

Here are Ingrid's and Robert's thoughts about their Father:

Rob's Funeral speech for Apu:

I would like to share some stories of my dad.

Beginnings – my first memory that I have was in Romania. I was about 3 or 4 years old. It was night time and I was in bed, my mom to my right and my dad to my left, both were sleeping and I was looking up at the ceiling. He had his back turned to me and all I can remember is his warmth, being safe and happy.

Israel – In Israel, I was playing with a balloon and as I was chasing it I tripped, fell and opened up a deep cut in my chin that required hospital care. I do not remember the blood, the crying, nor how we got to the hospital but what I do remember was the warmth, safety he gave by carrying me to and from the hospital.

Canada – When we arrived in Canada the struggles my father went through were enormous. But as a child I was isolated from all the stress. The first year we were in Canada Santa came at Christmas. A sled was dropped off at our first floor balcony at our apartment by him. Ingrid and I were so happy Santa came and gave us a sled.

Fishing – My dad loved fishing. He took us many times to different lakes and we enjoyed the time together as a family. When I was young there were several occasions when we went just the two of us. I remember one winter fishing trip the cold weather and eating lunch in the car. Warming up with him in the front seat and eating a cold lunch is what I remember the most. We didn't catch any fish but he said "it was okay because we did not have to clean the fish".

Going to University – He took me to Ottawa and was there for me the first time I moved away.

Helping me out – I went to University in Ottawa. During one of my many trips to Kitchener from Ottawa my Hyundai Pony broke down. I was on highway 401 near Kingston and I lost my rear wheel and watched it fly into the forest. I walked to the first off ramp and called him on the phone. He jumped into his car and came to rescue me and took me home. He warned me about not using my car as it was old and unreliable but I did not listen to him. He never said a word that I was wrong even though he was the one inconvenienced. He was happy I was safe.

As an adult I went through many experiences and he was always there to help guide through the many choices I made. He always wanted to help me whenever he thought he could lend his experience and knowledge and I was comforted to know I could always rely on him.

When Minako came into my life he welcomed her with open arms and was supportive in our marriage. He loved my two boys Kenta and Shota with all his heart. My dad was loved by us dearly and will be forever missed.

Ingrid's speech

First of all, thank you everyone for coming today to celebrate the life of my father. Many of you who knew my father personally, know that he was quite a character. He loved to engage in lively debates, tell silly jokes (best told in Hungarian, often involving a fox, a bear and a bunny), and was always willing to offer, as he would say "unsolicited advice". But as

I reflected on what I wanted to share with you all about my dad, I kept coming back to the same things... the lessons that he taught me.

He taught me three important life lessons.
Don't be afraid to set big goals.
Make sure you study hard and work hard to reach them.
Be sure to enjoy all that life offers.

Apu, (Hungarian for dad) wasn't afraid to dream big. He brought us here to Canada so that any dream that we would have could become a reality. But he also taught us that we had to have a plan to achieve our dreams. We had to plan the path in school and work hard to ensure that we were successful. He always supported us in our studies and encouraged us to go farther.

Along with teaching us the value of hard work, he taught us the importance of enjoying our free time. I remember, spending summers at the lake enjoying fishing, swimming, boating and water skiing through my entire childhood. Exhausted from too much fun and sunshine, we would sleep like logs on the drive home. Pure joy. He made sure that we had opportunities to travel, especially in the last few years. He took us all on family vacations to Cuba where we got to enjoy relaxing beach days, and hours chatting sipping strong Cuban coffee together.

And in between these big life lessons he also taught us some very practical skills too:

Like how to hook a worm when fishing. Loop it twice around and leave the tail dangling to entice the fish, he would say.

Or how to check your tire pressure with the change of every season. I learned how to use a pressure gage and where to locate the optimal tire pressure for my vehicle too.

I guess what he taught me by taking the time to explain all these things to us, was that he loved us dearly and wanted to make sure we were always okay. All the little things he did for us or explained, were to show us that he loved us and wanted to take care of us.

So for all the ways he showed us how much he loved us, each of us, Anyu, Robert, Avery, Kenta, Shota, Minako and I, I just wanted to say one more thank you and we love you too.

Wear Sunscreen by Mary Schmich – Poem read by Ingrid
<http://www.davidpbrown.co.uk/poetry/mary-schmich.html>