the faces of her grandchildren.

Bertha was meticulous in everything she did. She was a fantastic cook, a wonderful baker and her many creative talents and abilities always seemed to amaze those around her. Over the years, even though Bertha suffered from various health ailments, she rarely complained. Quite the contrary, she felt that she was blessed to have her family and friends and we were certainly blessed to have her. She had her enrich our lives. The traditions that she handed down and the cherished memories that she has left will forever be woven into the lives of those that loved her. Among her personal things the following verse was found:

When I come to the end of the road and  
the sun has set for me,  
I want no tears or gloom filled room,  
why cry for a soul set free?  
Miss me a little, but not too long, and  
not with your head bowed low.  
Remember the love we all shared, miss  
me but let me go  
For this is a journey we must all take  
and each must go alone.  
It's all part of the Master's plan, a  
step on the road home.  
Weep not for me, but courage take, and  
love each other for my sake.  
The rolling stream of life goes on,  
until we meet again.