

My Dad was the eldest of three children – Paul, Helen and Geoffrey. He was born in 1931 in Bethnal Green to Ada and Ralph. Only his brother, Geoffrey, survives him.

He lived on Brick Lane and his earliest memory was being taken to shul for Simchat Torah with candles, apples and flags. He had no idea who he was named after. In 1940 he was evacuated to Maidenhead but cried so much that he was sent home after only one day! He returned to live at the family home in the East End on the ground floor behind the sweet shop started by his grandparents. His dad was a cabinet maker (like Suzy's grandfather) (and many other Jewish emigres) and now I am proud that my son has developed those designer genes.

At 16 my Dad started work (his family could not afford to send him to college or university) but it was not long before he undertook his National Service in the RAF becoming a leading aircraftsman [above private but below corporal!] initially at Moreton in the Marsh then at the Air Ministry in Great Portland Street and then based at home! He was most definitely a devoted son.

Dad met Mum at her sister's (Sandra Parnell) wedding in Manchester. My Dad was so smitten that he invited Mum to London for a trip to the theatre and an Indian restaurant, Veraswaamy's, to be chaperoned by his sister, Helen but Helen mysteriously disappeared leaving my Dad a real opportunity to get to know my Mum.

They married in 1958 and 1959. First in a Registry Office in December 1958 as Mum was worried that Dad's Mum, Nana Ada, would call off the wedding. They bought their home in Woodford Green in 1958 where they continued to live ever since.

My Dad's best man was also his longest surviving male friend, Cyril Marks, who even in later years taxied my Mum to Lady Sarah Cohen House where he spent his last nearly two years.

My Dad always had three jobs: the first was Alexander Sloanes, part of GUS, and then Burberrys as Director in charge of distribution. He loved that job. He travelled the globe with Mum visiting distributors who "looked after them". He visited Hawaii, Sweden, Norway, Russia, France, Italy, USA. Perhaps this was how I got a "travel bug".

The second job was at home – a certified accounting practice with many sole traders and partnerships he worked hard to keep Mum and then my brother Ian, and I, in comfort. We had holidays to everywhere from Margate to Ibiza, from the Costas in Spain to Cattolica in Italy.

My Dad's third job spanned two spheres of community involvement – his shul, Wanstead and Woodford – now Woodford Forest Synagogue and Redbridge Jewish Day Centre for the Elderly. His drive and determination meant that he was Financial Representative, Shammass and chairperson of fund raising. Nothing was too much for Dad where the community was concerned.

I think that is a trait which he has instilled in me and I have passed it on to my daughters, Elysia through her charitable work, and Gaby through social action.

My Dad loved theatre, opera and travelling. He was passionate about the arts and even to the very end he was asking to which art galleries, museums and theatres we had been to. He was deeply concerned that the theatres had not reopened.

His last few years he has suffered with ill health and became virtually bed bound since January 2017. The staff at Lady Sarah Cohen House took over caring for Dad from Mum nearly two years ago. He is remembered fondly for his singing karaoke skills, his participation in shul life there, even asking on Wednesday of his final week for his challoth!, his poetry reading where his smile and cheeky glint in

his eyes are fondly remembered and his Kalookee card counting skills meant that he was always a winner in that club.

This coming week's sedrah of Ki Tetzei has a collection of numerous somewhat unconnected laws from the rights to stone a disobedient son to how one treats captives, to tzittit, shaatnes and fair and kind treatment of not only humans but also animals. The overriding general approach is to make justice and love your fellow human beings.

We were lucky enough to spend his last couple of weeks visiting my Dad. I had the chance of choosing a word for each time I went to see him to try to summarise his life: I chose Dedication, Devotion, Determination, Charitable, Diligent, Energetic, Quiet, Loving, Family-Oriented, Hard working.

He gave us enough rope but was still always there to support us.

We remember him and as his children and grandchildren, brother and families can only hope to continue to make him proud.

May his dear soul rest in peace.