



## **George Borgida (Gyuri)**

was born 16 February 1936 in Timisoara, Romania, in a loving Jewish family. His parents Edmond (Ödön) and Grete (born Duschenek) already had a daughter, Agneta (Agnes) Liliana, 3 years older than him.

He was a lovely young child who loved cars (a rarity in his youth), running after them in the street to feel their scent.

He was a funny kid who loved to participate in kindergarten plays and improvise, for example, in a dance on stage as he played a butterfly but he insisted to just sit. Asked why he doesn't do his dance routine he replied loudly that he is currently sitting on a flower, causing roaring laughter from the parents in the audience.

In his youth George was very good with sports, practicing rowing in a club on the local Bega river.

His mother was proud of him and liked to show to the family his cups and trophies.

He also practised volleyball, especially as a referee.

In Romania, he worked at the "6 Martie" company and did a lot of travel. He often accompanied his bosses to Bucharest, the capital, for important work events.

He immigrated in 1973 to Montreal, Canada, sponsored by his uncle Erwin (Eri) Duschenek, followed a few months later by his sister Agnes and her daughter Vera Schegerin (married Varadi a few years later).

He immediately started working at his uncle's firm, in real estate.

He was extremely charismatic and made a lot of friends everywhere, continuing to travel a lot for work.

From the beginning, George and Agnes, trying to show their gratitude for the lots of friends who helped them, even not having or affording much, they organized a large party in their small apartment. There George bought the beer, his sister bought flour and oil and they made "langosh" ( salty beavertails, much loved back home) with beer. Everyone loved them and kept talking for months about that wonderful party and how tasty it was.

George stayed often in Florida at Panama City Beach, as a manager of his uncle's hotel "Castle Dracula" where everyone loved him and was wowed that George was really from Transylvania (because Timisoara is in the south western part of Transylvania in Romania).

George was very much loved by people and loved people.

While his parents were still in Romania he visited them often.

On one of these trips, he met and married his first wife Eva Boldog from Romania. Even though they soon divorced after she came to Canada, they remained best of friends all of their lives. Even one month before his death she came to bring him home cooked meals and he tried helping her in any way he could.

His parents came to visit Canada a few times and in 1985 George sponsored them to come and live in Canada. His father died soon after.

After that George in Montreal and Agnes in Ottawa took turns living with their wonderful mother Grete. The Isidor gas station between the two cities being where they met when their mother moved her visit from one to another.

Around 1990, when he was already retired, George met and fell in love with his second wife Dorina Scarlat, who had two daughters from a previous marriage. They together traveled the world, visiting friends, and enjoying sights and restaurants.

They eventually married around 1995.

Even though they too divorced a few years later, he remained best friends with both her and her daughters, and her mother, occasionally visiting them, and often talking to them on the phone.

In March 1991 when his mother died, George kept in storage all her furniture and belongings, knowing that his nephew was soon immigrating to Canada with his wife.

George, in keeping with his caring and eager to help character, waited for Nick and his wife in New York, drove them to Canada, hosted them, helped them rent an apartment and filled it with all of his mom's furniture and belongings, making sure they didn't lack anything. He occasionally took them to restaurants, helped them search for a used car, introduced them to all of his wonderful friends who were all eager to help them get settled in their new country.

In his late years George kept in touch with his school colleagues, relatives and friends all over the world.

He fondly talked about the 800 years picture, when they had one of the few school reunions in Israel, with 10 of his classroom graduation friends, all celebrating 80 years old, totalling 800 years between them.

After his brother-in-law Tibi Schatteles died, George lived with his sister Agnes Schatteles in Ottawa for the summer, enjoying her fantastic meals, helping each other. He also enjoyed everyday meetings and walks with Peter Kecskemeti, his nephew's father, who lived in the same apartment building as Agnes. They had the same background, knew the same cities, streets and old friends and their walks and conversations kept them happy for hours each day.

In Montreal, even after he could no longer travel, he kept making friends and felt he was so very lucky when he bought his apartment to discover that his next door neighbor Stefan was also Romanian, born less than 100km from Timisoara, his city of birth.

They became great friends, talking and visiting everyday. Stefan was wonderful and helped him everyday, taking him wherever he needed to go for appointments, for groceries, in the last years bringing him home groceries and cooked meals.

He also made a great friend in Dan who helped him with his computer, with appointments and his various needs.

George was especially very fond of Vera, his niece, talking to her everyday on Zoom. She had a very special place in his heart being his closest relative whom he dearly saw

growing up and all his life. He was so proud of her, and his whole face lit up wherever he saw her.

George also very much loved Nick Kecskemeti, his nephew, his wife and their two children, whose visits he enjoyed so much.

George was a wonderful person, very charismatic, who knew a few languages well.

One never needed entertainment around him. The conversation and joy was never lacking because, like his charismatic sister Agnes, he had an endless supply of funny stories and jokes to delight people, and had a great talent in instantly connecting with people and lighting up the room, being the soul of all parties.

George will be remembered dearly by all his family and friends, and will live in the hearts of those who who loved him.

May God rest him in peace and take him to heaven!

May his memory be a blessing!

*Eulogy by Miki Kecskemeti, Gyuri's nephew*



**Note**

Miki's mother, Judith Kecskemeti (née Borgida), was a first cousin of Gyuri and Agnes (their fathers, Sándor Borgida and Odon Borgida, were brothers).

The rabbi also recited prayers at the grave of Gyuri's parents (Grete and Odon) and discovered something extraordinary: Gyuri died exactly 40 years after his father, on the same day—the 23rd day of the month of Kislev in the Jewish calendar—his father in 1985, and Gyuri in 2025.

The rabbi was deeply moved and told us that he had talked with Gyuri before every Shabbat for many years.